

SCOTT'S IVANHOE

WITH

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

EDITED FOR

THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATION

BY

A PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.



Allahabad

RAM NARAIN LAL,

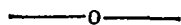
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IVANHOE.



CHAPTER I.

IN that pleasant district of merry England (which is watered by the river Don,) there extended in ancient times a large forest covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster.

(Such being our chief scene,) the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I, when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent, despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most deli-

cious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copse-wood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun, in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude.)

The human figures, which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character, which belonged to the wood-lands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, (composed of the tanned skin of some animal,) on which the hair had been originally left, (but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged,) The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue (One part of his dress is too remarkable to be suppressed,) it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, (so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing,) (yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed,) excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport — 'Guith, the son of Beowulph, is the born thral of Cedric of Rothelwood'

Besides the swineherd, for such was Guith's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical

monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow, and (as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other) or at his pleasure draw it all around him, (its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery). He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, 'Wamba, the son of Witles, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other, and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. This circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors.

(The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen, his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eyes manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the

other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and (fidgetty impatience of any posture of repose,) together with the (utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made.) The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers, and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles

“Dog, thou wouldst not betray me,” said Gurth, “after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?”

“Betray thee!” answered the Jester, “no, that were the trick of a wise man? a fool cannot half so well help himself,—but soft, whom have we here?” he said, listening to the trampling of several horses which became then audible.

“Never mind whom,” answered Gurth, who had now got his head before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavoured to describe.

“Nay, but I must see the riders,” answered Wamba; perhaps they are come from Fairy-land with a message from King Oberon.”

CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional exhortation and chiding of his companion, the noise of the horsemen’s feet continuing to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, (upon every pretence which occurred,) now catching from the hazel a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to look after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them on the road,

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds, around a handsome though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the pent-house of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular, an athletic figure, (which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more.)

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle, but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the (four regular orders of monks). On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather unconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking-loom, out of less obdurate

covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail hose, reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

He rode, not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chamfron or plated head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damascene carving, on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and hood of mail, with a long two-handed sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried the small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device from being seen.

These two squires were followed by two attendants whose dark visages, white turbans and the Oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant Eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish, the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his Eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the latter were naked from the elbow, and the former from mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master;

(forming, at the same time a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire.)

The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows.

Yet so loose were the ideas of the times respecting the conduct of the clergy, whether secular or regular, that the Prior Aymer maintained a fair character in the neighbourhood of his abbey. His free and jovial temper, and the readiness with which he granted absolution from all ordinary delinquencies, rendered him a favourite among the nobility and principal gentry, to several of whom he was allied by birth, being of a distinguished Norman family. The ladies, in particular, were not disposed (to scan too nicely the morals of a man who was a professed admirer of their sex, and who possessed many means of dispelling the ennui which was too apt to intrude upon the halls and bowers of an ancient feudal castle. The Prior mingled in the sports of the field with more than due eagerness, and was allowed to possess the best trained hawks and the fleetest greyhounds in the North Riding,—(circumstances which strongly recommended him to the youthful gentry.) With the old, he had another part to play, which, when needful, he could sustain with great decorum. His knowledge of books, however superficial, was sufficient to impress upon their ignorance respect for his supposed learning and (the gravity of his deportment and language,) with the high tone which he exerted (in setting forth the authority of the church and of the priesthood, impressed them no less with an opinion of his sanctity. Even the common people, the

severest critics of the conduct of their betters, had com-
miseration with the follies of Prior Aymer. He was
 generous, and (charity, as it is well known, covereth a
 multitude of sins,) in another sense, than that in which
 it is said to do so in Scripture. The revenues of the
 monastery, of which a large part was at his disposal,
 while they gave him the means of supplying his own
 very considerable expenses, afforded also those largesses
 which he bestowed among the peasantry, and with
 which he frequently relieved the distresses of the op-
 pressed.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior, raising
 his voice, and using the *lingua Franca*, or mixed lan-
 guage, in which the Norman and Saxon races conversed
 with each other, "if there be in this neighbourhood any
 goodman, who, for the love of God, and devotion to Mother
 Church, will give two of her humblest servants, with
 their train, a night's hospitality and refreshment?"

(This he spoke with a tone of conscious importance,
 which formed a strong contrast to the modest terms
 which he thought it proper to employ.)

"Two of the humblest servants of Mother Church?"
 repeated Wamba to himself,—but, fool as he was, taking
 care not to make his observation audible; "I should
 like to see her seneschals, her chief butlers, and her
 principal domestics."

After this internal commentary on the Prior's speech,
 he raised his eyes, and replied to the question which had
 been put.

"(A truce to thine insolence, fellow)" said the armed
 rider, breaking in on his prattle with a high and stern
 voice, "and tell us, if thou canst, the road to—(How
 called you your Franklin, Prior Aymer?)"

"Cedric," answered the Prior, "Cedric the Saxon—
 Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can
 you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gurth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow," said the military rider, "'tis easy for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gurth, sullenly, "if I should show the way to my master's house, to those who demand as a right the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favour."

"Do you dispute with me, slave!" said the soldier; and, setting spurs to his horse, he caused him make a demi-volte across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gurth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a fierce, yet hesitating motion, laid his hand on the hilt of his knife, but the interference of Prior Aymei, who pushed his mule betwixt his companion and the swineherd, prevented the meditated violence.

"If he is but half a monk," said the Jester, "he should not be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets upon the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that no way concern them."

"I forgive thy wit," replied the Abbot, "on condition thou wilt show me the way to Cedric's mansion."

"Well, then," answered Wamba, "your reverences (must hold on this path) till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a cubit's length remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Sunken Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser ; and the cavalcade, setting spurs to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night storm (As then horses' hoofs died away, Gurth said to his companion, 'If they follow thy wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night.')

We return to the riders, who had soon left the bondsmen far behind them, and who maintained the following conversation in the Norman-French language usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the few who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent.

"What mean these fellows by their capricious insolence?" said the Templar to the Benedictine, "and why did you prevent me from chastising it?"

"Marry, brother Brian," replied the Prior, "touching the one of them, 't were hard for me to render a reason for a fool speaking according to his folly, and the other churl is of that savage, fierce, intractable race, some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Saxons, and (whose supreme pleasure it is to testify, by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors.')

"I would soon have beat him into courtesy," observed Brian ; "I am accustomed to deal with such spirits. Our Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odin himself could have been, yet two months in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, submissive, serviceable, and observant of your will."

"Prior Aymer," again said the Templar, "you are a man of gallantry, learned in the study of beauty, and as expert as a troubadour in all matters concerning the arrears of love, but I shall expect much beauty in this

celebrated Rowena, to counterbalance the self-denial and forbearance which I must exert, if I am to court the favour of such a seditious churl as you have described her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," replied the Prior, "and is but of remote relation; she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to, and is but distantly connected to him by birth. Her guardian, however, he is, self-constituted as I believe; but his ward is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her beauty you shall soon be judge."

"Should your boasted beauty," said the Templar, "be weighed in the balance and found wanting, you know our wage?"

"My gold collar," answered the Prior, "against ten butts of Chian wine;—they are mine as securely as if they were already in the convent vaults, under the key of old Dennis the cellarer."

"And I am myself to be the judge," said the Templar, "and am only to be convicted on my own admission. Prior, your collar is in danger, I will wear it over my gorget in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Win it fairly," said the Prior, "and wear it as ye will; I will trust your giving true response, on your word as a knight and as a churchman. Yet, brother, take my advice, and file your tongue to a little more courtesy than your habits of predominating over infidel captives and Eastern bondsmen have accustomed you. Cedric the Saxon, if offended,—and he is no ways slack in taking offence,—is a man who, without respect to your knighthood, my high office, or the sancity of either, would clear his house of us, and send us to lodge with the laiks though the hour were midnight. And be careful how you look on Rowena, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care, (an he take the least alarm in

that quarter, we are but lost men.) It is said he banished his only son from his family for (lifting his eyes in the way of affection) towards this beauty, who may be worshipped, it seems, at a distance, but is not to be approached with other thoughts than such as we bring to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, you have said enough," answered the Templar; "I will for a night put on the needful restraint, and deport me as meekly as a maiden; but as for the fear of his expelling us by violence, myself and squires, with Hammet and Abdalla, (will warrant you against that disgrace.) Doubt not that we shall be strong enough to make good our quarters."

"(We must not let it come so far)," answered the Prior; "but here is the clown's sunken cross, and the night is so dark that we can hardly see which of the roads we are to follow. He bid us turn, I think, to the left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best of my remembrance."

"To the left, certainly, the left; I remember his pointing with his wooden sword."

"Ay, but he held his sword in his left hand, and so pointed across his body with it," said the Templar.

(Each maintained his opinion with sufficient obstinacy, as is usual in all such cases;) the attendants were appealed to; but they had not been near enough to hear Wamba's directions. At length Brian remarked, (what had at first escaped him in the twilight,) "Here is some one either asleep, or lying dead at the foot of this cross—Hugo, strike him with the butt-end of thy lance."

This was no sooner done than the figure arose, exclaiming in good French, "Whosoever thou art, it is discourteous in you to disturb my thoughts."

"We did but wish to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to Rotherwood, the abode of Cedric the Saxon."

"I myself am bound thither," replied the stranger, "and if I had a horse, I would be your guide, for the way is somewhat intricate, though perfectly well-known to me."

"Thou shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety."

And he caused one of his attendants to mount his own led horse, and give that upon which he had hitherto ridden to the stranger, who was to serve for a guide.

Then the conductor pursued an opposite road from that which Wamba had recommended, for the purpose of misleading them. The path soon led deeper into the woodland, and crossed more than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marshes through which it flowed, but the stranger seemed to know, as if by instinct, the soundest ground and the safest points of passage; and by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wider avenue than any they had yet seen, and, pointing to a large low irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon."

This was a joyful intimation to Aymor, whose nerves were none of the strongest, and who had suffered such agitation and alarm in the course of passing through the dangerous bogs, that he had not yet had the curiosity to ask his guide a single question. Finding himself now at his ease and near shelter, his curiosity began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer. ○

"You had better have tarried there to fight for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Templar.

"True, Reverend Sir Knight," answered the Palmer, (to whom the appearance of the Templar seemed perfectly familiar,) "but (when those who are under oath to recover the holy city, are found travelling at such a distance from the scene of their duties, can you wonder that a peaceful peasant like me should decline the task which they have abandoned?)"

The Templar would have made an angry reply, but was interrupted by the Prior, who again expressed his astonishment, that their guide, after such long absence, should be so perfectly acquainted with the passes of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered the guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Cedric,—a low irregular building, containing several courtyards or enclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground.

CHAPTER III.

In a hall, (the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch, there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent.

For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was

called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather.

In the centre of the upper table, were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, felt, at the delay of his evening meal an impatience which might have become an alderman.

It appeared, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature but broad-shouldered, long armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure fatigue, his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth and a well-formed head. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders, (it had but little tendency to grey,) although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with minever. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet (which sat tight to his body, he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed.) His feet had sandals secured in the

front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short straight two-edged sword, with a sharp point so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side.

Cedric was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There were as yet no tidings of Gaius, the swineherd and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest. Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon thane was impatient for the presence of his favourite clown Wamba. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around, "Why tarryes the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a female attendant, "you would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her hood and kirtle? and no lady within the shire can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress."

"Umph! I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St John's Kirk,—but what, in the name of ten devils keeps Gaius so long afield? I suppose we shall have an evil account of the herd."

Oswald the cupbearer modestly suggested, "that it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew."

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew-bell, and the tyrant by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The curfew lay, the curfew; which compels

true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness!—Ay, the curfew;—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin know the use of the curfew as well as William himself, or e'er a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wamba—where is Wamba? Said not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay? why this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. I will go with my complaint to the great council, I have friends I have followers—man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists! Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like a solitary oak."

From his musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn.

"To the gate, knaves!" said he. "See what tidings that horn tells us of."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced, "that the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, (commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars) with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present."

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer? Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"—muttered Cedric, "Normans both,—but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached, they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have

ridden further on their way. Go, Hundebert, take six of the attendants and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Say to them, Hundebert that 'Cedric would' himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty.) Begone! see them carefully tended."

The majordomo departed with several attendants, to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymer!" repeated Cedric "This Prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine cup and the bugle-horn better than bell and book. Good, let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Brian de Bois Guilbert"

"Bois-Guilbert?" said Cedric—"Bois-Guilbert" that name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order, but stained with their usual vices, pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness. Well, it is but for one night, he shall be welcome too. Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha, for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

Cedric replied, "Silence, maiden, thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a princess."

CHAPTER IV

THE Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding robe for one of yet more

costly materials over which he wore a cope curiously embroidered.

His companion had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white, in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. His brows were shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board.

Cedric rose to receive his guests and, descending from the dais, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend Prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you, and this valiant Knight, of the Holy Temple. But my steward has expounded to you the cause of my seeming discourtesy."

Motioning with his hand, he caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

When the repast was about to commence, the majordomo, or steward suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may, a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame!"

CHAPTER V

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac, of York."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall, thin old man approached the lower end of the board. His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes, his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was detested by the vulgar and persecuted by the nobility. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

Cedric coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my gar-

ments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a flame, the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage, and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall.

The Jew bent his withered form, and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, and having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish, that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abböt and Cedric discoursed upon hunting, and the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females.

"I marvel, worthy Cedric," said the Abböt, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your predilection is for your own manly language, you do not receive the Norman-French into your favour, so far at least as the mystery of wood-craft and hunting is concerned."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, "be it known to you, I care not for those over-sea refinements, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods"

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the presumptuous and authoritative tone which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the chase, but that of love and of war, in which ladies should be won and enemies defied"

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the Abböt, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French troubadours, when it was told in

the ear of beauty. Cupbearer ! knave, fill the goblets—to the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross.

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the sworn Champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the palm be assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois Guilbert; "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-dé-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day each knight ran three courses and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

"I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim," said Cedric, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"That will I do blithely," replied the Pilgrim, "and without guerdon ; my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold. The first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place, was the brave Richard, King of England "

"I forgive him," said Cedric ; "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrim ; "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation

"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrim.

"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, "and who was the fifth?"

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham."

"^{Palmer} Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric—"And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company, less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered (comes too late to serve your purpose.) I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance, fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe, nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England,

and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Acre, I mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar, "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."

"The Templar, without vailing his bonnet, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert which, if he answers not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence, "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

The grace-cup was now served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord and to

the Lady Rowena, acrossed and mingled in the hall, while the heads of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valour."

"Ay," said the Knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip."

"Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling—so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands, "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Exchequer of the Jews have imposed upon me—Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew thee for a false hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if disdainful of further conference, he communed with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders.

CHAPTER VI.

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, he met the waiting maid of Rowena, who, saying that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of Anwold, and, bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow. A short passage led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings, the bed was adorned

with rich tapestry, and surrounded with curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was accommodated with a footstool of ivory, curiously carved.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair ere she lay down to rest, was seated in this sort of throne. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to homage by a low genuflection.

"Rise, Palmer," said she graciously "The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth and honour manhood." She then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only Elgitha! I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its further extremity.

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's pause, "you this night mentioned a name—I mean the name of Ivanhoe, in the halls where by nature and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably, and yet, such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the sound, I, only, dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?"

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the Palmer with a troubled voice. "I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I, what is his chance of happiness."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney. Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is like to hear evil

tidings when he reaches England.—How looked he, stranger, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner, than when he came from Cyprus, and care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood—Maidens," she said, "draw near—offer the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup, containing a rich mixture of wine and spice, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low obeisance, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this alms, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travail, and of the shames thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Elgitha out of the apartment. Anwold conducted him to an ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestics, and to strangers of mean degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"The unbelieving dog" answered Anwold, "kennels in the cell next your holiness.—St Danstan, how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!"

"And where sleeps Gurth the swineherd?" said the stranger.

"Gurth," replied the bondsman, "sleeps in the cell on your right, as the Jew on that to your left."

The Palmer, having extinguished his torch, threw himself on the rude couch, and slept till the earliest sunbeams found their way through the little grated window. He then started up, and after repeating his matins, and adjusting his dress, he left the cell, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch gently.

The inmate was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if struggling with the nightmare, and the following ejaculations were distinctly heard: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man. I am poor, I am penniless—should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I could not gratify you!"

The Palmer awaited not the end of the Jew's vision, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The old man started up, and fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes expressive of wild surprise and apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer, "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew; "I dreamed—but Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream!" And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to

seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties.

"Holy God of Abraham ! Oh, holy Moses ! O, blessed Aaron ! the dream is not dreamed for nought, and the vision cometh not in vain ; I feel their mions already tear my sinews ! I feel the rack pass over my body ! "

"Stand up, Isaac, and harken to me," said the Palmer, "you have cause for your terror ; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

When Isaac heard the concluding part of the sentence his original terror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropt once more on his face, exclaiming, "I possess the means of securing good-will ! alas ! there is but one road to the favour of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, whom extortions have already reduced to the misery of Lazarus ? For the love of God, young man, betray me not—for the sake of the Great father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Israelite and Ishmaelite—do me no treason ! I have not means to secure the good-will of a Christian beggar, were he rating it at a single penny "

"Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe," said the Palmer, "what interest have I to injure thee ?—In this dress I am vowed to poverty not do I change it for aught save a horse and a coat of mail. Remain here if thou wilt—Cedric the Saxon may protect thee "

defend thee. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half an-hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town"

The half hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part"

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's who might aid me with some means of repaying your good office."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment, "God knows, the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If you wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as weathly as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew,—“What fiend prompted that guess?” said he hastily.

“No matter,” said the Jew, smiling, “so that it be a true one—and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it.”

“But consider,” said the Palmer, “my character, my dress, my vow.”

“I know you Christians,” replied the Jew, “and that the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men.”

“Blasphemy not, Jew!” said the Pilgrim, sternly

“Forgive me,” said the Jew, “I spoke rashly. But there dropt words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within, and in the bosom of that Palmer’s gown is hidden a knight’s chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning.”

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. “Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac,” said he, “what discoveries might not be made?”

“No more of that,” said the Jew, changing colour, and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished he delivered the scroll to the Pilgrim, saying, “In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kijath Jairam of Lombardy, give him this scroll—he hath on sale six Milan harnesses the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else than can furnish thee forth for the tournament, when it is over thou wilt return them safely—unless thou

shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports, the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing, something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic, but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly—I speak not for endangering the steed, and the coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer again smiling, "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

CHAPTER VII.

ON a platform beyond the southern entrance to the lists at Ashby, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised in some fantastic dress. The central pavilion had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre.

One gallery exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, which was designed for Prince John. Opposite to this royal gallery was another elevated to the same height, on the western side of the list, and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated, than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. This seat of honour was designed for *La Roync de la Beaulte et des Amours*.

Isaac, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gabordine ornamented with lance and lined with fur, was endeavouring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm. As Prince John, upon a grey and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of a jovial party, his quick eye instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, each arranged in its own little spiral twisted curls—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. Of the golden and pearl-studded class, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer?"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,"—answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffing tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare cloaks have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery!—What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou woldst thy treasure casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter. "But, daughter, or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits—Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, loling at their lazy length!—out upon them!—let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England.

It was to this person that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at the order, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiae* to the will of John, and, without stirring, opened his large grey eyes, and stared at the Prince with astonishment.

"The Saxon porker," said John; "is either asleep or minds me not—Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him. De Bracy extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince, had not Cedric unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, and chancing to encounter the firm glance of an archer who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamouring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayst thou?" answered the Prince, "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I will warrant."

"A woodsmans's mark, and at woodsmans's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman

"By St Grizzel," said John, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others."

"I shall not fly the trial" said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince, "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stript off, and tanned for horse-furniture!"

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led up to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" fixing his eye on Cedric.

But Wamba, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming, in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brown, which he plucked from beneath his cloak. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps,—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who, and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an Alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John "thou pleasest me—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

As the Jew fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly stopt, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas and, I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied, until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

The Prince acquiesced, and,—assuming his throne, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows.

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. They advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse

of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line, while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop, and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with Ralph de Vipont, the knight of St John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side

A second and a third party of knights took the field, and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or sweived from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them, seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. After this there was a considerable pause, nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of the long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity, and no sooner were the barriers opened than a new champion placed

into the lists. The adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited.

He ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Giamercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his adversary's advice; he changed his horse for a proved and fresh

one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath,

Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career; directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this advantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment, and, stung with madness, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with

spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier swords would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances, betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he was willing to encounter in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the ad-

vantage which this accident afforded him; raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honour to the Disinherited Knight.

CHAPTER IX.

The marshals of the held were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging that he could not at this time, suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply, they, therefore, pressed no further into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, announcing to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valour.

John, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well

of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face."

A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Coeur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over God's forbode!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, "Waldemar!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises and stand truly by me."

"Here is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse, one of the most important of his followers, "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's son, as to think they can be held within the circumference of yonder suit of armour?—Look at him more closely, your highness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he backs, could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. With a short eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him the war-horse assigned as the prize. The Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound obeisance.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-furniture. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists, exhibiting the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity, which might otherwise have been attributed to this display, was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the princely reward with which he had been just honoured.

The victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady, who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his truncheon, as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance, until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands, while all admired the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent and high excitation to stillness.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. It is your prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete — Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably.

The Disinherited Knight, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, at length paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed,

Cedric the Saxon, overjoyed at the discomfiture of the Templar, and of his malevolent neighbour, Front-de-Bœuf, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt."

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to——Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the Philistine hath fallen before his lance,—even as Og the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run.

The champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the cotelet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, but these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might be to Prince John, and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne, and mounting his jennet, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists.

Spurring his horse, he made the animal bound forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none vows homage more sincerely than ourself, John of Anjou, and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall learn to know the empress to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answered for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the

noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh, speak only the language, and practise only the manners, of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

CHAPTER X.

We must now change the scene to a country house in the vicinity of Ashby, belonging to a wealthy Israelite, with whom Isaac and his daughter had taken up their quarters.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of embroidered cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the chamber, served instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step, sometimes clasping his hands together—sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment "O, Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O, all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a losing venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses—Fifty zecchins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly? the blotch of Egypt upon him!—Willingly, saidst thou?—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship while she laboured in the tempest—lobed the seething billows in my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes. And

was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," answered Rebecca "and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gettings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me?—O, daughter, disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race, is that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would revenge bravely."

"Think not thus of it, my father," said Rebecca; "we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependent on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace. Even this day's pageant had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew who furnished the means."

"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly steed and the rich armour—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which swallows up the gains of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabbaths—and yet it may end better than I now think, for 'tis a good youth."

"Assuredly," said Rebecca, "you shall not repent you of requiting the good deed received of the stranger knight."

"I trust so, daughter," said Isaac, "and I trust too in the rebuilding of Zion; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and battlements of the

new Temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the awe of the judge and jailor”

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment, and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil; the richest wines, and the most delicate refreshments, were at the same time displayed by another Israelitish domestic on a small ebony table, inlaid with silver. At the same time the servant informed Isaac, that a Nazarene desired to speak with him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the untasted glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, “Rebecca, veil thyself,” commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a screen of silver gauze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapped in the ample folds of his mantle

“Art thou Isaac the Jew of York?” said Gurth.

“I am,” replied Isaac, “and who art thou?”

“That is not to the purpose,” answered Gurth.

“As much as my name is to thee,” replied Isaac; “for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?”

“Easily,” answered Gurth; “I, being to pay money, must know that I deliver it to the right person, thou, who art to receive it, will not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered.”

“O,” said the Jew, “you are come to pay monies?”—Holy Father ‘Abraham’ that altereth our relation to each other. And from whom dost thou bring it?”

“From the Disinherited Knight,” said Gurth, “victor in this day’s tournament. It is the price of the armour supplied to him by Kirjath Jairam of Leicester, on thy

recommendation. The steed is restored to thy stable. I desire to know the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the armour."

"I said he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac, with joyful exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee no harm," he added, filling and handing to the swineherd a richer draught than Gurth had ever before tasted. "And how much money," continued Isaac, "hast thou brought with thee?"

"Holy Virgin!" said Gurth, setting down the cup, "what nectar these unbelieving dogs drink, while true Christians are fain to quaff ale as muddy and thick as the draff we give to hogs!—What money have I brought with me? Even but a small sum, something in hand the whilst. What, Isaac! thou must bear a conscience, though it be a Jewish one."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, "thy master has won goodly steeds and rich armours with the strength of his lance, and of his right hand—but 'tis a good youth—the Jew will take these in present payment, and render him back the surplus."

"My master has disposed of them already," said Gurth.

"Ah! that was wrong," said the Jew, "that was the part of a fool. No Christian here could buy so many horses and armour—no Jew except myself would give him half the values. But thou hast a hundred zecchins with thee in that bag," said Isaac, prying under Gurth's cloak, "it is a heavy one."

"I have heads for cross-bow bolts in it," said Gurth, readily.

"Well, then," said Isaac, "if I should say that I would take eighty zecchins for the good steed and the rich armour, which leaves me not a guilder's profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Barely," said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless if such be your least offer, I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah! eighty zecchins is too little. It leaveth no profit for the usages of the monies, and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter."

"And I say," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say, over and above, that seventy zecchins is enough for the armour, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag" (and he shook it till the contents jingled) "back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac: "lay down the talents—the shekels—the eighty zecchins, and thou shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he told over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table, and dropt it into his purse.

"Seventy-one—seventy-two; thy master is a good youth—seventy-three, an excellent youth—seventy-four—that piece hath been oltipt within the ring—seventy-five—and that looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy master wants money, let him come to Isaac of York—seventy-seven—that is, with reasonable security." Here he made a considerable pause, but the enumeration proceeded—"Seventy-eight—thou art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and deservest something for thyself"—

Here the Jew paused again, and looked at the last zecchin, intending doubtless, to bestow it upon Gurth. He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by dropping it upon the table. Unhappily for Gurth, the chime was full and true, the zecchin plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight. Isaac could not find it in his heart to part with it, so dropt it into his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words, "Eighty completes the tale, and I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely Surely," he added, looking earnestly at the bag, "thou hast more coins in that pouch?"

Gurth grinned, which was his nearest approach to a laugh, as he replied, "About the same quantity which thou hast just told over so carefully." He then folded the quittance, and put it under his cap, adding,— "Peril of thy beard, Jew, see that this be full and ample!" He filled himself, unbidden, a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Rebecca," said the Jew, "that Ishmaelite hath gone somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth—ay, and I am well pleased that he hath gained shekels of gold and shekels of silver, even by the speed of his horse and by the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a weaver's beam."

As he turned to receive Rebecca's answer, he observed, that during his chaffering with Gurth, she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the meanwhile, Gurth had descended the stair, and, having reached the dark antechamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gurth obeyed the beckoning summons of the apparition, and

followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found to his joyful surprise that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but jest with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca, "he owes thy master deeper kindness than these arms and steed could pay, were their value tenfold. What sum didst thou pay my father even now?"

"Eighty zecchins," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "thou wilt find a hundred. Restore to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—begone—stay not to render thanks' and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou mayst easily lose both thy burden and thy life."

CHAPTER XI.

Gurth accordingly hastened his pace, in order to gain the open common to which the lane led, but was not so fortunate as to accomplish his object. Just as he had attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thickest, four men sprung upon him, even as his fears anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast, that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been now too late—"Surrender your charge," said one of them, "we are the deliverers of het commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden."

"You should not ease me of mine so lightly," muttered Gurth, whose surly honesty could not be tamed even by the pressure of immediate violence,—"had I it but in my power to give three strokes in its defence,"

"We shall see that presently," said the robber; and speaking to his companions, he added, "bring along the knave I see he would have his head broken, as well his purse cut, and so he let blood in two vials at once"

Garth was hurried along agreeably to this mandate and having been dragged somewhat roughly over the bank, on the left-hand side of the lane, found himself in a straggling thicket, which lay betwixt it and the open common. Here his captors were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the gang. They had short swords by their sides, and quarter-staves in their hands, and Garth could now observe that all six wore visors, which rendered their occupation a matter of no question, even had their former proceedings left it in doubt.

"What money has thou, churl?" said one of the thieves

"Thirty zecchins of my own property," answered Garth, doggedly. "I hoarded it to purchase my freedom."

"Hold," said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the others, "this bag which thou bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, contains more coin than thou hast told us of"

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Garth, "of which, assuredly, I would not have spoken a word had you been satisfied with working your will upon mine own property"

"Thou art an honest fellow," replied the robber, "I warrant thee; and we worship not St Nicholas so devoutly but what thy thirty zecchins may yet escape, if thou deal uprightly with us. Meantime render up thy trust for the time" So saying, he took from Garth's breast the large leathern pouch, in which the purse given him by Rebecca was enclosed, as well as the rest of the

zeechins, and then continued his interrogation.—"Who is thy master?"

"The Disinherited Knight," said Garth.

"Whose good lance," replied the robber, "won the prize in to-day's tourney? What is his name and lineage?"

"It is his pleasure," answered Garth, "that they be concealed; and from me, assuredly, you will learn nought of them."

"What is thy own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Garth, "might reveal my master's."

"And what wert thou now doing at Ashby with such a charge in thy custody?"

"I went thither to render to Isaac the Jew of York," replied Garth, "the price of a suit of armour with which he fitted my master for this tournament."

"And how much didst thou pay to Isaac?—Methinks, to judge by weight, there is still two hundred zeechins in that pouch"

"I paid to Isaac," said the Saxon, "eighty zeechins, and he restored me a hundred in lieu thereof."

"How! what!" exclaimed all the robbers at once; "darest thou trifle with us, that thou tellest such improbable lies?" *Which stories no man would believe*

"What I tell you," said Garth, "is as true as the moon is in heaven. You will find the just sum in a silken purse within the leathern pouch, and separate from the rest of the gold"

"Bethink thee, man," said the Captain, "thou speakest of a Jew—of an Israelite,—as unapt to restore gold, as the dry sand of his deserts to return the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon them."

"There is no more mercy in them," said another of the banditti, "than in an unbribed sheriff's officer."

"It is, however, as I say," said Gurth.

"Strike a light instantly," said the Captain, "I will examine this said purse, and if it be as this fellow says, the Jew's bounty is little less miraculous than the stream which relieved his fathers in the wilderness."

A light was procured accordingly, and the robber proceeded to examine the purse. The others crowded around him, and even two who had hold of Gurth relaxed their grasp while they stretched their necks to see the issue of the search. Availing himself of their negligence, by a sudden exertion of strength and activity Gurth shook himself free of their hold, and might have escaped, could he have resolved to leave his master's property behind him. But such was no part of his intention. He wrenched a quarter-staff from one of the fellows, struck down the Captain, who was altogether unaware of his purpose, and had well-nigh repossessed himself of the pouch and treasure. The thieves, however, were too nimble for him, and again secured both the bag and the trusty Gurth.

"Knave!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast broken my head, and with other men of our sort thou wouldst fare the worse for thy insolence. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly."

"Here, fellow," continued he, addressing Gurth, "canst thou use the staff that thou staits to it so readily?"

"I think," said Gurth, "thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question."

"Nay, by my troth, thou gavest me a round knock," replied the Captain; "do as much for this fellow, and

do as much for this fellow

thou shalt pass scot-free ; and if thou dost not—why, by my faith, as thou art such a stardy knave, I think I must pay thy ransom myself—Take thy staff, Miller," he added, "and keep thy head, and do you others let the fellow go, and give him a staff."

The two champions, being alike armed with quarter-staves, stepped forward into the centre of the open space, in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight, the thieves in the meantime laughing, and crying to their comrade, "Miller ! beware thy toll-dish."

Long they fought equally, until the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so stoutly opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who as usual in such cases, enjoyed his vexation.

The Miller pressed furiously forward, dealing blows with either end of his weapon alternately, striving to come to half-staff distance, while Gurth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard asunder, and covering himself by shifting his weapon with great celerity, so as to protect his head and body. Thus did he maintain the defensive, making his eye, foot, and hand keep true time, until, observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand, and as the Miller endeavoured to parry the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length upon the greensward.

"Well and yeomanly done !" shouted the robbers ; "fair play and Old England for ever ! The Saxon hath saved both his purse and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Thou mayst go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain, addressing Gurth, in special confirmation of the general voice, "and I will cause two of my comrades

to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less-tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the amble in such a night as this. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name—ask not after ours, nor endeavour to discover who or what we are; for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than hast befallen thee."

Thus they parted, the outlaws retuning in the direction from whence they had come, and Gurth proceeding to the tent of his master, to whom, notwithstanding the injunction he had received, he communicated the whole adventures of the evening.

The Disinherited Knight was filled with astonishment, no less at the generosity of Rebecca, by which, however, he resolved he would not profit, than that of the robbers, to whose profession such a quality seemed totally foreign. His course of reflections upon these singular circumstances was, however, interrupted by the necessity for taking repose, which the fatigue of the preceding day and the propriety for refreshing himself for the morrow's encounter, rendered alike indispensable.

The knight, therefore, stretched himself for repose upon a rich couch with which the tent was provided, and the faithful Gurth, extending his tardy limbs upon a bearskin which formed a sort of carpet to the pavilion, laid himself across the opening of the tent, so that no one could enter without awakening him.

CHAPTER XII.

MORNING arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centie, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

the rule of the house, &c.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band.

About the hour of ten o'clock the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants, and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the indjudicious choice he had made of his party, but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course, than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only, reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to

interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match.

When the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had been rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-

Boeuf on the one flank, and ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other; bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger, and striking a full blow at the Templar, he turned back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane, and Front-de-Boeuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day. His masterly horsemanship and the activity of the animal enabled him a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return. But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device

of any kind; had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Farneant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once he seemed to throw aside his apathy, for setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado to the rescue!*" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword, but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Farneant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, the Knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as best he could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprang from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself, when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his weapon, and putting an end to the conflict.

It now being the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we award a second time to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honour which your valour has justly deserved."

The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer. The marshals conducted him across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." They paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a shriek, but at once summoning up the energy

of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words, "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breast-plate, and inflicted a wound in the side.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE JOHN was about to give the signal for retiring from the lists, when a small billet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed so as to secure the floss-silk with which the billet was surrounded, and which bore

the impression of three fleurs-de-lis. John then opened the billet with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in these words—

"Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchained!" *Richard is set at liberty*

The Prince turned as pale as death, but recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he took Waldemar, Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the billet into their hands successively. "It means," he added, in a faltering voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm, or a forged letter," said De Bracy,

"It is France's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York, or some central place. Your highness must break short this present mummery."

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this head of Saxon serfs is concerned."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field, and proclamation was made that Prince John was pleased to appoint the yeomen, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow.

The list of competitors for ~~sylvan~~ ^{the old English contest} fame amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and, with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow; and I see thou dardest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"I know not," replied the woodsman, "if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks, and, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John ~~coloured~~ ^{coloured} as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley" answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; if thou refusest my fair proffer the Pro-vost of the lists shall cut thy bow-string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman. "Nevertheless I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of the ten shafts

which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert, "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the

bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert "and thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

"An your highness were to hang me," said Hubert, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"—

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and making the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers.

"And now," said Lecksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush"

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began of peel

this, observing that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot, but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The Archer vindicated their opinion of his skill. his arrow split the willow rod against which

it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own, we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCE JOHN held his high festival in the Castle of Ashby.

The guests were seated at a table which groaned under the quantity of good cheer.

But, though luxurious, the Norman nobles were not, generally speaking, an intemperate race. While indulging themselves in the pleasures of the table they aimed at delicacy but avoided excess, and were apt to attribute gluttony and drunkenness to the vanquished Saxons as vices peculiar to their inferior station.

With sly gravity, interrupted only by private signs to each other, the Norman knights and nobles beheld

the ruder demeanour of Athelstane and Cedric at a banquet to the form and fashion of which they were unaccustomed. And while their manners were thus the subject of sarcastic observation, the untaught Saxons unwittingly transgressed several of the arbitrary rules established for the regulation of society.

The long feast had at length its end, and, while the goblet circulated freely, men talked of the feasts of the preceding tournament,—of the unknown victor in the archery games, of the Black Knight, whose self-denial had induced him to withdraw from the honours he had won,—and of the gallant Ivanhoe, who had so dearly bought the honours of the day. The topics were treated with military frankness, and the jest and laugh went round the hall. The brow of Prince John alone was overclouded during these discussions, some overpowering care seemed agitating his mind, and it was only when he received occasional hints from his attendants, that he seemed to take interest in what was passing around him.

"I think," said he, "that my brother proposed to confer upon his favourite the rich manor of Ivanhoe."

"He did endow him with it," answered Cedric; nor is it my least quarrel with my son, that he stooped to hold, as a feudal vassal, the very domains which his fathers possessed in free and independent right."

"We shall then have your willing sanction, good Cedric," said Prince John, "to confer this fief upon a person whose dignity will not be diminished by holding land of the British crown.—Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," he said, turning towards that Baron, "I trust you will so keep the goodly barony of Ivanhoe, that Sir Wilfred shall not incur his father's displeasure by again entering upon that fief."

"By St. Anthony!" answered the black-browed giant, "I will consent that your highness shall hold me

a Saxon, if either Cedric or Wilfred, or the best that ever bore English blood, shall wrench from me the gift with which your highness has graced me."

"Whoever shall call thee Saxon, Sir Baron," replied Cedric, offended at a mode of expression by which the Normans frequently expressed their habitual contempt of the English, "will do thee an honour as great as it is undeserved."

Front-de-Bœuf would have replied, but Prince John's petulance and levity got the start.

"Assuredly," said he, "my lords, the noble Cedric speaks truth; and his race may claim precedence over us as much in the length of their pedigrees as in the longitude of their cloaks."

"They go before us indeed in the field—as deer before dogs," said Malvoisin.

"And with good right may they go before us—forget not," said Prior Aymer, "the superior decency and decorum of their manners."

"Their singular abstemiousness and temperance," said De Bracy.

"Together with the courage and conduct," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "by which they distinguished themselves at Hastings and elsewhere."

While with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers, each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Cedric, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another, as if the quick succession of so many injuries had prevented his replying to them in turn, or, like a baited bull, who surrounded by his tormentors, is at a loss to choose from among them the immediate object of his revenge. At length he spoke,

quet. Those who wish to know further of our rude Saxon manners must henceforth seek us in the homes of our fathers, since we have seen enough of royal Banquets, and enough of Norman courtesy."

So saying, he arose and left the banqueting-room, followed by Athelstane, and by several other guests, who partaking of the Saxon lineage, held themselves insulted by the sarcasms of Prince John and his courtiers.

CHAPTER XV.

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered meshes of his web, than did Waldemar Fitzurse to reunite and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal. Few of these were attached to him from inclination, and none from personal regard. It was therefore necessary that Fitzurse should open to them new prospects of advantage, and remind them of those which they at present enjoyed. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability, yet when he observed, from the doubtful looks and uncertain answers which he received, that this was the apprehension by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly treated that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Fitzurse, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished crusaders at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call to a fearful reckoning, those who, during his absence, have done aught that can be construed offence or encroachment upon either the laws of the land or the privileges of the crown. He returns to avenge upon the Orders of the Temple and the Hospital, the preference which they showed to Philip of

France during the wars in the Holy Land. He returns, in fine, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John."

"In personal qualifications," he added, "it was possible that Prince John might be inferior to his brother Richard; but when it was considered that the latter returned with the sword of vengeance in his hand, while the former held out rewards, immunities, privileges, wealth, and honours, it could not be doubted which was the king whom in wisdom the nobility were called on to support."

These, and many more arguments, some adapted to the peculiar circumstances of those whom he addressed had the expected weight with the nobles of Prince John's faction. Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York for the purpose of making general arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night, when, worn out and exhausted with his various exertions, however gratified with the result, Fitzurse, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Bracy, who had exchanged his banqueting garments for a short green kittle, with hose of the same cloth and colour, a leathern cap or head-piece, a short sword, a horn slung over his shoulder, a long bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows struck in his belt.

"What mummerly is this, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse, somewhat angrily. "is this a time for Christmas gambols and quaint maskings when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not been, like me, among these heartless cravens, whom the very name of King Richard terrifies, as it is said to do the children of the Saracens?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy calmly, "as you, Fitzurse, have been minding yours"

"I minding mine own business?" echoed Waldemar, "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron"

"As if thou hadst any other reason for that, Waldemar," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest? Come, Fitzurse, we know each other—ambition is thy pursuit, pleasure is mine, and they become our different ages. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do, that he is too weak to be a determined monarch, too tyrannical to be an easy monarch, too insolent and presumptuous to be a popular monarch, and too fickle and timid to be long a monarch of any kind. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzurse and De Bracy hope to rise and thrive, and therefore you aid him with your policy, and I with the lances of my Free Companions"

"A hopeful auxiliary," said Fitzurse impatiently; "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity—What on earth dost thou purpose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered De Bracy, coolly, after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin."

"The tribe of Benjamin!" said Fitzurse; "I comprehend thee not."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to purvey me a wife after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin, which is as much as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks, who have this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena"

"Since nought that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will put this folly from thy imagination (for well I

know the obstinacy of thy disposition), at least waste as little time as possible—let not thy folly be lasting as well as untimely.”

“I tell thee,” answered De Bracy, “that it will be the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York, at the head of my daring and valorous fellows, as ready to support any bold design as thy policy can be to form one.—But I hear my comrades assembling, and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court—Farewell—I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty.”

CHAPTER XVI.

On the next morning the knight, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Faincant*, departed early from the small hostelry he had paused for the night, with the intention of making a long journey, the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet this purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The sun, by which he had chiefly directed his course, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might make to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to

discretion
 assume, of his own accord, a more lively motion, and as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event, for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat of turf, on the opposite side of which, a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its grey and weather-beaten front to the traveller. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut. The stem of a young fir-tree topped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches which sprang from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night. Accordingly, the knight leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made was unpropitious.

"Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut,

"and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, "I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nurture would despise my couch—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise."

"The road—the road!" vociferated the knight, "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous, and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn, (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel,) given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward"——

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!" said the knight, interrupting him,—“Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. Either open the door quickly, or, by the road, I will beat it down and make entry for myself.”

“Friend wayfarer,” replied the hermit, “be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in my own defence, it will be e’en the worse for you.”

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour. Incensed at this, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite now called out aloud, “Patience, patience—spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently under the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure.”

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. But when his torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the traveller, who stood without, he invited him to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad.

“The poverty of your cell, good father,” said the knight, looking around him, should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I

think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men”

“The good keeper of the forest,” said the hermit, “hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend”

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and, placing a stool upon one side of the table, he beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stranger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

“Reverend hermit,” said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, “were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness, first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?”

“I will reply to you,” said the hermit, “with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose” So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. “Your stable,” said he, “is there—your bed there, and,” reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease, upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, “your supper is here”

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed’s weary back his own mantle.

The hermit, muttering something about provender, left for the keeper’s palfrey, dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight’s

charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy, and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease.

The knight laid aside his helmet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachoes darker than his hair.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His features expressed nothing of monastic austerity; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. After the guest had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor, who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!"

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven within you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name."

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest."

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel, and moreover, I see that my poor monastic faire likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities, and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell; Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord, everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week. I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit.

And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the vension has left thee a stoup of wine, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also bought forth two large drinking cups, made out of horn. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no farther ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Wæs hael, Sir Sluggish Knight!*" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drinc hael, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!*" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brim-me!

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of Saint Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon, as I pattered my prayers,—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades—Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my house-keeping. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent enquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met, and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissiors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee—But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadsword and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The

knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of a very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he. "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my enquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stopped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then and fill thy cup, let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copman-huist so long as I serve the chapel of St Dunstan, which, please God, shall be still I charge my grey covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp, and nought pitches the voice and shaipens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp strings tinkle."

CHAPTER XVII

NOTWITHSTANDING the prescription of the genial hermit, with which his guest willingly complied, he found it no easy matter to bring the harp to harmony.

"Methinks, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants one string, and the rest have been somewhat misused."

"Ay, mark'st thou that?" replied the hermit; "that shows thee a master of the craft. Wine and wassail," he added, gravely casting up his eyes—"all the fault of wine and wassail!—I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup but he would not be controlled—Friend, I drink to thy successful performance."

So saying, he took off his cup with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the Scottish harper.

The knight, in the meantime, had brought the strings into some order, and after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a *survente* in the language of *oc*, or a *lai* in the language of *oui*, or a *virclair*, or a ballad in the vulgar English.

"A ballad, a ballad," said the hermit, "against all the *ocs* and *ouis* of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron Saint Dunstan, and scorned *oc* and *oui*, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil's hoof—downright English alone shall be sung in this cell"

~~Said~~ "I will essay, then," said the knight, "a ballad composed by a Saxon glee-man whom I knew in Holy Land"

It speedily appeared, that if the knight was not a complete master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by abler judges than the hermit, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sung.

Fast and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this interruption we can only explain by resuming the adventures of another set of our characters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants, but the words choked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; and directed that officer, with two of his serfs, to convey Ivanhoe to Ashby as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, however, was anticipated in this good office. The crowd dispersed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.

It was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for his young master—he saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer; it seemed as if the fairies had conveyed him from the spot.

Renewing his inquiries concerning the fate of Ivanhoe, the only information which the cupbearer could collect from the bystanders was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-attired grooms, and placed in a litter belonging to a lady among the spectators, which had immediately transported him out of the press. Oswald, on receiving this intelligence, resolved to return to his master for farther instructions,

carrying along with him Gaius, whom he considered in some sort as a deserter from the service of Cedric.

The Saxon had been under very intense and agonising apprehensions concerning his son, for nature had asserted her rights, in spite of the patriotic stoicism which laboured to disown her. But no sooner was he informed that Ivanhoe was in careful, and probably in friendly hands, than the paternal anxiety which had been excited by the dubious of his fate, gave way anew to the feeling of injured pride and resentment, at what he termed Wilfred's filial disobedience. "Let him wander his way," said he—"let those leech his wounds for whose sake he encountered them. He is niter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman chivalry than to maintain the fame and honour of his English ancestry with the glaye and brown-bill, the good old weapons of the country."

"If to maintain the honour of ancestry," said Rowena, who was present, "it is sufficient to be wise in council and brave in execution—to be boldest among the bold; and gentlest among the gentle, I know no voice save his father's—"

"Besilent, Lady Rowena!—on this subject only I hear you not. Prepare yourself for the Prince's festival, we have been summoned thither with unwonted circumstance of honour and of courtesy, such as the haughty Normans have rarely used to our race since the fatal day of Hastings. Thither will I go, were it only to show these proud Normans how little the fate of a son, who could defeat their bravest, can affect a Saxon."

"Thither," said Rowena, "do I not go, and I pray you to beware, lest what you mean for courage and obstinacy, shall be accounted hardness of heart."

"Remain at home, then, ungrateful lady," answered Cedric; "thine is the hard heart, which can sacrifice the weal of an oppressed people to an idle and unauthor-

ised attachment. I seek the noble Athelstane, and with him attend the banquet of John of Anjou."

He went accordingly to the banquet, of which we have already mentioned the principal events.

It would have been no difficult thing for Cedric, had he been so disposed, to have placed himself at the head of a third party, as formidable at least as any of the others. To counterbalance their royal descent, he had courage, activity, energy, and, above all, that devoted attachment to the cause which had procured him the epithet of THE SAXON, and his birth was inferior to none, excepting only that of Athelstane and his ward. These qualities, however, were unalloyed by the slightest shade of selfishness; and, instead of dividing yet farther his weakened nation by forming a faction of his own, it was a leading part of Cedric's plan to extinguish that which already existed, by promoting a marriage betwixt Rowena and Athelstane. An obstacle occurred to this his favourite project, in the mutual attachment of his ward and his son, and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred from the house of his father.

This stern measure Cedric had adopted, in hopes that, during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might relinquish her preference, but in this hope he was disappointed, a disappointment which might be attributed in part to the mode in which his ward had been educated. Cedric, to whom the name of Alfred was as that of a deity, had treated the sole remaining scion of that great monarch with a degree of observance, such as, perhaps, was in those days scarce paid to an acknowledged princess. Rowena's will had been in almost all cases a law to his household, and Cedric himself, as if determined that her sovereignty should be fully acknowledged within that little circle at least, seemed to take a pride in acting as the first of her subjects. Thus trained in the exercise not only of free will, but despotic authority, Rowena

was, by her previous education, disposed both to resist and to resent any attempt to control her affections, or dispose of her hand contrary to her inclinations, and to assert her independence in a case in which even those females who have been trained up to obedience and subjection are not infrequently apt to dispute the authority of guardians and parents. The opinions which she felt strongly, she avowed boldly; and Cedric, who could not free himself from his habitual deference to her opinions, felt totally at a loss how to enforce his authority of guardian.

It was in vain that he attempted to dazzle her with the prospect of a visionary thione. Rowena who possessed strong sense, neither considered his plan as practical, nor as desirable, so far as she was concerned, could it have been achieved. Without attempting to conceal her avowed preference of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, she declared that, were that favoured knight out of question, she would rather take refuge in a convent, than share a thione with Athelstane, whom, having always despised, she now began, on account of the trouble she received on his account, thoroughly to detest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Cedric, and Athelstane, with the Lady Rowena and their attendants had reached the verge of the wooded country, on their return from Ashby, when they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they rode up to the place from whence they came, they were surprised to find a horse-litter placed upon the ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures expressive of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands, as if affected by some strange disaster.

success

When he began to come to himself out of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was our old friend) was at length able to explain, that he had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby, together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. They had come thus far in safety, but having received information from a wood-cutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them, Isaac's mercenaries had not only taken flight, but had carried off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter without the means either of defence or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti.

"Would it but please your valours," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard, I swear by the tables of our law, that never has favour been conferred upon a child of Israel since the days of our captivity, which shall be more gratefully acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Athelstane, "dost not remember how thou didst beard us in the gallery at the tilt-yard? If the outlaws rob only such as thee, who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them right honest folk."

Cedric did not assent to the severe proposal of his companion. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two of our attendants and two horses to convey them back to the next village. It will diminish our strength but little; and with your good sword, noble Athelstane, and the aid of those who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty of those runagates."

Rowena strongly seconded the proposal of her guardian, but Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to

the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment. Then rising, and throwing back her veil, she implored her in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, that she would have compassion upon them, and suffer them to go forward under their safeguard.

"It is not for myself that I pray this favour," said Rebecca, "nor is it even for that poor old man I know, that to wrong and to spoil our nation is a light fault, if not a merit, with the Christians. But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal, gave it double weight with the fair Saxon.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her guardian, "the maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life—Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two of the sumpter-mules, and put the baggage behind two of the serfs. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Cedric readily assented to what she proposed. The path upon which the party travelled was now so narrow as not to admit above two riders abreast, and began to descend into a dingle, traversed by a brook whose banks were broken and swampy. Cedric and Athelstane saw the risk of being attacked at this pass, but no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the defile as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers,

when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer effectual resistance. The shout of "A white dragon!—a white dragon!—Saint George for merry England!" war-cries adapted by the assailants as belonging to their assumed character of Saxon outlaws, was heard on every side, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxon chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment. The attendants, embarrassed with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their masters, fell an easy prey to the assailants; while the Lady Rowena, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba and Gurth. A third person suddenly made his appearance, and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but besides that he wore no mask, the glittering baldric across his shoulder, with the rich bugle horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognise Locksley the yeoman.

"What is the meaning of all this," said he, "or who is it that rifle, and ransom, and make prisoners, in these forests?"

"You may look at their cassocks close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like thine own, as one green pea-cod is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered Locksley; "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned.—Yet stay, I must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unbuckled his baldric with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vizard from his pouch, and repeating his charges to them to stand fast, went to execute his purposes of reconnoitring. He returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Gurth," he said, "I have mingled among yon men, and have learnt to whom they belong, and whither they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment, were little else than madness, but I trust soon to gather such a force, as may act in defiance of all their precautions; you are both servants, and, as I think, faithful servants of Cedric the Saxon. He shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity. Come then with me till I gather more aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the jester and the swineherd.

CHAPTER XX.

After three hours they arrived with their mysterious guide at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an enormous oak-tree, beneath which four or five yeomen lay stretched on the ground, while another, as sentinel, walked to and fro in the moonlight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were

pointed towards the quarter from which the travellers approached, when their guide, being recognised, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road towards Rotherham"

"With how many men?" demanded the leader, for such he seemed to be.

"With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please St. Nicholas"

"Devoutly spoken," said Locksley; "and where is Allan-a-dale?"

"Walked up towards the Watling-street, to watch for the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"That is well thought on also," replied the Captain, — "and where is the Friar?"

"In his cell."

"Thither will I go," said Locksley. "Disperse and seek your companions. Collect what force you can, and meet me here by daybreak — And, stay," he added, "I have forgotten what is most necessary of the whole. — Two of you take the road quickly towards Torquilstone, the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. A set of gallants, who have been masquerading in such guise as our own, are carrying a band of prisoners thither — Keep a close watch on them therefore; and dispatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring the news of the yeomen thereabout."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with alacrity on their different errands. In the meanwhile, their leader and his two companions, pursued their way to the Chapel of Copmanhurst.

The anchorite and his guest were performing, at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking song, of which this was the burden:

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me, *Quoth*
 Bully boy, bully boy,
 'Come, trowl the brown bowl to me
 Ho ! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
 Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.

Locksley's loud and repeated knocks at length disturbed them. "By my beads," said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard ; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness."

"Base calumniators!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, there be those in this land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced."

"Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard," said the hermit, "while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter—for, in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady—strike into the tune which thou hearest me sing, it is no matter for the words—I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis clamavi*, under cover of which he removed the apparatus of their banquet, while the knight, laughing heartily, and arming himself all the while, assisted his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's matins are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the hermit. "Wend on your way, in the name of God and Saint Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, open to Locksley."

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports me much to know."

"Who is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a friend."

"But what friend," answered the knight; "for he may be friend to thee and none of mine?"

"What friend?" replied the hermit, "that now, is, one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. What friend?—why he is, now that I be-think me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious hermit," replied the knight, "I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges."

The hermit speedily unbolted his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what boon companion hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our unctions all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant, I think," answered Locksley, "and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarter-staff, we shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman. But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know? Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him?" replied the friar, boldly, "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Scrabelstone—as if I would drink with a man and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, friar," said the woodsman, "and I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "be not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compel!" said the friar; "wait but till I have changed this grey gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk nor good woodsman."

While he spoke thus, he stript off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily did on a cassock of green, and hose of the same colour.

Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus.—

"Deny it not, Sir Knight—you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby."

"And what follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?" replied the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "a fiend to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Black Champion, "and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me."

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodsman, "for never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayst take an honourable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric the Saxon, together with his ward, and his friend Altheane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight, "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man, but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends. With this account of me you must for the present remain satisfied. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as involute as if I wore golden spurs."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom these oppressed captives."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE these measures were taking in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized, hurried their captives along towards the place where they intended to imprison them. Meanwhile, the following dialogue took place between the two leaders of the banditti.

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy. "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front-de-Bœuf's castle. There will I appear before the Lady Rowena in mine own shape, and trust that she will set down to the vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy?" replied the Knight Templar.

"That concerns thee nothing," answered his companion.

"I would hope, however, Sir Knight," said the Templar, "that this alteration of measures arises from no suspicion of my honourable meaning, such as Fitz-suisse endeavoured to instil into thee? Hear the truth! I care not for your blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train one who will make me a better mate."

"What! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting damsel?" said De Bracy.

"No, Sir Knight," said the Templar, haughtily. "To the waiting-woman will I not stoop. I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own."

"By the mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"And if I do," said Bois Guilbert, "who shall gain-say me?"

"Thou knowest best thine own privileges," said De Bracy. "Yet I would have sworn thy thought had been more on the old usurer's money bags, than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can admire both," answered the Templar, "besides, the old Jew is but half prize. I must share his spoils with Front-de-Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this foray of ours, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou knowest my drift, thou wilt resume thine own original plan, wilt thou not?—Thou hast nothing, thou seest, to fear from my interference."

"No," replied De Bracy, "I will remain beside my prize."

The guards continued to hurry Cedric along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Torquilstone, the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. De Bracy winded his horn three times, and the archers and cross-bow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge, and admit them. The prisoners were compelled to alight by their guards, who gave Athelstane and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena.

The Lady Rowena was conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same alarming distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Base unbeliever," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lair, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to

partake of it." And, without farther discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners.

CHAPTER XXII.

Isaac had been hastily thrust into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loop-holes far above the reach of the captive's hand. At one end of this apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse iron bars, half devoured with rust.

With his garment collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained, without altering his position, for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

He paused within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, laid a large pair of scales at the feet of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance, at which his companion had already taken his station. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive.

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," he said, "seest thou these scales?"

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, finding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "heard man ever such a demand?—Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver?—What human sight was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure?—Not within the walls of York, ransack my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the tithe of that huge sum of silver that thou speakest of."

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieving carcass from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me—It is a poor deed to crush a worm"

"Old thou mayst be," replied the knight; "more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in usury and knavery—Feeble thou mayst be, for when had a Jew either heart or hand—But rich it is well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Jew, "by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common."——

"Perjure not thyself," said the Norman, interrupting, "and let not thine obstinacy seal thy doom, until thou hast seen and well considered the fate that awaits thee. I swear to thee by that which thou dost not believe, by the gospel which our Church teaches, and

by the keys which are given her to bind and to loose, that my purpose is deep and peremptory."

He again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language. The Saracens produced a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other disposed the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and exercised the bellows until the fuel came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?—on that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy wretched limbs with oil, lest the roast should burn.—Now, choose betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver, for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option." *244*

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blench from my purpose for the outcries or screams of one single wretched Jew?—Be wise, old man, discharge thyself of a portion of thy superfluous wealth, repay to the hands of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by the usury thou hast practised on those of his religion. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou canst redeem thee from

a dungeon, the secrets of which few have returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee—choose between thy dross and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be."

"So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand!"

"Seize him and strip him, slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

THE assistants, taking their directions more from the Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stepped forward, laid hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Baron's farther signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting, then looked at the glowing furnace, over which he was presently to be stretched, and seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way *he said*

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver—That is," he added, after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren, for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so unheard-of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "here it must be delivered—weighed it must be—weighed and told down on this very dungeon floor.—Thinkest thou I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure?"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou pawn-broking slave," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe."

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac timidly, "but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will trust nothing to mine?"

"Because thou canst not help it, Jew," said the knight, sternly "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and were I craving a loan of thy shekels, it would be thine to dictate the time of payment and the pledge of security. This is my treasure-chamber. Here I have thee at advantage, nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty."

The Jew groaned deeply.—"Grant me," he said, "at least with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They scorned me as a Jew, yet they pitied my desolation, and because they tarried to aid me by the way, a share of my evil hath come upon them, moreover, they may contribute in some sort to my ransom."

"If thou meanest yonder Saxon churls," said Front-de-Bœuf, "their ransom will depend upon other terms than thine. Mind thine own concerns, Jew, I warn thee, and meddle not with those of others."

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set at liberty, together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice recommend it," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to a son of Israel, to meddle with his own concerns, and leave those of others alone?—Since thou hast made thy choice, it remains but that thou payest down thy ransom, and that at a short day."

"Let my daughter, Rebecca, go forth to York," answered Isaac, "with your safe conduct, noble knight,

and so soon as man and horse can return, the treasure"—Here he groaned deeply, but added, after the pause of a few seconds—"The treasure shall be told down on this very floor."

"Thy daughter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, as if surprised,—*Oh, I see*—"By heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy wife, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example."

The yell which Isaac raised at this *Oh, I see* unfeeling communication made the very vault to ring, and astounded the two Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement, and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight—take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour!—*Oh, I see* She is the image of my deceased Rachel, she is the last of six pledges of her love—Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat relenting, "that I had known of this before. I thought your race had loved nothing save their money bags."

"Think not so vilely of us, Jews though we be," said Isaac, "the hunted fox, the tortured wild-cat, loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children!"

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will believe it in future, Isaac, for thy very sake—but it aids us not

now, {I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow; my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot. Besides why shouldst thou think evil is to come to the girl, even if she became Bois-Guilbert's booty?"

"There will, there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony, "when did Templars breathe aught but cruelty to men, and dishonour to women!"

"Dog of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, "blaspheme not the holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or woe betide thy Jewish throat!"

"Robber and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the insults of his oppressor with passion, which however impotent, he now found it impossible to bridle, "I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honour!"

"Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Norman, sternly—"has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection, "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour [it molten down thy avaricious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited! Take my life if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf, "for by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars."

In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding totally to disrobe him, when the sound of a bugle, twice winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage Baron gave the slave a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his deliverance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a peculiar mark of respect not offered to the other prisoners. It was about the hour of noon, when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to persecute his views upon her hand and possessions.

He saluted the lady by doffing his velvet bonnet. With this, he gently motioned her to a seat, and, as she still retained her standing posture, the knight ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena declined, by her gesture, the proffered compliment, and replied, "If I be in the presence of my jailor, Sir Knight—nor will circumstances allow me to think otherwise—it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she learns her doom."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in presence of your captive, not your jailor; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you fondly expect from him."

"Wilfred here?" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he, "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe travelled in the litter of the Jew?"

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with apprehension, "in what is he the rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a short imprisonment, and an honourable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love, and that this our host, Front-de-Bœuf, will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe, as eagerly and unscrupulously as if he were preferred to him by some blue-eyed damsel? But smile on my suit, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy; "for, when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kinsman—the son of her guardian—the companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe,—refuse to employ it, Wilfred dies, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom."

"Thy language," answered Rowena, "hath in its indifferent bluntness something which cannot be reconciled with the horrors it seems to express. I believe not that thy purpose is so wicked, or thy power so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," said De Bracy, "until time shall prove it false. Thy lover lies wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. He is a bar betwixt Front-de-Bœuf and that which Front-de-Bœuf loves better than either ambition or beauty. What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniard, or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition for ever? Cedric also —"

"And Cedric also," said Rowena, repeating his words; "my noble—my generous guardian! I deserved, the evil I have encountered, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Cedric's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Bracy; "and I leave thee to form it."

Hitherto, Rowena had sustained her part in this trying scene with undismayed courage, but it was because she had not considered the danger as serious and imminent. After casting her eyes around as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a passion of uncontrolled vexation and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such extremity without feeling for her, and De Bracy was not unmoved, though he was yet more embarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's present condition, she could not be acted on either by argument or threats.

Agitated by his thoughts, he could only bid her be comforted, and assure her, that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Bracy was interrupted by the horn, which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE the scenes we have described were passing in other parts of the castle, the Jewess Rebecca awaited her fate in a distant and sequestered turret. On being thrust into the little cell she found herself in the presence of an old sibyl, who kept murmuring to herself a Saxon rhyme, as if to beat time to the revolving dance which her spindle was performing on the floor.

"Thou must up and away, old house-crickot," said one of Rebecca's guards, "our noble master commands it—Thou must e'en leave this chamber to a furer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service requited. I have known when my bare word would have cast the best man-at-arms among ye out of saddle and out of service, and now must I up and away at the command of every groom such as thou."

"Good Dame Urfried," said the other man, "stand not to reason on it, but up and away. Thou hast had thy day, old dame, but thy gūn has long been set."

The men retired, leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman.

"What country art thou of?" said the hag; "a Saracen? or an Egyptian?—Why dost not answer?—thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needst say no more," replied Urfried; "men know a fox by the train, and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, minion?" answered the sibyl. "Trust me, thy life is in no peril. Such usage shalt thou have

as was once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden. Look at me—I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front-de-Bœuf, father of this Reginald, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber. They died—they died every man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conquerer!”

“Is there no help?—Are there no means of escape?” said Rebecca—“Richly, richly would I requite thine aid.”

“Think not of it,” said the hag, “from hence there is no escape but through the gates of death. Fare thee well, Jewess!—Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity.”

“Stay! stay! for Heaven’s sake!” said Rebecca, “thy presence is some protection.”

“The presence of the mother of God were no protection,” answered the old woman. “There she stands,” pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary, “see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee.”

She left the room as she spoke, and locked the door behind her.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena. Yet she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and unless where the door by which she had entered joined the main building, seemed to be circumscribed by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no

inside bolt or bar. The single window opened upon an embattled space surmounting the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, some hopes of escaping, but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an isolated bartisan.

The prisoner trembled and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret-chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and shut the door behind him, his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed, at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner. Rebecca had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French, "but know, bight lily of the vale of Baca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her, "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O.

be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence! ”

“And thou, who canst guess so truly,” said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, “art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of these ornaments ”

“What wouldst thou have of me,” said Rebecca, “if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the church and the synagogue.”

“It were so, indeed,” replied the Templar, laughing, “wed with a Jewess? Despardieux!—Not if she were the Queen of Sheba! Harken, Rebecca, thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations: nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity. One thing only can save thee. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the temple.”

“Submit to my fate!” said Rebecca—“and, sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—thou the best lance of the Templars!—Craven knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee—The God of Abraham’s promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!”

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartisan, and in an instant after stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice."

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca, "thou hast thought me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar fervently, "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far," and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God than her honour to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou needst no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar, "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally that which you have seen, me, hard, selfish, and relentless. Hear me, Rebecca—(Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert.) She, the daughter of a petty baron, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done.—Yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide de Montemare known from the court of Castile to—that of Byzantium. And how was I

requited?—When I returned with my dear-bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties—My manhood must know no domestic home—must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must outlive me, to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another.”

“Alas!” said Rebecca, “what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice?”

“The power of vengeance, Rebecca,” replied the Templar, “and the prospects of ambition.”

“An evil recompense,” said Rebecca, “for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity.”

“Say not so, maiden,” answered the Templar. “revenge is a feast for the gods!—And ambition? it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself!—Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not, it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch!—Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse—The Templar loses his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the baton of grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the

necks of kings. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee”

“Sayest thou this to one of my people?” answered Rebecca. “Bethink thee”——

“Answer me not,” said the Templar, “by urging the difference of our creeds, within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. But that bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee.”

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there, and they were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf.

“Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour,” said Front-de-Bœuf—“here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in Saxon”

He looked at it, turning it round and round, as if he had really some hopes of coming at the meaning by inverting the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

“It may be magic spells for aught I know,” said De Bracy.

“Give it me,” said the Templar. “We have that of the priestly character, that we have some knowledge to enlighten our valour.”

The Templar accordingly read it as follows :—

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, Jester to a noble and free born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon,—And I, Gurth the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, namely the good knight, called for the present *Le Noir Faincant*, and the stout yeoman, Robert Locksley, *Do you*, Reginald Front de Bœuf, and, your accomplices, to wit, that ~~whereby~~ you have wrongfully and by mislery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric, also upon the person of a noble and free born damsel, the Lady Rowena of Hargott Strandedale, also upon the person of a noble and free born man, Athelstane of Comingsburgh; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules therefore we require and demand that the persons aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, untouched and unharmed. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wage our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in his keeping.—Signed by us upon the eve of St. Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Hart-hill Wall, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to St. Dunstan, in the Chapel of Copmanlawst."

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Biacy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed jocularity.

"By St Michael," he said, "I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Biacy. These fellows dared not have acted with such inconceivable impudence, had they not been supported by some strong hands.—Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered a squire who was in attendance.

"Let us summon our people," said the Templar, "and sally forth upon them. One knight—ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them." *fight*

"Sally, saidst thou?" answered Front-de-Bœuf, "we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York, so is all your band, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brain," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar; "let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swinebeird in the baronial castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!"

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron; "but to whom should I send?—Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies"

"Then send to York, and recall our people," said De Bracy.

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de-Bœuf, "they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom.—I have it," he added, after pausing for a moment—"Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert, "but be it as you will"

He sat down accordingly, and indited, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor: *the tenor*

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receive no defiance at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to receive their confession and reconcile them with God, since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the headquarters of the allies which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the black knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons.

The Black Knight, taking the letter from Locksley, first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

"Execute the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba; "by the rood, thou must be mistaken, Sir Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the knight, "I have explained the words as they are here set down."

"'Tis but a contrivance to gain time," said Locksley, "they dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee, and thy advice!" said the pious hermit, "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce, this same character of father confessor."

All looked on each other and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in a venture. You must know, my dear consins and countrymen, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, untill a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."

"On ^{but even} with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the Knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Time wears—away with, thee."

"*Pax vobiscum*," said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHEN the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit, stood before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

"*Pax vobiscum*," answered the Jester, "I am a poor brother of the Order of St Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle."

When Wamba found himself in the presence of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, he brought out his *pax vobiscum* with more hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed father did not give him any cause of suspicion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" said he.

"*Pax vobiscum*," reiterated the Jester, "I am a poor servant of St Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves, which thieves have sent me unto this castle in order to do my ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice"

"Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and canst thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banditti?"

"Gallant sir," answered the Jester, "*nomen illis legio*, their name is legion"

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are"

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "I was like to burst with fear! but I conceive they may be—what of yeomen—what of commons, at least five hundred men"

"What!" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "muster the wasps so thick here? it is time to stifle such a mischievous brood" Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front-de-Bœuf, "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purpose in words," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the meantime, that the shaveling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about this task of preparing these Saxon hogs for the slaughter-house"

"It shall be so," said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

"*Pax vobiscum*," said the Jester, entering the apartment, "the blessing of St. Dunstan, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye."

"Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed friar, "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Jester.

"It is impossible!" replied Cedric, "they dare not attempt such cruelty!"

"Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink ye, therefore, what crimes you have committed; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearest thou this, Athelstane?" said Cedric, "We must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves. Let us then unto our holy gear, father."

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester, in his natural tone, "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that voice!"

"It is that of your trusty slave and jester," answered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long." *He then retired.*

"How mean'st thou, knave?" answered the Saxon.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march

quietly out of the castle ; leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead !" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal ; " why, they would hang thee, my poor knave "

"E'en let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba.

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me."

"No, by St. Dunstan," answered Wamba ; "there were little reason in that Good right there is, that the son of Witless should suffer to save the son of Hereward : but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to his "

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so the stately hope of the forest be preserved Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba ! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins "

"Not so, father Cedric," said Athelstane, grasping his hand "Not so," he continued, "I would rather remain in this hall a week without food or drink save the prisoner's, than embrace the opportunity to escape which the slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master "

"You are called wise men, sirs," said the Jesser, "and I a crazed fool ; but, uncle Cedric, and count Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye. Kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master "

"Go, then, noble Cedric," said Athelstane "Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue—you remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue from without?" said Cedric, looking to the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" echoed Wamba, "let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. And so farewell, master! and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool!"

The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt jest and earnest. The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

"Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth!"

The exchange of dross was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said "but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba—"Pax vobiscum will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone,—*Pax vobiscum*!—it is irresistible."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—*Pax vobiscum*. I trust I shall remember the pass-word—Noble Athelstane, farewell, and farewell, my poor boy. I will save you or return and die with you. One hair shall not fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; "and remember *Pax vobiscum.*"

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON entering the Gothic apartment, Front-de-Bœuf found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the guard of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners,—for the manner in which Wamba drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how relish ye your entertainment at Torquilstone? By God and St Dennis, and ye pay not rich ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet!—Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives?—How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit I," answered poor Wamba—"and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy. they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head."

"Saint Genevieve!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Giles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy who just entered the apartment "This is Cedric's clown "

"He shall hang," replied Front-de Bœuf, "unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for his life. Go," said he to two of his attendants, fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once, the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saxon franklin "

"Ay, but," said Wamba, "your chivalrous excellency will find there are more tools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave ?" said Front-de Bœuf

"Saints of Heaven !" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments ! "

"Friends of hell !" echoed Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the boar of Rotherwood whom I ushered to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands !—And thou," he said to Wamba, "I will give thee holy orders—I will shave thy crown for thee !—Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements—Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now ?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whimpered forth poor Wamba ; "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vocation —Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him to me to make sport for my Free Companions.—How sayst thou, knave ? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me ?"

' Ay, with my master's leave," said Wamba, "for, look you, I must not slip collar ' (and he touched that which he wore) "without his permission."

"Thou dost well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us!"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy, "when didst thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle! Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing Athelstane, "rouse up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"Dismiss me free," answered Athelstane, "with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that scum of mankind who are swarming around the castle," said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Athelstane, "I will withdraw them."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf—"thou and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. But mark, this extends not to the Jew Isaac."

"Nor to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Saxon's company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did," replied Athelstane: "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair prize without striking a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jester."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I

consent to part with her. The 'slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Cedric—I will lose mine ere a hair of his head be injured.'"

"The Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vassal like thee?" said De Bracy. "I tell thee, the princes of the House of Anjou confer not their wards on men of such lineage as thine."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a beggarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assembles under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers."

"Thou hast it, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf; "the Saxon hath hit thee fairly"

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy. "But thy glibness of reply, comrade" (speaking to Athelstane), "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena"

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that brother Ambrose, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx, demanded admittance at the postern gate.

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"Holy Mother!" said he, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping! Ye are friends and allies of our reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx; ye owe him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity; be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous cut-throats, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his Church——"

"Brother priest," said the Templar, "all this we know or guess at—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Ambrose, "he is in the hands of the men of Belial, infesters of these woods."

"Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs," said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions. "Speak out, priest, and say at once, what doth thy master expect from us?"

"So please you," said Ambrose. "violent hands having been imposed on my reverend superior, they do yet demand of him a large sum besides, Wherefore the reverend father prays you to rescue him, either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front-de-Bœuf. "When did thy master hear of a Norman baron unbuckling his purse to relieve a churchman, whose bags are ten times as weighty as ours?—And how can we do aught by valour to free him, that are cooped up here by ten times our number"

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark what these knaves do without;" and so saying, he opened a window, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment—"Saint Dennis! they bring forward mantelets and pavises, and the archers muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm"

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately snatched his bugle, and after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest—Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou

to the western side—I myself will take post at the barbican."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambroso, "I beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!"

"Go patter thy petitions to heaven," said the fierce Norman, "for we on earth have no time to listen to them."

The Templar had in the meantime been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers. "See ye how dexterously," he said, "they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our cross-bows? I will gage my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail—by St Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he comes here to give me my revenge."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the importunity of Rebecca which had prevailed on her father to have the young warrior transported from the lists to the house which

for the time the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed Isaac, "he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the gore trickle down his rich embroidered haqueton, and his corslet of goodly price—but to carry him to our house—damsel, hast thou well considered? he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our commerce."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca; "in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother. Let them place him in my litter; I will mount one of the palfreys"

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Ishmael and of Edom," whispered Isaac. "Beard of Aaron!—what if the youth perish!—if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, "he will not die unless we abandon him, and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man"

"Nay," said Isaac, "it grieveeth me as much to see the drops of his blood, as if they were so many golden byzants from mine own purse, and I well know that the lessons of Miriam have made thee skilful in the art of healing. Therefore do as thy mind giveth thee."

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and she had been heedfully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which had been acquired under an aged Jewess, Miriam. Ivanhoe was still in a state of unconsciousness, and Rebecca having applied to his wound such vulnerable remedies as her art prescribed

informed her father that if the healing balsam of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day.

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. When he awoke from a broken slumber, he found himself, to his great surprise, in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to Palestine. The impression was increased, when the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. Ivanhoe suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until this kind physician was about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed—"Gentle maiden," he began in the Arabian tongue, "I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy"—

"I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate."

"Noble damsel,"—again the Knight of Ivanhoe began.

"Bestow not on me, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "the epithet of noble. Know that your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York, to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It will become him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful tendance as your present state demands."

I know not whether the fair Rowena would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the lovely Rebecca. But Ivanhoe was too good a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. The glance of respectful admiration, not altogether unmixed with tenderness, with which he had hitherto regarded his unknown benefactress, was exchanged at once for a manner cold, composed, and collected.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imputed no fault to Ivanhoe for sharing in the universal prejudices of his age and religion. She informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give farther trouble to his benefactors

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon frankin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armour?—Was there no convent of Saxon endowment, where he could be received?"

"Any, the worst of these harbourages," said Rebecca, with a melancholy smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the abode of a

despised Jew; yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them. No Nazarene—I crave your forgiveness, Sir Knight—no Christian leech, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your corslet within a month.

“And how soon wilt *thou* enable me to brook it?” said Ivanhoe, impatiently.

“Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions,” replied Rebecca

“By Our Blessed Lady,” said Wilfred, “if it be not a sin to name her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be bedridden, and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my casque full of crowns, come by them as I may.”

“I will accomplish my promise,” said Rebecca, “and thou shalt bear thine armour on the eighth day from hence; if thou wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me.”

“If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may yield to one of thy people,” replied Ivanhoe, “I will grant thy boon blithely and thankfully.”

“Nay,” answered Rebecca, “I will but pray of thee to believe henceforward that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without desiring other guerdon than the blessing of the great Father who made both Jew and Gentile.”

“It were sin to doubt it, maiden,” replied Ivanhoe, “and I repose myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my corslet on the eighth day. And now my kind leech, let me enquire of the news abroad. What

of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household?—what of the lovely Lady”—— He stopt, as if unwilling to speak Rowena’s name in the house of a Jew—“Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?”

“And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valour,” replied Rebecca.

“It was less of her I would speak,” said he, “than of Prince John, and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?”

“Let me use my authority as a leech,” answered Rebecca, “and enjoin you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprize you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and churchmen of his party, after collecting such sums as they could wring, by fair means or foul, from those who are esteemed the wealthy of the land. It is said he designs to assume his brother’s crown.”

“Not without a blow struck in its defence,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, “if there were but one true subject in England I will fight for Richard’s title with the best of them—ay, one or two, in his just quarrel!”

“But that you may be able to do so,” said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, “you must now observe my directions, and remain quiet.”

“True, maiden,” said Ivanhoe, “as quiet as these disquieted times will permit—And of Cedric and his household?”

“I learned that Cedric and Athelstane of Coningsburgh were about to set forth on their return homeward, with the Lady Rowena. And touching your faithful squire Gurth”——

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, "knowest thou his name?—But thou dost," he immediately added, "and well thou mayst, for it was from thy hand, and, as I am now convinced, from thine own generosity of spirit, that he received but yesterday a hundred zecchins."

"Speak not of that," said Rebecca, blushing deeply; "I see how easy it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would gladly conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivanhoe, gravely, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Rebecca, "when eight days have passed away, but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"It seems," said Ivanhoe, "(as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shown kindness to me.) My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou seest that the brother most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp his crown,—(my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex.) Be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like slot-hounds, shall involve thee also in their pursuit."

"Nay," said Rebecca, "thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies and those of thy king, when their horn was most highly exalted—Therefore, be of good courage, and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest."

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions, of Rebecca. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken

for his travelling with ease Isaac, however, had the fear of robbery before his eyes. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter repasts, so that he passed by Cedric and Athelstane who had several hours the start of him. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. And thus it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, he was deserted by the discontented mercenaries on whose protection he had relied.

In this deplorable condition the Jew, with his daughter and her wounded patient, were found by Cedric, as has already been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Bracy and his confederates. De Bracy's astonishment was considerable when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, conceiving himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon outlaws, with whom his name might be a protection for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes, the one on the Jew's treasure, and the other on his daughter, De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. Here his charge was transferred to Urfried, or, Ulrica, as she was properly called. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devolve upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure,

which she experienced. As she felt his pulse, and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. The cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" recalled her to herself, and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her that he was as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally, "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened to give Ivānhōe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle, and that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not.

The noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence,

while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Rebecca's eye kindled, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, the sacred text,—“The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!”

Ivanhoe was glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray

“If I could but drag myself,” he said, “to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go.—It is in vain—It is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!”

“Fret not thyself, noble knight,” answered Rebecca, “the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle.”

“Thou knowest nought of it,” said Wilfred; “this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not—you shall not!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft!”

“It shall be welcome!” murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke

“Rebecca, dear Rebecca!” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “do not expose thyself to wounds and death, at least, cover

thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Being placed on an angle of the main building, she could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow"

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess, "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield,"

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarcely the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca, "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank, the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them, with loud cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant!—Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

THE archers shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on

both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm. What dost thou see, Rebecca?"

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself, for as the leader is so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring: "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe, "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess, "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall—some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor

our to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”

“Think not of that,” said Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them, like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better”

“Saint George strike for us!” exclaimed the knight, “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle.—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!”

“By saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca; “it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

“The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe, "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron—A fetterlock and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors—It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action will not

fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received? ”

“Rebecca,” he replied, “thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live ”

“Alas!” said the fair Jewess, “and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled? ”

“What remains?” cried Ivanhoe. “Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name ”

“Glory?” continued Rebecca; “alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion’s mouldering tomb sufficient reward for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable?”

“By the soul of Hereward!” replied the knight impatiently, “thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca, and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame ”

“I am, indeed,” said Rebecca, “springing from a race whose courage was distinguished in defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it illbeseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war.

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? And my father!—oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavouring to fortify her mind.

CHAPTER XXX.

MEANWHILE, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. The moment had now arrived when earth and all his treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage Baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity

"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the Baron, "who set such price on their ghostly mummery?—where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of St. Anne? Me, the heir of their founder—me, whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—ungrateful villains as they are!—they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouselled!—Tell the Templar to come hither—he is a priest, and may do,

something.—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or bribe the false priest—But I—I dare not!”

“Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, “to say there is that which he dares not!”

Front-de-Bœuf shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, “Who is there?—what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night raven?—Come before my couch that I may see thee.”

“I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” replied the voice.

“Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape if thou be’st indeed a fiend,” replied the dying knight, “think not that I will bleach from thee—By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven or hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!”

“Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” said the almost unearthly voice, “on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?” *Reginald*

“Be thou fiend, priest, or devil,” replied Front-de-Bœuf, “thou liest in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone—False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace.”

“In peace thou shalt not die,” repeated the voice; “even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!”

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did—The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country. Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate.—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "and thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one besides—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature—Go to her, she was my temptress, the foul provoker of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf, "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it—Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes, nor shake thy hand at me with that gesture of menace!"

"Vile murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf, "detestable screech-owl! it is then thou who are come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfanger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons!"

it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution! "The hag's name is—"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shalt thou never witness—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur, and Stephen! seize this witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon!—Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant Baron," said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery, "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon—But know, mighty chief," she continued suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands—Listen to these horrid sounds!—The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounded knight; "O, for one moment's strength, to drag myself to the melee, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it!"

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee—But, no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage, is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, thou hast not set fire to it?—By heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with rightful composure—"Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Mista, Skonula, and Zernebock, gods of ancient Saxons, supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes!—And now, parricide, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment, and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key, as she locked and double locked the door behind her. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Maur!—Clement and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy!—It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me, not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him at the same time to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden sally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers:—"It avails not awaiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west—and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it, and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft endlong over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport in the main wall of the castle. In the name of God, fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the water, forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. The black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders, by the ruins of the

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight—"The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy, "it leads to his apartment."

Ivanhoe had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle, and his attendant had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment—the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns—What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved or perish together—And yet, great God!—my father, my father—what will be his fate!"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself,—a ghastly figure, for his gilded armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burnt from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca, "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee—^{up} and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee.—If thy heart be not hard as thy breastplate—save y aged father—save this wounded knight!"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness, "a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame—and who reckes how or where a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

"Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca—once didst thou foil me, but never mortal did so twice."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks and bore her out of the room in his arms without regarding her cries, or the menaces which Ivanhoe thundered against him. "Hound of the temple—stain to thine Order—set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois-Guilbert, at is Ivanhoe commands thee!—Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, said Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "think not of me—pursue yon ravisher—save the Lady Rowena—look to the noble Cedric!"

"In their turn," answered he of the fetterlock, "but thine is first."

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

Meantime Athelstane had made his escape into the court of the castle where sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison. Rebecca was in the midst of the little party, and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody

fray, showed every attention to her safety. Athelstane doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

"To snatch a mace from the pavement, to rush on the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was for Athelstane's great strength, but the work of a single moment, he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch—turn, limb of a band of murdering and hypocritical robbers!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of Zion," and with these words, half wheeling his steed, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane. So trenchant was his weapon that it shore asunder the mace which the Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

"*Ha! Beau-seant!*" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be it to the maligners of the Temple-knights!" and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege, and compu-

ting the plunder which their success had placed at their disposal.

The tramp of horses was heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their pikes and clashed their brownbills for joy of her freedom. As she bent her steed towards Locksley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her.

"God and Our Lady bless you, brave men," she said, "and requite you for gallantly perilling yourselves in the cause of the oppressed!—If any of you should hunger, remember Rowena has food—if you should thirst, she has many a butt of wine and brown ale"

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley, "thanks for my company and myself. But to have saved you requites itself."

Again bowing from her palfrey, Rowena turned to depart; but pausing a moment, she found herself unexpectedly close by the prisoner, De Bracy. He stood under a tree in deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast. He looked up, however, and when aware of her presence, a deep flush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. He stood a moment most irresolute; then, stepping forward, took her palfrey by the rein, and bent his knee before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight—on a dishonoured soldier?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "in enterprises such as yours, the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in success"

"Conquest, lady, should soften the heart," answered De Bracy, "let me but know, that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence occasioned by an ill-fated passion,

and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian."

Rowena waved a graceful adieu to him of the Fetterlock—Cedric bade God speed him, and on they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the black Champion, "will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my Tysting tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "as frankly as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice De Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "and he is safe though he had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the Knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art scorns to take mean revenge for what is past. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee—Maurice de Bracy, I say BEWARE!"

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, caught a horse by the rein, threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood. The chief Outlaw then took from his neck the rich horn and baldric which he had recently gained at Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Fetterlock, "I will pray you to keep this as a memorial of your gallant bearing—and if ye chance to be hard bested in any forest between Trent and Tees, wind three motts upon the horn thus, *Wa-sa-hoa*! and it may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and winded once and again the call which he described, until the knight had caught the notes

"Gramercy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the Knight, "and better help than thine and thy rangers would I never seek." And then in his turn he wended the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "be-shrew me an thou knowest not as much of woodcrafts as of war!—Comrades, mark these three mots—it is the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock, and he who hears it, and hastens not to serve him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our band with his own bowstring."

"Long live our leader," shouted the yeomen, "and long live the Black Knight of the Fetterlock."

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoils, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings of our joyous chaplain—he was never wont to be absent when meat was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted, and it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise. Also, I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Friar to help me to deal with him in due sort."

While he thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen, announced the arrival of the priest.

"Make room, my merry-men!" exclaimed the Friar, "room for your godly father and his prisoner."—And making his way through the ring, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge p^{ar}tisan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest.

"Curtal priest," said the captain, "in the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Copmanhurst; "speak, Jew—have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas?—have I not taught thee thy *credo*, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria*?"

"Let us hear," said Locksley, "where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Frair, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there, and I had caught up one runlet of sack, when I was advised of a strong door—Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt—In therefore, I went, and found just nought besides a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner. I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the action, with the unbeliever, with one humming cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when crash after crash, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower, and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another—I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dishonour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his grey hairs, and judged it better to lay down the partisan and take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the seed has been sown in good soil; the Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as I do myself, for my head is well-nigh dizzed."

"Jew," said the Captain, "is this true? hast thou pronounced thine unbelief?"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night."

"Thou liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Friar; "thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, even more alarmed than before, "as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar'd man—I fear me a childless—have ruth on me, and let me go!"

"Nay," said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made in favour of Holy Church, thou must do penance"

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk's resentment to himself

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "an I buckle to my gear, I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to mell with thine own matters, mangre thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee"

"I am content to take thy cuff as a loan," said the Knight, "but I will repay thee with usury. Friar, strike an thou darest—I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine"

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have at thee—Down thou goest"

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the Knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock.

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand—stand fast as a true man."

"I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the Priest. "an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain, but he arose neither angry nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness, that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness, let us put the Jew to ransom, since the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"PEACE all!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom, while I examine a prisoner of another cast.—Here cometh the worthy prelate, as poet us a pyet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the silvan throne of the outlaw Chief, our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan transcends!—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him?"

"An six hundied crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to you, honoured valouris, and never sit less soft in his stall"

"Six hundied crowns," said the leader gravely, "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the band. "Solomon had not done it better."

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior, "where am I to find such a sum?"

"If so please you," said Isaac, "I can send to York for the six hundied crowns, out of certain monies in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain, "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew, "I am a broken and impoverished man, a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain—"How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"Can he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior—"Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, who were led into Assyrian bondage? I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the chief Outlaw.

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?—O Rebecca!—daughter of my beloved Rachel! what would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws: "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, brodered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yester-even."

"Ichabod! Ichabod!" answered the Jew, "the glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the Chief looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, nathless his grief touches me—We will take thee, Isaac, at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, and thou wilt have six hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shekels as well as the sparkle of black eyes—Hasten to make thy crowns chink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order."

Isaac, relieved of one half of his apprehensions by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his buskins sought to kiss the hem of his green cassock. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp, not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man, up with thee ! I am English born, and love no such Eastern prostrations—Kneel to God and not to a poor sinner like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Aymer, "kneel to God, as represented in the servant of his altar, and who knows what grace thou mayst acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca ? I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance,—I beheld her in the lists of Ashby. Also Brian de Bois Guilbert is one with whom I may do much—bethink thee how thou mayst deserve my good word with him."

"Alas ! alas !" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers arise against me—I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands, but the leader of the yeomen led him aside

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter ; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous, at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed, for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money bogs—What I know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York ?" The Jew grew as pale as death—"But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in ^{his} ~~thy~~ house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money ?—Usurer as thou art, (thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns.")

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon bend-the-bow?" said Isaac, "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these."

"But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow, concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, as there is nought in it but some merchandises which I will gladly part with to you—one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silken bow-strings, tough, round, and sound—these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Diccon, an thou wilt keep silence about the vault, my good Diccon."

"Silent as a dormouse," said the Outlaw; "and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. Prior Aymer, come apart with me under this tree. Here is Isaac willing to give thee a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing-tablets—though, hold—rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where I shall find one?"

"If your holy scruples can dispense with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy," said the yeoman, and, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild goose which was soaring over their heads, the advanced guard of a phalanx of his tribe. The bird came fluttering down, transfixed with the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the Captain, "are quills enow to supply all the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure ^{indited} an epistle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying "This will be thy safe conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of advantage and commodity at thine own hand, for, trust me well, the good Knight Bois Guilbert is of their confraternity that do nought for nought"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE was brave feasting in the Castle of York, to which Prince John had invited those nobles, prelates, and leaders, by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne Waldemar Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret work among them, tempering all to that pitch of courage which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one main limb of the confederacy.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York, that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with their confederate Front-de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. Waldemar brought the rumour to Prince John, announcing that he feared its truth the more that they had set out with a small attendance, for the purpose of committing an assault on the Saxon Cedric and his attendants. At another time the Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest, but now that it interfered with and impeded his own plans, he

exclaimed against the perpetrators, and spoke of the broken laws, and the infringement of public order and of private property, in a tone which might have become King Alfred.

"The unprincipled marauders!" he said—"were I ever to become monarch of England, I would hang such transgressors over the drawbridges of their own castles."

"But to become monarch of England," said Waldemar Fitzurse coolly, "it is necessary not only that your Grace should endure the transgressions of these unprincipled marauders, but that you should afford them your protection, notwithstanding your laudable zeal for the laws they are in the habit of infringing."

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, and then began to stride up and down the apartment.

"The villains," he said, "the base treacherous villains, to desert me at this pinch!—But whom have we here?—De Bracy himself, by the rood!—and in strange guise doth he come before us. De Bracy, what means this?—Speak, I charge thee! Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same moment with his master, "Where is the Templar?—Where Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar is fled," said De Bracy; "Front-de-Bœuf you will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of his own castle, and I alone am escaped to tell you."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of fire and conflagration."

"The worst news is not yet said," answered De Bracy; and, coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and emphatic tone—"Richard is in England—I have seen and spoken with him."

Prince John turned pale, tottered and caught at the back of an oaken bench to support himself—much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

“Thou ravest, De Bracy,” said Fitzurse, “it cannot be”

“It is as true as truth itself,” said De Bracy, “I was his prisoner, and spoke with him.”

“With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?” continued Fitzurse.

“With Richard Plantagenet,” replied De Bracy, “with Richard Cœur-de-Lion—with Richard of England.”

“And thou wert his prisoner?” said Waldemar; “he is then at the head of a power?”

“No—only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his person is unknown I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to assist at the storming of Torquilstone.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

OUR tale now returns to Isaac of York.—Mounted upon a mule, the gift of the Outlaw, with two tall yeomen to act as his guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the preceptory of Templestowe, for the purpose of negotiating his daughter's redemption. The Preceptory was but a day's journey from the demolished castle of Torquilstone and the Jew had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly, having dismissed his guides at the verge of the forest, and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to press on with such speed as his weariness permitted him to exert. But his strength failed him totally ere he had reached within four miles of the Temple Court, racking pains shot along his back and through his limbs, and the excessive anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was

rendered altogether incapable of proceeding farther than a small market town, where dwelt a Jewish Rabbi of his tribe, eminent in the medical profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Nathan Ben Israel received his suffering countryman with that kindness which the law prescribed, and which the Jews practised to each other. He insisted on his betaking himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in most repute to check the progress of the fever, which terror, fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow, had brought upon the poor old Jew.

On the morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and pursue his journey, Nathan remonstrated against his purpose, both as his host and as his physician. It might cost him, he said, his life. But Isaac replied that more than life and death depended upon his going that morning to Templestowe.

"To Templestowe!" said his host with surprise; again felt his pulse, and then muttered to himself, "His fever is abated, yet seems his mind somewhat alienated and disturbed." But wottest thou that Lucas de Beaumanoir, the chief of their Order, and whom they term Grand Master, is now himself at Templestowe?"

"I know it not," said Isaac; "our last letters from our brethren at Paris advised us that he was at that city beseeching Philip for aid against the Sultan Saladine."

Meantime Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, included within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long grey beard, and the shaggy grey eyebrows, overhanging eyes, of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire.) A formidable

warrior, his thin and severe features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic bigot, they were no less marked by the emaciation of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the self-satisfied devotee. His stature was tall, and his gait, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone can I confide my sorrows. We must retrace our steps and show ourselves the faithful Champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling, not alone our blood and our lives—not alone our desires and our vices—but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections, and act as men convinced that many a pleasure which may be lawful to others, is forbidden to the vowed soldier of the Temple."

A squire entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission ere he presumed to tell his errand.

"Is it not more seemly," said the Grand Master, "to see this Damian, clothed in the garments of Christian humility, thus appear with reverend silence before his Superior, than but two days since, when the fond fool was decked in a painted coat, and jangling as pert and as proud as any popinjay?—Speak, Damian, we permit thee—What is thine errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father," said the Squire, "who prays to speak with brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master—"It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.

"Report speaks him brave and valiant," said Conrade.

"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master. "But brother Brian came into our Order a moody and disappointed man. Since then, he hath become an active and earnest agitator, a murmurer, and a machinator, and a leader amongst those who impugn our authority.—Damian," he continued, "lead the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in a few minutes returned, marshalling in Isaac of York. When he had approached within the distance of three yards, Beaumanoir made a sign with his staff that he should come no farther. The Jew kneeled down on the earth, which he kissed in token of reverence, then rising, stood before the Templars, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed on his breast.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire and have a guard ready to await our sudden call, and suffer no one to enter the garden until we shall leave it."—The squire bowed and retreated—"Jew," continued the haughty old man, "mark me. Be brief in thy answers to what questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of truth, for if thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it torn from thy misbelieving jaws. Peace, unbeliever! not a word in our presence, save in answer to our questions.—What is thy business with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. Beaumanoir saw his mortal apprehension, and condescended to give him some assurance.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person, Jew, so thou dealest uprightly in this matter. I demand again to know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "so please your reverend valour, to that good knight, from Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrade?" said the Master. "A Cistercian Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelieving Jew.—Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, undid the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the Prior's tablets for the greater security, and was about to approach, with hand extended and body crouched, to place it within the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I touch not misbelievers, save with the sword—Conrade, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me" *Full!*

Beanmanoir, being thus possessed of the tablets, inspected the outside carefully, and then proceeded to undo the packthread which secured its folds. He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror, read it over again more slowly, then holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed—"Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another, and both members, and no inconsiderable members, of religious professions! Read it aloud, Conrade, and do thou" (to Isaac) "attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it" *Con!*

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words:

"Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistercian house of Jorvaulx, to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, wisheth health. Touching our present condition, dear Brother, we are a captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us to ransom; whereby we have also learned that thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety, nevertheless, we pray thee

to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor, for we are privately assured that your Great Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your mirth, and amend your misdoings. And the wealthy Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the counsel to ransom.

Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of morning,

"AUFER PR S M JERVOISES"

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master—"Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it even now." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois Guilbert."

"Ay reverend valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac "and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance"—

"Peace!" said the Grand Master "This thy daughter hath practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her."

"Thy daughter worketh the cures, I doubt not," thus Beaumanoir went on to address the Jew, "by words and sigils, and peripatits, and other cabalistical mysteries."

"Nay, reverend and brave Knight," answered Isaac "but in chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" said Beaumanoir

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, (the abomination of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds, and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple—There, Damian, spurn this Jew from the gate—shoot him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and meanwhile the Grand Master ordered to his presence the Preceptor of Templestowe.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALBERT MALVOISIN, President, or, in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the establishment of Templestowe, was brother to Philip Malvoisin who was in close league with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewess woman, brought hither by a brother of religion by your connivance, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion; for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois-Guilbert and to himself unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you mute?" continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the

Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master—

"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a Jewish sorceress, into this holy place, to the stain and pollution thereof?"

"A Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin; "good angels guard us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorceress!" said the Grand Master, sternly "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—shame to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy Preceptory?"

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. Much did I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert seemed so fondly besotted on the charms of this female, whom I received into this house merely to place a bar betwixt their growing intimacy. If I have sinned in receiving her here, it was in the erring thought that I might thus break off our brother's besotted devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so wild and unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some touch of insanity, more to be cured by pity than reproof. But since your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewish queen to be a sorceress, perchance it may account fully for his enamoured folly."

"It doth!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir. "See, brother Conrade, the peril of yielding to the devices of Satan! It may be that our brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter, deserve rather pity than severe chastisement;

rather the support of the staff than the strokes of the rod; and that our admonitions and prayers may turn him from his folly, and restore him to his brethren. But concerning this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantments over a brother of the Holy Temple, assuredly she shall die the death."

'But the laws of England," said the Preceptor, who, though delighted that the Grand Master's resentment, thus fortunately averted from himself and Bois-Guilbert, had taken another direction, began now to fear he was carrying it too far.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumanoir, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within a preceptory of his Order?—No—we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the wickedness thereof shall be forgiven. Prepare the Castle hall for the trial of the sorceress."

The ponderous castle-bell had tolled the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy, for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois-Guilbert than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrad and the Preceptor Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the Preceptor. "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrad, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless be it known to thee, that thou art to be brought before the tribunal

of the Grand Master of our holy Order, there to answer for thine offences."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The tribunal, erected for her trial, occupied the dais or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall. On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the mystic staff, which bore the symbol of the Order. The Preceptors, of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height, and somewhat drawn back behind that of their superior; and the knights who enjoyed no such rank in the Order, were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the Preceptors as these from the Grand Master. Behind them, but still upon the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the esquires of the Order, in white dresses of an inferior quality.

The remaining and lower part of the hall was filled with guards, holding partisans, and with other attendants whom curiosity had drawn thither, to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish sorceress. A psalm commenced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn sounds, *Venite exultemus Domino* were judged by Lucas most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, for such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness.

When the sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the Preceptors was vacant. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and was now standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the Knights Companions of the Temple, one hand extending his long mantle, so as in some degree to hide his face, while the other held his cross-handled sword, with the point of

which he was slowly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after favouring him with a glance of compassion. "Thou see'st, Conrade, how this holy work distresses him! Seest thou he cannot look upon us; he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his tormentor his hand forms these cabalistic lines upon the floor?"

The Grand Master then raised his voice, and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, Preceptors, and Companions of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children!—you also, well-born and pious Esquires, who aspire to wear this holy Cross!—and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree! We have summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sortileges and for witcheries, whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a churl, but of a Knight—not of a secular Knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple—not of a Knight Companion, but of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land. If we were told that such a man, so honoured, and so honourable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in this low company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own and finally, was so utterly blinded and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to one of our own Preceptories, what should we say but that the noble Knight was possessed

by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand and right eye thereof.”

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly, and all anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

“Such,” he said, “and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight Templar, who wilfully offended against the rules of his Order. But if, by means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the Knight, perchance because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel’s beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his backsliding; and, imposing on him only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, we are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the accursed instrument, which had so well nigh occasioned his utter falling away—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, that we may judge of the sum and bearing thereof.”

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the risk to which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavouring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently great, became portentous in their narrative. The devotion of the Knight to Rebecca’s defence was exaggerated beyond the bounds, not only of discretion, but even of the most frantic excess of chivalrous zeal.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Bois-Guilbert and the Jewess arrived at the Preceptory. The evidence of Ivoisin was skilfully guarded. But while he appar-

ently studied to spare the feelings of Bois-Guilbert, he threw in, from time to time, such hints, as seemed to infer that he laboured under some temporary alienation of mind, so deeply did he appear to be enamoured of the damsel whom he brought along with him. With sighs of penitence, the Preceptor avowed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and her lover within the walls of the Preceptory—"But my defence," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to our most reverend father the Grand Master, he knows my motives were not evil, though my conduct may have been irregular."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Albert," said Beaumanoir; "thy motives were good, but thy conduct was wrong. Were it not well, brethren, that we examine something into the former life and conversation of this woman, specially that we may discover whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells?"

Herman of Goodalricke was one of the Preceptors present. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would crave to know, most Reverend Father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations."

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "thou bearest the question which our Brother of Goodalricke desireth thou shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Sathanas!—Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our Holy Order."

Bois-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising scorn and indignation. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most Reverend Father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which has often fought for Christendom."

"We forgive thee, Brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though, that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us, is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and cometh of the Enemy, who tempteth us to exalt our own worship. And now let those who have aught to witness of the life and conversation of this Jewish woman, stand forth before us."

There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied, there was in the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous balsam.

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward to the bar. Perfectly cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and given with many tears, but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a sore disease, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his vocation of a joiner, that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions, and especially a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. "And may it please your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot think the damsel meant harm by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess, for even when I used her remedy, I said the Pater and the Creed, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Peace, slave," said the Grand Master, "and begone! It well suits brutes like thee to be tampering and trinketing with hellish cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons of mischief. Hast thou that unguent of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, sure proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Beaumanoir, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and, learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid.—*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered.* "Strange powers of Sathanas," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blasphemy, mingling poison with our necessary food!—Is there no leech here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two mediciners, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avouched they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they savoured of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. When this medical research was ended, the Saxon peasant desired humbly to have back the medicine, but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the cripple.

"Higg, the son of Snell," answered the peasant.

"Then Higg, son of snell," said the Grand Master, "I tell thee it is better to be bedridden, than to accept the benefit of unbelievers' medicine that thou mayest arise and walk."

Higg, the son of Snell, withdrew into the crowd but, interested in the fate of his benefactress, lingered, until he should learn her doom.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity, "That it was not the wont of the daughters of her people to uncover their faces when alone in an assembly of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The guards were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughters—Alas," she said, recollecting herself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for the remembrance of your mothers, let me not be thus handled in your presence, it suits not a maiden to be disrobed by such rude grooms. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost melted the heart of Beaumanoir himself, "ye are elders among your people, and at your command I will show the features of an ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which bashfulness contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise. But Higg, the son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactress. "Let me go forth," he said to the warders at the door of the hall,—"let me go forth!"—To look at her again will kill me, for I have had a share in murdering her."

"Peace, poor man" said Rebecca, when she heard his exclamation; "thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth—thou canst not aid me by thy complaints or lamentations. Peace, I pray thee—go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the compassion of the warders, but he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain. Two men-at-arms were now called forward, one of them had seen Rebecca work a cure upon a wounded man, brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. She did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, when the iron head of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stunched, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact, that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when in the castle of Torquilstone. The witness drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had been miraculously extracted from the wound, and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvellous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, this fellow stated, that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a milk-white swan, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle on the turret, and once more assume the female form.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and ^{he} now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation, which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would, I

am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion, cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing! to plead that many things which these men (whom may Heaven pardon!) have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility. Nor will I vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the fictions and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—God be judge between him and me! but rather would I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may denounce against me, than listen to the suit which that man of Belial has urged upon me—friendless, defenceless, and his prisoner. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest affirmance would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me—but to himself—Yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false? as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?"

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

"Speak," she said, "if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear, by the name thou dost inherit—by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?"

"Answer her, brother," said the Grand Master, "if the Enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power."

In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his feature, and

it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca,—“The scroll!—the scroll!”

“Ay,” said Beaumanoir, “this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his silence.”

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words extorted as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demand a champion!* The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois-Guilbert, gave Rebecca leisure to examine and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke

“Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?”

“There is yet one chance of life left to me,” said Rebecca, “even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while He affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion.”

“And who, Rebecca,” replied the Grand Master, “will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?”

“God will raise me up a champion,” said Rebecca—“It cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one

tend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger, who is also of another faith, to find one who will do battle, wagering life and honour for her cause against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master, "the field must be foughten in our own presence, and divers weighty causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in Him, to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole age."

"Thou hast spoken well, damsel," said the Grand Master; "but well know we who can array himself like an angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting place of combat, and, if it so hap, also of execution.—Where is the Preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not receive the gage?"

"He will—he doth, most Reverend Father," said Malvoisin, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the lists of Saint George belonging to this Preceptory, and used by us for military exercise."

"It is well," said the Grand Master—"Rebecca, in those lists shalt thou produce thy champion, and if thou failest to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let thus our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains, who acted as clerks to the chapter, immediately engrossed the order in a huge volume, and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which was expressed as follows :

“ Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery and other damnable practices, practised on a Knight of the most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same ; and saith, that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, wicked, and disloyal ; and she doth offer by a champion, to avouch her case, he performing his loyal ~~devoir~~ in all knightly sort, (with such arms as to gage of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril and cost. And there with she proffered her gage. Wherefore the most reverend Father and puissant Lord, Lucas Marquis of Beaumanoir, did allow of the said challenge, and assigned the third day for the said combat, the place being the enclosure called the lists of Saint Goergo, near to the Preceptory of Templestowe. And may God aid the just cause ! ”

“ Amen ! ” said the Grand Master ; and the word was echoed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to heaven, and, folding her hands, remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

“ It is just and lawful,” said the Grand Master ; “ choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber.”

“ Is there,” said Rebecca, “ any one here, who, either for love of a good cause, or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being ? ”

All were silent, while Rebecca stood for a few moments in indescribable anxiety, and then exclaimed, “ Is it really thus ?—and, in English land, am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal ? ”

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I will do thine errand as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity; I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposor of all. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. — I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell!—Life and death are in thy haste"

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Bathan's good capul, and I will be at York within as brief space as man and beast may"

But as it fortuned, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Priory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews—and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York, The other was the physician, Rabbi Ben Samuel

"What poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches," said Ben Samuel, "desiring, as I think, some speech of me?"

Isaac had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible. The Rabbi dismounted in great alarm, and hastily applied the remedies which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion, when the object of his anxious solicitude suddenly revived.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called Benoni, instead of Rebecca! Why should thy death bring down my grey hairs to the grave, till, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die!"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a father in Israel and dost thou utter words like unto these?—I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth?"

"She liveth," answered Isaac, "but it is as Daniel, who was called Beltheshazzar, even when within the den of the lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, and they will wreak their cruelty upon her, sparing neither for her youth nor her comely favour. O! she was as a crown of green palms to my grey locks, and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah!—Child of my love!—child of my old age! oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words —

"To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists of Templestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath none to help her. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father, for he hath favour among the strong

men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal "of *Rebecca*."

"Take courage," said the Rabbi "for grief availeth nothing. Gird up thy loins and seek out this Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength, for the youth hath favour in the eyes of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, and his signet, commanding these men of blood that they proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a good youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber.

"Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend, and if a foe, I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."

"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apartment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview shall make me. You have no reason to fear me, or if I must so qualify my speech, you have at least now no reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although her short drawn breath seemed to belie the heroism of her accents; "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"You have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely, my former frantic attempts you have not now to dread Within your call are guards, over whom I have no authority. They are designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer you to be insulted by any one, even by me, were my frenzy—for frenzy it is—to urge me so far."

"May Heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "(death is the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil.)"

"Silence, maiden," answered the Templar; "such discourse now avails but little Thou art condemned to die not a sudden and easy death, such as misery chooses, and despair welcomes, but a slow, wretched, protracted course of torture, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of these men calls thy crime *Sorcery*."

"And to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I owe this?" said Rebecca "surely only to him, who, for a most selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and who now, for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to exaggerate the wretched fate to which he exposed me."

"Think not," said the Templar, "that I have so exposed thee, I would have buckled thee against such danger with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed it to the shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Jewess, "speak it briefly—If thou hast aught to do, save to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it, and then, if so it please you, leave me to myself—the step between time and eternity is short but terrible and I have few moments to prepare for it."

"I perceive, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou dost continue to burden me with the charge of

distresses, which most fain would I have prevented — Could I guess the unexpected arrival of yon dotard, whom some flashes of frantic valour, and the praises yielded by fools, have raised for the present above the hundreds of our Order, who think and feel as men free from silly and fantastic prejudices?"

"Yet," said Rebecca, "you sate a judge upon me, innocent—most innocent—as you knew me to be—you concurred in my condemnation, and, if I aright understood, are yourself to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my punishment."

"Thy patience, maiden," replied the Templar — "No race knows so well as thine own tribes, how to submit to the time, and so to trim their bark as to make advantage even of an adverse wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has taught such art to the House of Israel! It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our own misdeeds and those of our fathers, but you—you who boast your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper is your disgrace when you stoop to soothe the prejudices of others, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, pacing the apartment with impatience, "but I came not hither to bandy reproaches with you—Know that Bois-Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. That scroll which warned thee to demand a champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois-Guilbert?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me—was this all thou couldst do for one whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, maiden," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was not all that I purposed. Had it not been for the accused

interference of yon fanatical dotard, and the fool of Goodalricke, the office of the Champion Defender had devolved, not on a Pieceptor, but on a Companion of the Order. Then I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in the lists as thy champion, disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving knight, who seeks adventures to prove his shield and spear, and then, let Beaumanoir have chosen not one, but two or three of the brethren here assembled. I had not doubted to cast them out of the saddle with my single lance. Thus, Rebecca, should thine innocence have been avouched, and to thine own gratitude would I have trusted for the reward of my victory.”

“This, Sir Knight,” said Rebecca, “is but idle boasting—a brag of what you would have done had you not found it convenient to do otherwise. You received my glove, and my champion, if a creature so desolate can find one, must encounter your lance in the lists—yet you would assume the air of my friend and protector!”

“Thy friend and protector,” said the Templar, gravely, “I will yet be—but mark at what risk, or rather at what certainty, of dishonour, and then, blame me not if I make my stipulations, before I offer up all that I have hitherto held dear, to save the life of a Jewish maiden.”

“Speak,” said Rebecca; “I understand thee not.”

“Well, then,” said Bois-Guilbert, “I will speak as freely as ever did doting penitent to his ghostly father, when placed in the tricky confessional.—Rebecca, if I appear not in these lists I lose fame and rank—lose that which is the breath of my nostrils, the esteem, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of succeeding to that authority, which is now wielded by the bigoted dotard Lucas de Beaumanoir.”

"Thou hast made thy choice between causing to be shed the blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering thine own earthly state and earthly hope.—What avails it to reckon together?—thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her; "my choice is not made—nay, mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms, and if I do so championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stake and faggot, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal issues, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his corslet, and Richard is in a foreign prison."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca

"Much," replied the Templar, "for thou must learn to look at thy fate on every side"

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side"

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, I lose fame, I lose honour, I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce emperors attain to—I sacrifice mighty ambition,—and yet Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice, this fame will I renounce, this power will I forego, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, Bois-Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover"

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight" answered Rebecca, "but hasten to the Regent, the Queen Mother, and to Prince John—they cannot in honour to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your

Grand Master. So shall you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, or the pretext of requiring any requital from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of her robe—"it is thee only I address, and what can counterbalance thy choice? Bethink thee, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca "Be a man, be a Christian! If indeed thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter."

"No, damsel! ' said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca," he said, again softening his tone; "England—Europe,—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, as my friend—a friend free as myself from the doting scruples which fetter out free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn—Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valour will gain for you, and I will exchange my long desired batoon for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca; "an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough, that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share. Put not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—sell not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not for a selfish

advantage—Go to the throne of England; Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men”

“Never, Rebecca!” said the Templar fiercely. “If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be fooled on all hands.—Stoop my crest to Richard?—ask a boon of that heart of pride?—Never, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his feet in my person. I may forsake the Order, I never will degrade or betray it.”

“Now, God be gracious to me,” said Rebecca, “for the succour of man is well nigh hopeless!”

“It is indeed,” said the Templar; “for proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and then think upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile—not a relic left of that graceful frame, from which we could say this lived and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit.”

“Bois-Guilbert,” answered the Jewess, “thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet, when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong assurance within me, that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee, the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must

be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth.”

“We part then thus:” said the Templar, after a short pause: “would to Heaven that we had never met or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith!—Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of thine own degraded nation; my hand conversant with ingots and shekels, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the shivering and bankrupt debtor.”

“Thou hast spoken the Jew,” said Rebecca, “as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations, were then a people of misers and of usurers!—Farewell!—I envy not thy blood-won honours—I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice.”

“There is a spell on me, by Heaven!” said Bois-Guilbert. “I almost think yon besotted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee hath something in it more than is natural—Fair creature!” he said approaching near her, but with great respect,—“so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with infamy and agony. Who would not weep for thee?—The tear that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving before the storm,

which are dashed against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part at least as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamantine decrees of fate,"

"Thus," said Rebecca, "do men throw on fate the issue of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind, but it is the garden of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom "

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untaught, untamed—and proud, that, amidst a shoal of empty fools and crafty bigots, I have retained the pre-eminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high in my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging, and of this the world shall have proof—But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner"

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment

CHAPTER XL

WHEN the Black Knight left the Trysting-tree of the generous Outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, called the Priory of Saint Botoiph, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and the magnanimous Wamba. On the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the jester Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. Thou also wilt meet me, and it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure so to be distinguished," said Ivanhoe, "I fear me you have chosen a talkative and a troublesome fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as e'er a hunter who frequents them, and the poor knave, as thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the Knight, "an he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desires to make it pleasant—Fare thee well, kind Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to travel till to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Ivanhoe, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion.

As they were pacing at their leisure through the recess of the forest, "Canst thou constine me this, Sir Knight," said Wamba—"When is the wine-pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy piteher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the green-wood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You have me not any so, fair sir," said Wamba; "only I would wish my mail at hand, and my spear in my chamber, when I go out with these good fellows, because it might save them as an arrow."

"We are bound to pray for thee, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be chaplains who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than good fellows."

"And who may they be, for you have not met better nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malcontents, men at arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a half score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the others that escaped from Torquilstone. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our coats of arms—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any supplicant."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such rascaille as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

"The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceedeth thy license—Beware ye tamper not with my patience."

"Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or Folly will show a clean pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the horn as thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knave!"

"And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valour rouse himself, and shake his mane, for if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the look-out for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder

thicket is a choice chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't." And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor.

"Thanks, trusty armourer," said the Knight.—"Wamba, let us close with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash hine even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters!"—The men made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation;—"have we traitors here?"

A knight in blue armour, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment, Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily, that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed.

and not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to 1180

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground, yet the situation of the Knight of the Pettecock continued very precarious, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies.—Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your equerry—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance

on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "say me the truth—confess who set thee on this traitorous deed"

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

The Black Knight's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar," he said.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked, the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England; and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony—Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed"

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villian that should spare him the labour of a long journey"

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at

the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard. "Your misdemeanours whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley"—

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name, which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

"King of Outlaws and Prince of Good fellows!" said the King, "who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave Outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage."

"True says the proverb," said Wamba, ^{heute wie} ~~interposing~~ his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance,—

"When the cat is away,
The mice will play."

At the same time, two additional personages appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE new comers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe and Gurth, who attended him. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds, when he saw his master besprinkled with blood, and six or seven dead bodies lying around in the little glade in which the battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised to see Richard surrounded by

so many sylvan attendants, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, and a perilous retinue therefore for a prince. He hesitated whether to address to King as the Black Knight-errant, or in what other manner to demean himself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard Plantaganet as himself, since thou seest him in the company of true English hearts, although it may be they have been urged a few steps aside by warm English blood."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant Outlaw, stepping forward, "my assurances can add nothing to those of our sovereign, yet let me say somewhat proudly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath not truer subjects than those who now stand around him."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, "since thou art of the number—But what mean these marks of death and danger? these slain men, and the bloody armour of my Prince?"

"Treason hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the King, "but, thanks to these brave men, treason hath met its meed"

Novelty in society and adventure were the zest of life to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and it had its highest relish when enhanced by dangers encountered and surmounted. In the lion hearted King, the brilliant, but useless character, of a knight of romance was in a great measure realised and revived, and the personal glory which he acquired by his own deeds of arms, was far more dear to his excited imagination than that which a course of policy and wisdom would have spread around his government. Accordingly, his reign was like the course of a brilliant and rapid meteor, which shoots along the face of heaven, shedding around an unnecessary and portentous light, which is instantly

swallowed up by universal darkness, his feats of chivalry furnishing themes for bards and minstrels, but affording none of those solid benefits to his country on which history loves to pause, and hold up as an example to posterity. But in his present company Richard showed to the greatest imaginable advantage. He was gay, good-humoured, and fond of man-hood in every rank of life.

Beneath a huge oak tree the silvan repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men outlaws to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough foresters soon lost their awe for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged—the stories of former deeds were told with advantage, and at length, and while boasting of their successful infraction of the laws, no one recollected they were speaking in presence of their natural guardian. The merry King, nothing heeding his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. The natural and rough sense of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed ere anything should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety. “We are honoured,” he said to Ivanhoe apart, “by the presence of our gallant Sovereign, yet I would not that he dallied with time which the circumstances of his kingdom may render precious.”

Robin Hood assured them that he had detached a party in the direction of the road they were to pass, who would not fail to discover and apprize them of any secret ambascade; and that he had little doubt they would find the ways secure.

The Outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King attended by Ivanhoe, Gúith, and Wamba, arrived, without any interruption, within view of the Castle of Coningsburgh, while the sun was yet in the horizon.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps, so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower.

By this difficult and complicated entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred, by the difficulties of the ascent, gained time to muffle his face in his mantle, as it had been held expedient that he should not present himself to his father until the King should give him the signal.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. Cedric, seated among his country men, seemed to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation *Waes hael*, raising at the same time a goblet to his head. The King returned the greeting with the appropriate words, *Drinc hael*, and partook of a cup which was handed to him by the sewer. The same courtesy was offered to Ivanhoe, who pledged his father in silence.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was excavated, as it were, out of one of the external buttresses. Two flambeaux or torches showed by a red and smoky light, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material. Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of the bier kneeled three

priests, who told their beads, and muttered their prayers. For this service a splendid *soul-scat* was paid to the convent of Saint Edmund's by the mother of the deceased. Richard and Wilfred followed Cedric into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with solemn air to the untimely bier of Athelstane, they followed his example in devoutly crossing themselves, and muttering a brief prayer for the weal of the departed soul.

The act of pious charity performed, Cedric again motioned them to follow him, gliding over the stone floor with a noiseless tread, and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory, which adjoined to the chapel. The loophole which enlightened it showed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long mourning robes, and her flowing wimple of black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of her skin. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation.

"Noble Edith," said Cedric, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant Knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

"His bravery has my thanks," returned the lady, "I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companion, which hath brought them hither to behold the mother of Athelstane, in her deep hour of sorrow. To your care, kind kinsman, I entrust them, satisfied that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying indeed the story immediately above. When they entered they found themselves in the presence of about twenty matrons and maidens of distinguished Saxon lineage, among them the Lady Rowena. They were engaged in bedecking with embroidery a large silken pall, destined to cover the bier of Athelstane, and in selecting from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended for the same mournful purpose.

To Cedric the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens, that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane."

He then conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you, noble Thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble Knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment"—

"Of that also," said the King, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me unfit, that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Petterlock," said Cedric, colouring, and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other, for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce thing that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish is to see her sons united with each other. And now to my boon," said the King, "I require of thee, as a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, man-sworn, and nidding, to forgive and receive to thy parental affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In this reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman—Thou art about to speak," he added, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband—all our Saxon ancestors would disown us were we to treat earlier of a new union for her. The ghost of Athelstane himself would burst his bloody cerements, and stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a spectre; for, scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave,

stood before them pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead !

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak,—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose—Living or deed, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time—Alive, saidst thou?—I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days which seem three ages."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the herce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba lied.—No thanks to the Templar, though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flatlings, being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow. I was stunned indeed, but unwounded. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—(an open one, by good luck)—placed before the altar of the church of Saint Edmund's. I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Sacristan and Abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtless, and no way pleased to find the man alive, whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not

for many hours. I found my arms, ^{too well} swathed down—my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance—the place was utterly dark. I should have been there still, had not some stir in the Convent, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. They went, however, and I waited long for food—no wonder—the gouty Sacristan was even too busy with his own provender to mind mine. At length down he came, and left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine. I ate, drank, and was invigorated, when, to add to my good luck, the Sacristan, too totty to discharge his duty of turnkey fitly, locked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed, was more rusted than I had supposed. Finding myself freed from it, I dragged myself upstairs as well as a man loaded with shackle and emaciated with fasting might, and hither I came with all speed—man and mother's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a specter, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I did but disclose myself to my mother, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend.”

“And you have found me,” said Cedric, “ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee, never will dawn a morrow so auspicious as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race.”

“Talk not to me of delivering anyone,” said Athelstane; “it is well I am delivered myself.”

“For shame, noble Athelstane,” said Cedric. “Tell this Norman Prince, Richard of Anjou, that, lion hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisputed the throne of Alfred, while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it.”

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of free-will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—thou well knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I here tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate Prince!" said Cedric.

"A truce to your upbraidings," said Athelstane; "bread and water and a dungeon are marvellous mortifiers of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it."

"And my ward, Rowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person—Here, cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe in thy favour I renounce and abjure—Hey! by Saint Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished!—Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the fasting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked around and enquired for Ivanhoe, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armour, and had left the castle.

King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the court-yard, summoned to his presence the Jew

who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate, which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

CHAPTER XLII.

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Prieceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake, or rural feast. A throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end of the tilt-yard, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Prieceptors and Knights of the Order. At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sailed from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Prieceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, or sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him.

After these came a guard of warriors on foot, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards

the scene of her fate. A coarse white dress of the simplest form had been substituted for her Oriental garments, yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order."

The Grand Master commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again rushed, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed — "Oyez, oyez, oyez — Here standeth the good Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert ready to do battle y knight of free blood, who will sustain the allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca."

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou her me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. —This listed space—that chair—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these faggots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Hear me, Rebecca," said the Templar; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zaimore, the gallant horse that never failed his rider—in one short hour is pursuit and enquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he asked of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her refusal?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue—Come, brave Bois-Guilbert."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain, what meanest thou by the hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian angrily. And shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

The Judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery; and the knights whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And the multitude shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, either from weakness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and

liar, as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," and Malvoisin, "that he is good knight and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."

"Hast proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet would thou wert in better

plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with"

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to His keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured—Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped the visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, pieux chevaliers!* The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller.*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen, but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with

his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"Fiat voluntas tua!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master, "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel.—And for the maiden"—

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet advancing in such numbers and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for mine own property.—Ivanhoe, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Ivanhoe; "hath taken this proud man for its victim. He was not to be honoured in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadfastly on the corpse, "if it may be so—he was a gallant knight and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time—Bohun, do thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the king's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason!"

The Grand Master had hitherto stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors—He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own Preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? and by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the knight—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England!"

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the king, raising his visor, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present—Conrade Mont-Fitchet, it is well for thee thou art born no subject of mine—But for thee, Malvoisin, thou diest with thy brother Philip, ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the king, "thou canst not look up, and behold the Royal Standard of England floats over thy Towers instead of thy Temple banner!—Be wise, Beaumanoir, and make no bootless opposition.—Thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our Order."

"Be it so," said the King, "but for thine own sake tax me not with usurpation now. Dissolve thy Chapter, and depart with thy followers to thy next Preceptory (if thou canst find one), which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England—Or, if thou wilt, remain, to share our hospitality, and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command?" said the Templar; "never!—Chaplains, raise the Psalm—Knights, squares, and followers of the holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beauseant*!"

With these words, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing—she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. But one word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered feelings.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered treasure—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the good youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca, "O no—no—no—I must not at this moment dare to speak to him—Alas! I should

say more than——No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath come forth like a strong man with his spear and shield, holding his life as nothing, so he might redeem thy captivity, and thou too, the daughter of a people strange unto him and his—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca—"it shall be still more so—but not now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachel, father, grant my request—not now."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, insisting, "they will deem us more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But thou seest, my dear father, that King Richard is in presence, and that"—

"True, my best—my wisest Rebecca!—Let us hence—let us hence!—Money he will lack, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison—and pretext for exacting it, should he need any, may rise out of my simple traffic with his brother John. Away, away, let us hence!"

And hurrying his daughter in his turn, he conducted her from the lists, and by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of Rabbi Nathan

The Jewess, whose fortunes had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Black Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to usurping Templars!"

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said Ivanhoe to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King took the

precaution to bring thee with him, noble Earl, and so many of thy trusty followers."

The Earl smiled and shook his head

"Gallant Ivanhoe," said Essex, "dost thou know our Master so well, and yet suspect him of taking so wise a precaution? I was drawing towards York, having heard that Prince John was making head there, when I met King Richard, like a true knight-errant, galloping hither to achieve in his own person this adventure of the Templar and the Jewess, with his own single arm. I accompanied him with my band, almost maugre his consent."

"Any what news from York, brave Earl?" said Ivanhoe, "will the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bide July's sun," said the Earl, "they are dispersing, and who should come posting to bring us the news, but John himself!"

"The traitor! the ungrateful insolent traitor!" said Ivanhoe, "did not Richard order him into confinement?"

"Oh! he received him," answered the Earl, "as if they had met after a hunting party, and, pointing to me and our men-at-arms, said, 'Thou seest, brother, I have some angry men with me—thou wert best go to our mother, carry her my duteous affection, and abide with her until men's minds are pacified.'"

"And this was all he said?" inquired Ivanhoe, "would not any one say that this Prince invites men to treason by his clemency?"

"Just," replied the Earl, "as the man may be said to invite death, who undertakes to fight a combat, having a dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said Ivanhoe, "but, remember, I hazarded but my own life—Richard, the welfare of his kingdom."

"Those," replied Essex, "who are specially careless of their own welfare, are seldom remarkably attentive to that of others.—But let us haste to the castle, for Richard meditates punishing some of the subordinate members of the conspiracy, though he has pardoned their principal."

From the judicial investigations which followed on this occasion, and which are given at length in the Wardour Manuscript, it appears that Maurice de Bracy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France; while Philip de Malvoisin, and his brother Albert, the preceptor of Templestowe, were executed although Waldemar Fitzurse, the soul of the conspiracy, escaped with banishment; and Prince John, for whose behoof it was undertaken, was not even censured by his good-natured brother.

Briefly after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon, was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quieting the counties that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric tushed and pshawed more than once at the message—but he refused not obedience. In fact the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England.

Cedric's aversion to the Norman race of kings was also much undermined,—first, by consideration of the impossibility of riding England, of the new dynasty, and secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the blunt humour of Cedric, had, so dealt with the noble Saxon, that, ere he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent

to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Ivalhoe.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples the noble Minster of York. The King himself attended, and from the countenance which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and hitherto degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights, than they could reasonably hope from the precarious chance of a civil war.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her maid, Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness.

Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmixed by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour.

Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She arose, and would have conducted her lovely visitor to a seat, but the stranger looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone.

Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride, "or why do you offer me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" and Rowena, scarcely recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Granada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena—"you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of

Ivanhoe, she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer, but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face, deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil." She took it off accordingly, and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, and partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with"—

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena—"I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe,—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear-jewels of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca—"You have power, rank, command, influence, we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of

these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone, above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more.”

“You are then unhappy!” said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words “Oh, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you”

“No, lady,” answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—“that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will”

“Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?” asked Rowena

“No, lady,” said the Jewess, “but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved”

There was an involuntary tremor on Rebecca’s voice, and tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said, "may He who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you His choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her.

The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression.

He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more, from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union.

Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with farther marks of the royal favour. He might have risen still higher, but for the premature death of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion, before the Castle of Chalus, near Limoges.

THE END.

NOTES ON IVANHOE.

LIFE OF SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was an illustrious Scotch author. He was the fourth son of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and descended from the Scotts of Harden, an old border family connected with the house of Buccleuch. In his earliest years he was afflicted with more than the ordinary ailments of childhood. When scarcely two years of age, his right leg was found to have become suddenly powerless, and the previously healthy boy was pronounced as lame for life. In his eighth year he appeared to have gained an accession of strength, and was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, but in a few months, he was once more prostrated upon a sick couch. His naturally strong constitution triumphed over this, almost the last attack made upon it by disease, and he went for three years to the University of Edinburgh. Neither there nor at school did he distinguish himself as a student, and in 1786, he was apprenticed to his father. This took place when he was in his 15th year, but the youthful invalid had, meanwhile, been accumulating knowledge and arranging ideas, had been feeding an imagination stimulated by sickness, with stores which, though not likely ever to be utilized in his practice as a lawyer, were to prove of the most essential service to him in his career as an author. His grandfather at Sandy Knowe, on the Tweed, and a maiden aunt, who for a time had charge of him, were able to narrate to him those legendary tales upon which his mind longed to dwell. In his second illness, too, he was permitted to devour the contents of a circulating library, rich "in the romances of chivalry and the ponderous folios of

Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of modern times," and he afterwards said, "I believe I read all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection. As he grew older and stronger, he took long rambles on foot or on horseback through the Highland and border counties, during which he was continually making additions to his stores of legendary tales, or marking character, or observing nature. He made acquaintance with the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," while upon a visit to an uncle who resided near Kelso. The perusal of this, and the kindred works of Herd and Evans, led him towards philological and antiquarian research, and while attending the lectures of Dugal Stewart, in 1790, upon moral philosophy, he wrote an essay upon the "Manners and Customs of the Northern Nations of Europe," which, together with others on the origin of the Feudal System, the Scandinavian Mythology, and the authenticity of Ossian's Poem, subsequently composed, he read to the Speculative Society in 1792-3. He was called to the bar in 1792. In 1799, he received the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire and, in 1806, he became one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session. To these sources of income were added a small property inherited from an uncle, and a moderate fortune received with his wife, Miss Charlotte Carpenter, whom he married in 1797. He had long been addicted to verse-making, and had published, in 1796, a translation of Burger's "Leonora" and the "Wild Huntsman," which marked the commencement of the poetical or first phase of his literary career. In 1799, "Gott of Berlichingen," the ballad of "Glenfinlas," and "The Eve of St John," followed, and when, in 1805, he gave to the public the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he became the greatest poetical favourite of the day. "Marion," the "Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," and the "Bridal of Triermain" followed in rapid succession. The comparative

failure of the two last works, which were published anonymously, and the great popularity of Byron, seems to have decided Scott to abandon verse for prose. The second great epoch of his literary life may be said to have commenced with the anonymous publication of "Waverley," in 1814. It had been written for several years, but had remained unprinted in the author's desk. In four years it had for successors "Guy Mannering," the "Antiquary," the 'Black dwarf' 'Old Mortality' "Rob Roy" and the "Heart of Mid Lothian." His name was not placed upon these productions; but, although the secret of their authorship was well kept by his printer and publisher, and several persons in their employ, the public began to regard Scott, the poet, as the "Great Unknown." He declined to admit the authorship and even denied it when directly questioned by George IV., on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh in 1822. He afterwards justified this denial on the ground that the king had no right to take advantage of his rank to extort a secret. The public announcement that Scott and 'the author of Waverley' were identical was made at the dinner of the Theatrical Fund, at Edinburgh in February, 1827 at which Scott was present. In addition to his professional and literary occupation he was in partnership with Ballantyne, his printer, and had transactions with Constable, the Edinburgh publisher. He was thus connected with many publications, either as editor or contributor. He assisted to establish the 'Quarterly Review,' he wrote the life of Dryden and of Swift the biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of English novelists, and furnished notes to Sadler's Correspondence and works of a kindred style. In this way he was engaged between the years 1796-1826. His novels and poems had made him famous, and had, moreover, raised him to apparent affluence, and he entertained a great ambition to become a landed proprietor and possessor of a fine estate which he might transmit to his posterity.

In the presumption of his fertile genius, he became the proprietor of Abbotsford, where, in the intervals of literary composition, he dispensed the hospitalities of a prince. In brief, the interval 1820-26 may be described as one gorgeous dream. But the commercial crisis of the latter year made bankrupts of Constable & Co and Ballantyne & Co. "A state of affairs," according to the Scotch term, was drawn up, and, in consequence of his connection with those firms, he was found to be liable for a sum of about £117,000. Yet he was undaunted before this fearful load of debt. "Gentlemen," he said to his creditors, "time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." He gave up all his property, proposed to lodge the receipts of his literary labours in the hands of trustees for the payment of his creditors, retired into modest lodgings in Edinburgh, and went resolutely to work to wipe off his liabilities. "The History of Napoleon," "The letters on Demonology with Witchcraft," and other works were produced to aid the good cause he had at heart, and in two years he had earned £10,000 for his creditors, and before his death, he had still farther materially decreased the load of debt, and, after that unhappy event, the profits of his writings wiped away the whole. Four years of this terrible strain upon brain and body produced the inevitable result. In 1830 he was stricken with paralysis. Government placed a frigate at his disposal, in order that he might take a voyage to Italy, and probably derive benefit from the climate. But it was too late, and he returned to die. He was buried in the old abbey of Dryburgh. As a picturesque and dramatic novelist, with a marvellous command of pathos and humour, and power of describing heroic and chivalrous characters, he is unrivalled among writers of fiction, and as narrative poet, with a brave gaiety of style, and a mastery of legendary lore, and the rapid

and striking alternations of the ballad metre, he has had few equals His purely historical works are of less value As a man he was generous, large-hearted, and sincere, and his nobility of character saved him from the vanity which, with a weaker moral nature, his wonderful success might have engendered

Born at Edinburgh, 1771 , died at Abbotsford, 1832

CHAPTER I.

Summary —The chief events recorded in this book took place in or near Sherwood Forest towards the end of the reign of Richard I. The Norman nobles enjoyed at the time absolute power in their own domains, and the Council of State left by Richard to manage the kingdom in his absence had only a feeble authority.

The story begins in a glade of Sherwood Forest with a description of Gurth, son of Beowulph, a slave and swineherd, and of Wamba, a fool or jester of Cedric the Saxon. A party of horsemen approaches the place where they have been speaking of the Normans.

Page 1

In that pleasant district, etc —The scene of the story is laid partly in Yorkshire and partly in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire.

Merry England—‘Merry’ is an adjective generally applied to England. It is almost a constant epithet. *Merry* may be interpreted as *gay*, the meaning being England, land of good cheer and jollity. Compare —

England was merry England, when

Old Christmas brought his sports again

—*Marmion*

Don—the river Don is a tributary of the Yorkshire Ouse (pronounced as ooze)

Which is watered by the river Don—through which the Don flows

A large forest—called Sherwood Forest. It extended over parts of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire, but has long since

disappeared All that now remains are a few woods in Nottinghamshire In the time of 'Invanhoe' it gave shelter to many outlaws and discontented men who formed themselves into bands and lived by robbery

Sheffield is famous for cutlery Doncaster means by derivation *the camp on the Don*

Such being our chief scene—the chief events recorded in this tale having taken place in or near Sherwood Forest

To a period, etc—to the year 1194 It was in the March of 1194, that Richard on being ransomed was allowed to return to England

Richard I, called the Lion-Hearted (Cœur-de-Lion), reigned from September 1189 to April 1199 Soon after becoming king he went to Palestine in connection with the Third Crusade (1190 to 1192), for the Saracens had captured Jerusalem in 1187, and the Christians thought it their duty to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of Infidels, as they regarded the Mahomedans (Saracens)

Richard, returning to England in disguise, was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, and the English had to pay a sum equal to £100,000 or 15 lakhs of rupees before he was liberated in 1194 During his absence, his brother, Prince John practically ruled England, but so cruelly and tyrannically did he treat the people, that they looked forward to the return of Richard as their one hope of escape from the rule of a prince who had taught the people to fear and hate him

Rather wished than hoped for—the people wished that Richard would return, but the length of his absence had caused them to lose hope

Subordinate oppression—tyranny of noblemen Not only did Prince John oppress the people but his subordinates did so also The 'subordinates' are the Nobles and the officers in John's service

Exorbitant—excessive

Stephen—the last of the pure Norman kings, reigned from 1135 to 1154. In his reign the Nobles acquired very great independent powers and became like little kings themselves, frequently defying the law and even the king himself. In this reign many castles were built by the Nobles.

The nobles whose Stephen—the building of castles which involves private war and general oppression was a feature of the reign of Stephen.

Henry II —(1154,—1189), the first of the Plantagenet line destroyed many of the castles, deprived the Nobles of much of the power they had usurped in Stephen's time, and brought them back, by his wise and firm action, to something like their true position of subjection to the crown. On his death, his son Richard went, as stated above, to Palestine, and the Nobles began again to act as they chose. The selfish ambition of John caused him to seek the favour and support of the Nobles, and so he made no attempt to restrain them. The result was that, at the time of the story, the Nobles had again acquired all the powers they had usurped in the time of Stephen.

Resumed their ancient license—regained their old liberty of tyrannising

Feeble interference—weak opposition

The English Council of State—i.e., the executive part of government or *Curia Regis*. This refers to those ministers to whom Richard confided the charge of the Kingdom during his absence in Palestine. Their power was not much respected, for it is referred to as 'feeble' in the text.

Vassalage—condition of landowners, who hold their estates on condition of military service to a superior lord.

A state of vassalage—'vassal' was a person who, in Feudal times, held land from a superior and who vowed homage and fidelity to him. Thus it meant a subject, a dependant, a servant, a bondman, a slave. The Nobles treated the people living around their castles as bondmen or slaves.

To make a figure—or to cut a figure is a colloquial expression, meaning to appear to advantage, to make a good display, or to become prominent. Each Noble wished to have so many vassals, that, when they marched to battle, their number would cause their leader to be looked upon as a person who had to be consulted and perhaps deferred to.

National convulsions—civil war

Impending—imminent

National convulsions appeared to be impending—it seemed to the Nobles that the country was on the verge of war. Not only was there much dissatisfaction against John's high-handed conduct, but there was also a strong party determined to uphold the rights of the absent Richard at all costs. John's ambitious schemes to seize the throne were now almost ripe, and the Nobles, realising this, foresaw civil war in which John's supporters would be opposed by the friends of Richard, reinforced by many who hated John for his tyranny.

Rich grassy glades—open spaces in a forest covered with long and thick grass. 'Glades' are open spaces in a forest. They are generally covered with grass. If the grass is very thick and good the glades will be 'rich glades'.

That forest—Sherwood Forest

We—i.e., Sir Walter Scott. This is the Editorial use.

Oaks... had witnessed, etc.—many of the oak trees were of such age that probably they had been in existence when the Romans occupied Britain. Perhaps even the Roman soldiers had marched through this forest, and under some of these very trees on the way north to attack their troublesome neighbours of Caledonia. This is not at all unlikely as oak trees are famous for longevity. (Divested of figure, it means that the oaks were many hundred years old.)

Gnarled—twisted and knotty

Page 2.

Sward—the grassy surface of land, turf that part of the soil filled with roots of grass

Beeches, hollies—beech trees and holly trees as well as thickets (copses) of different kinds of brushwood were to be seen growing among the oak trees at certain places

Level—horizontal Compare "level sun" as in Campbell's *lattle of Hohenlinden*

Level beams of the sinking sun—when the sun is near the horizon at the time both of the rising (sunrise) and of the setting sun (sinking sun--sunset) its rays are nearly horizontal, that is, level (almost parallel) with the earth's surface or rather the plane of the horizon

They receded—the trees were so far apart

Vistas—views especially views through or between intervening objects

The eye delights, etc --a person finds pleasure in gazing down the long avenue between the trees The manner in which the trees wind in and out perplexes the eye and the effort to follow the actual curving of the trees gives a feeling of enjoyment

Imagination solitude—it is easy for a person gazing down

Which completed this landscape—which in addition to what has been described could be seen there at that time

Yorkshire—Yorkshire is divided into three divisions called the North Riding, the East Riding, and the West Riding

The eldest—strictly speaking, it ought to be 'elder,' as there were only two men

The simplest form imaginable—it would be impossible to imagine a simpler kind of dress

Close jacket—a coat that fitted the body tightly

Compose animal—the coat was not of cloth but of leather 'To tan' is to change skin into leather This is done by soaking the skin in a liquid containing tannic acid (obtained from the bark of trees).

On which **left**—the hair on the skin of an animal is removed before the skin is tanned This had not been done in the present case

But which **belonged**—the coat had been a long time in use and so it had become worn Most of the hair had been rubbed off, but some portions remained here and there From these few remaining patches it was not easy to tell the name of the kind of animal to which the skin had belonged

Defended—protected from the rays of the sun

Matted—entangled

Twisted—unkempt, disorderly

Rusty—adjective formed from the noun, 'rust' *Rust* is the reddish yellow coating that is formed on iron when exposed to moist air

Overgrown beard—a beard allowed to grow to a great length—an untrimmed or uncut beard

Amber hue—of the colour of amber, that is of a yellow colour *Amber* is a resinous substance, yellow, and semi-transparent found often floating on the sea and much used for beads, mouthpieces for pipes etc

Suppressed—omitted Too remarkable to be suppressed—so remarkable that it cannot be omitted

One part, etc—there is yet one part of his dress to be described It is such a noticeable thing that a description of it cannot be omitted

Without any opening—having no part that could be disconnected from its adjacent parts It was a continuous piece of brass The ends had been joined together so as to make it impossible to remove it without the use of a cutting instrument

Soldered—joined together by means of some other metal which was applied to the ends in a molten state and almost immediately became hard and firm

So loose breathing—this brass collar did not fit quite closely to his neck, but was so large that he could breathe easily and without inconvenience

Yet so tight removed—yet the ring was smaller than his head and so could not be removed by being slipped over the head

File—a steel instrument having cutting edges or teeth by means of which it can force its way through hard substances

Singular—wonderful, strange

Singular gorget—unusual neck covering or collar. *Gorget* derived from Latin *gurgis*, meaning a gulf or abyss, hence the throat. A gorget was a piece of armour used for defending the throat and upper part of the breast, worn by soldiers of the fourteenth century.

Engraved—carved, marked deeply

Purport—meaning

Thrall—a slave, a bondman. The word is said to be derived from Old English *thral*, Anglo-Saxon *thrael*, but its origin is somewhat uncertain. From Domesday Book it appears that there were 25,000 thralls or bondsmen in England at the time of the Conquest.

Page 3

Druidical monuments—stone circles generally believed to be the ancient burial places of the Druids. (The Druids were the bards of the Britons and other Celtic races.)

And whose dress—‘and’ is redundant. A relative pronoun is a conjunction, i. e., it joins its own clause to the antecedent clause. Another conjunction is therefore unnecessary.

More fantastic description—more oddly shaped, more grotesque or unusual in appearance.

Stained—dyed or coloured

There had been some attempt—The language here implies that the attempts were not very successful.

Grotesque ornaments—quaint designs meant to adorn

Half-way down his thigh—the cloak was placed round his shoulders outside the jacket Being short it did not cover much more than his body Hardly half his thighs were protected by it

Lined with the bright yellow (cloth)—the outside of the cloak was of cloth dyed a bright red The inside of the red-dyed cloth was covered with another kind of cloth of a bright yellow colour

As he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other—a cloak has no sleeves It simply hangs from the shoulders like a shawl It can therefore be placed over one shoulder or both or be moved from one to another

Its width drapery—as the human form is longer than it is broad, our clothing, to be natural, must also have that characteristic But Wamba's cloak only reached from the neck to the middle of the thigh which is a shorter distance than that round the shoulders The result was to make his cloak appear a most unusual and quaint garment

Posture—position Wamba was of a restless disposition and was constantly moving his body

Incessant—The jingling of the bells never ceased on account of Wamba's constant motion

Half-crazed, half-cunning expression—from the expression of his face one would infer that he was half rogue and half fool He was a mixture of craftiness and imbecility (The professional fools were at first only half-witted persons kept for the sake of their own protection)

Sufficiently pointed him out—clearly indicated that he was one of the race of domestic clowns, etc

Race of domestic clowns of jesters—community of professional jesters employed in the houses of the rich to amuse them when they had nothing else to do—when they were confined to their homes

To help away hours—when one has nothing to do time passes very slowly

Scarce is more usually written *scarcely* when an adverb. But both forms are correct

The outward demeanour—then looks and behaviour were as dissimilar as their clothing,

That of the serf—the look and demeanour of the serf

Sullen—morose, gloomy, ill natured Derived from Latin *solus* alone Its original meaning was 'lonely' 'desolate', but this meaning is now obsolete

Aspect was bent on the ground—his gaze was directed to the ground

With an air of deep dejection—in the manner of one suffering from great depression of spirits

Which apathy—so great was his dejection that he might almost be said to have reached the point of indifference He appeared as if nothing could any longer affect him Apathy is derived from Greek *a*, meaning not, and *pathos*, suffering

The fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye—the angry gleam which from time to time was visible in his fierce eyes

Manifested that to resistance—showed that, in spite of his apparent indifference, he felt keenly his down-trodden and subject condition and was inclined to fight against it

Slumbered—Because his feelings were not shown by any activity on his part, but only by the angry look which sometimes appeared in his eye

Vacant curiosity—curiosity is a disposition to inquire into things When this is done to acquire knowledge it is laudable curiosity, when it is done from mere mental restlessness and not from interest in the thing investigated it is idle curiosity Vacant curiosity is much the same as idle curiosity The senses are satisfied but the mind is not interested

Fidgety impatience repose—Wamba's restless nature made it impossible for him to remain still in the same position for any length of time

Utmost self-satisfaction made—he appeared quite satisfied with his position in life (a jester) and with the finery he wore

Dialogue—conversation between two or more people Many think that a dialogue is a conversation between two people alone [being misled by the prefix *dia*, which has nothing to do with ‘two’], but this is not the case

The dialogue **Anglo Saxon** This conversation was in Anglo Saxon This language was their vernacular

Feudal nobles—barons

Immediate **Nobles**—those whose duties caused them to come frequently into personal connection with the great Norman Nobles (who, of course would have to speak Norman-French, even if they were Saxon)

Dog, thou wouldst not betray me—Gurth had said something treasonable, and is alarmed lest his conversation should be reported to hostile ears

That were the trick of a wise man—Wamba says that to betray is the business of a wise man and not of a half-witted man who has hardly the sense to look after himself

Soft—keep quiet

Never mind whom—never mind whom we have here

Fairyland—the imaginary abode of the fairies, who were being supposed to have the power of assuming the form of human beings and of frequently interfering in worldly affairs

King Oberon—was the king of the Fairies Their queen was Queen Mab See Shakespeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” in which however, the queen of the fairies is named Titania

CHAPTER II

Summary —The horsemen were Prior Ayme, Superior of Jorvaulx Abbey and Brian, the Templar with eight followers, two of whom were Orientals

A description of the two leaders, their dress, appearance, and their character is given, after which the conversation between them and Wamba is recorded (for Gurth hardly speaks at all; and when he does he is only saved from being beaten by the Templar for his rudeness by the interference of Prior Aymer)

The Prior wishes to be directed to the house of Cedric, the Saxon, and Wamba displays his humorous proclivities again before answering his questions. He purposely misdirects the party and sends them on the road to Sheffield.

Ultimately they reach Rotherwood, for at Sunken Cross they find a palmer—really Cedric's son, Wilfred (Ivanhoe)—who, after some conversation, leads them through the forest to the place they seek.

Upon every pretence which occurred—on the slightest excuse

Now—now at one time, at another time

Hazel—a small tree bearing a nut, called the Filbertnut

A cluster a bunch

To leer—to look suggestively The word implies contempt or lust

Cottage maiden—a maiden who lived in a cottage, a peasant girl

An ecclesiastic—a churchman, a priest Greek *ekklesia* the church

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Cistercian Monk—This order was founded by Robert de Molesme in Normandy in 1098. They wore a white. St. Bernard was their saint.

Materials much finer—the stuff of which his garments were made was superior in quality and texture to that which was permitted to the members of the Cistercian order.

Mantle—a loose robe worn over the other clothing

Hood—covering for the head and shoulders

Flanders cloths—(Flanders was then and for a long time after particularly famous for the weaving of wool into cloth.) Cloth made

in Flanders, a district in Europe corresponding now to the south of Holland, Belgium, and north of France

Ample—large, widely extended

Somewhat corpulent person—he was inclined to obesity or stoutness of body

His countenance splendour—his face showed that he indulged in the pleasures of the table just as his dress showed he was fond of ostentation and display

Features—the outward appearance of the person, generally limited to the appearance of his face

Lurked—occasionally appeared

Penthouse of his eye—penthouse is a shed or a roof sloping from the main wall of a building It is here used figuratively for the eyebrows

Sly Epicurean twinkle—there was an expression in his eye that denoted his fondness for luxurious living

Epicurean—adjective, from Epicurus, a famous philosopher, (B C 344-271) who has been regarded, but erroneously, as teaching a doctrine of voluptuousness

Cautious voluptuary—a man addicted to the pleasures of the senses, but careful to preserve appearances

Athletic—from the Greek *athlein*, to contend for a prize, means strong, robust, vigorous

Which—supply 'to' before 'which'

Which long fatigue thousand more—constant exercise had so hardened every part of his body that none of the softness that might be felt in ordinary bodies was to be found in his There was no superfluous fat or flesh His body was so strong that it had undergone countless toils and was able to undergo many more

Brawn—strong muscular flesh

Sinew—the tendon or tissue joining the muscular part to the bone

Monastic mantle—a mantle or outer cloak of the kind worn by monks

Scarlet—a deep bright red colour tinged with orange or yellow

Four Regular monks—the Benedictines, Augustinians, Franciscans and Dominicans

Cross of a peculiar form—this was the Maltese cross which Templars wore embroidered in red on the outside of their white mantles

Inconsistent--at first sight it would appear incongruous that a man clad in the garb of peace, viz, the white mantle, should conceal beneath it articles pertaining to war

Linked mail—his armour made of innumerable small links of steel joined together Mail is derived from French *maille*, Latin *macula*, a spot or mesh

As flexible to the body, etc—this shirt of steel was as ready to adapt itself to the shape and movements of the body as shirts made of softer material, such as wool

Stocking-loom—a machine in which a weaver forms cloth—in this case stockings, out of thread This machine is sometimes called a stocking-frame

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Ingeniously each other--skilfully fitted one upon the other so as to allow freedom of action to the knees and to the feet

Mail hose—coverings for the feet and lower parts of the legs made of links of steel joined together

Girdle—a belt encircling the body at the waist

Hackney—from French *haquenue*, a pacing or ambling horse It means a horse for riding or driving as opposed to a war horse or charger

Squire—a name given to the male attendant of a great person Its original meaning was a shield-bearer or an armour-bearer who attended a knight It was a title inferior to that of a knight but superior to that of a gentleman

Chamfron—sometimes spelt 'chamfrain' is the head-armour of the horse

Damascene—made at Damascus, which was famous for the manufacture of swords, etc

Plumed head-piece—his helmet with the feathers fixed on the top of it

Two-handed sword—a sword that could be used with both hands

The chivalry of the period—the knights of that time Chivalry is derived from the French word *cheval*, a horse

Lance—a weapon consisting of a long handle with a steel blade or head, a spear

Banderole—swallow-tailed flag

Triangular shield—a shield in the form of a triangle, the base of which was at the top and the apex at the bottom

Device—a design or figure with a motto, often used by knights to distinguish themselves from other knights

Outlandish—strange, literally, foreign to the place

Swarthy—dark or dusky Derivation Anglo-Saxon *sweart*, German *schwarz*, black

Embroidery—cloth ornamented with designs sewn upon it in threads of different colours

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Forming attire—the dress of the servants was gorgeous That of their master was plain and simple The degree of difference was so great as to strike the attention of all

Volatile—easily affected by circumstances Gurth was not so easily moved as Wamba

Prior—the head of a Priory whose rank was next below the rank of an abbot

If fame wrong—if the stories told about him were not false

Inconsistent with vows—not proper for a man who had taken the three vows of the Church

Loose—not strict in matters of morality

Secular or Regular—the secular clergy were the Parish priests, who did not take the vows or live according to the rules of the regular—(living by the rules) monks

Abbey—strictly speaking, abbey should be 'priority'

Jovial—gay, merry The derivation is Latin *jovialis*, of or belonging to Jove or Jupiter Astrologically, the planet Jupiter was thought to make those born under its influence joyful or jovial

Readiness—willingness promptness, ease

Absolution—Roman Catholics believe that priests have the power to forgive the sins of those who confess their sins and express repentance When the priest forgives the sins he is said to grant absolution

Delinquencies—faults, misdeeds, offences

Rendered him a favourite—caused him to be much liked

Gentry—people of a rank below the nobility but above the small land-holders

To scan too nicely the morals—to inquire particularly into the morality

Professed admirer—openly proclaimed himself to be a lover of women

Ennui—a French word which has become anglicized, meaning dullness, tedium, feeling of weariness

Halls and bowers—the hall was the chief room in a castle, and in early times was the only public room where the lord, his family, the retainers, and servants assembled The bower was the private or sleeping apartment, especially a lady's private apartment

Of

"They sought her both by bower and hall"

Scott

More than due eagerness—with more ardour than suited a man of the clerical profession

Was allowed to possess—every one acknowledged that he possessed

Trained hawks—birds of the falcon family that had been taught to follow and catch other birds

Circumstances gentry—the fact that he possessed the best hawks and the swiftest dogs made him a great favourite with the young men of good families who were much addicted to hawking and coursing

With the old decorum—he had to present himself in a different light to elderly people, but, when necessary, he could assume this different character with great ease and grace

Decorum—from the Latin *decor*, comeliness or beauty

Superficial—literally ‘ on the surface , shallow, not deep

His knowledge supposed learning—though his knowledge was not deep, it was sufficient to make him appear learned in the eyes of the people who were densely ignorant themselves

The gravity language—the dignified manner in which he carried himself and the serious manner in which he spoke

High tone—his positive and assertive manner of speaking

In setting forth priesthood—when proclaiming the power possessed by the Church and by the priests

Impressed them sanctity—caused the people to believe that he was as holy as they believed him to be learned

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Critics—Greek *kritain*, to judge or discern People who examine things and pass judgments upon them

Betters—those superior in social standing

Commiseration—pity, compassion

Charity covereth a multitude of sins—this statement is said to be well known because it occurs in the New Testament. The verse in which it occurs is 1 Peter, IV, 8

“ And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves, For charity shall cover the multitude of sins ”

In another sense . Scripture—in the verse just quoted charity means love . In the case of Prior Aymer charity meant almsgiving. People are apt to overlook the faults of those who are liberal with their money

The text in the Bible means that those who are loving overlook the sins of others, while the meaning intended here is that almsgiving atones for many sins

Largesses—gifts of money

Raising his voice—speaking in a louder tone

Lingua franca—literally means Frank language . It meant the language of the Levant (eastern part of the Mediterranean), which was a mixture of the languages of the people of that region and of foreigners . It now means any language of mixed origin understood by people of different countries and used by them in their intercourse with one another . Higham says “ It was a name originally used of the mixed language in which the Crusaders and Saracens conversed ” Hindustani is the *lingua franca* of India

Two of her humblest servants—two of the most unassuming servants of the Church . Notice the affectation of humility

This employ—though he referred to himself and his companion as the humblest servants of the Church, he did so in a tone which showed he was quite conscious of the high and important positions which they held in the Church . The contrast between his words and his tone was very marked

Mother Church—means the original Church from which all others have sprung

Fool as he was audible—Wamba was not foolish enough to make his remarks so that the Prior could hear him . Wamba means to say, ‘ If you two are types of the humblest servants of the Church, I should like to see what degree of humility is exhibited by the steward and butlers and other servants ’

Seneschal—an officer in the houses of persons of rank in the Middle Ages who superintended feasts and domestic ceremonies, a steward

Butler—French *bouteillier*, a bottle bearer An officer in the house of persons of rank whose business it was to take charge of the liquors, plates, etc

Domestics—those who live in the houses of others as hired servants

Wamba means that if such grand persons are the humblest servants of the church, the superior servants must be so magnificent that they would be well worth seeing

A truce fellow—let there be an end to the unusual and impudent language you are using “Fellow” is here a contemptuous term meaning a common ill-bred or mean man

Breaking in—interrupting

Prattle—childish or silly talk

How called franklin? What was the name of the franklin you spoke of to me?

Franklin—old English *franklin*, owner of the land upon which he lives Generally, a small landholder It is connected with the word ‘frank’ meaning ‘free’

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Uneasy to find—difficult to find

Tush—An interjection, indicating check, rebuke, or contempt

Who will not command—we will not humble ourselves to beg for Cedric’s hospitality when as Normans and men of high rank we might compel it

Most are fain to ask as a favour—most people consider it an honour to have the shelter of Cedric’s house, and are content to look upon that shelter as a great act of kindness when it is given to them

Setting spurs to his horse—pricking the horse’s side with his spurs

Demi-volte—french *deme*, half and *volte*, vault or leap A half-turn made by the horse with its fore-legs raised

With a purpose—it is more usual now to say 'with the purpose.'

Scowl—an angry frown produced by wrinkling the forehead and contracting the eyebrows

Hesitating motion—Gurth's hesitation was, no doubt, caused by his recognition of the difference of rank between the Tomplar and himself

Haft—the handle

Meditated violence—violence intended to be committed, but not actually committed

Half Holy—Wamba is playing upon the words and means to imply that, a man who is wholly a monk is generally wholly unreasonable, but a man who is only half a monk should be somewhat reasonable

That no way concern them—that are in no sense any of their business

Well then—These words indicate that Wamba has at last resolved to answer the question

Must hold path—must continue to travel along this road

Sunken Cross—Cross sunk into the ground It was formerly common to erect a stone cross as a preaching station for itinerant priests or as a boundary mark

Cubit's length—Latin *cubitus*, the elbow. It is a measure of length, being the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger This measure varies in different countries, the Roman cubit being $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the English 18 inches, the Greek $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Sage adviser—Is used ironically of Wamba

As their died away—This is loosely expressed and means as the sound of their hoofs died away, i. e., as the sound grew fainter and finally ceased to be audible

They will hardly night—because Wamba had given them a wrong direction. He had purposely directed them away from Cedric's house and sent them on the road to Sheffield

We—the narrative now deals with the Norman cavalcade 'We' means 'author and readers'

These fellows—low persons like Wamba and Gurth

Capricious insolence—occasional outbursts of insolence

Marry—in truth, indeed The word is said to be derived from the practice of swearing by the Virgin Mary This use of the word is now obsolete

Touching them—with regard to one of them, viz, Wamba
It were hard folly—it would be difficult to give a reason for a fool's speaking foolishness

Churl—Anglo Saxon *ceorl*, a free man of low rank It means a rough, surly, ill-bred man

Intractable—not easily governed or managed

Whose supreme pleasure conquerors—whose greatest pleasure consists in showing in every possible way how much they hate the Normans

I would courtesy—by beating him I would soon have caused him to treat us with respect

Such spirits—persons of such a nature

Odin—the chief god of the Scandinavians, the same as Woden of the Germans

Two months has made—months is plurals Has is singular The reason of this construction is that the words mean "a residence of two months has made them"

A man of gallantry—a man who bestows much attention on ladies

Expert—skilled, well-informed

Arrets—French word meaning 'decrees'

To counterbalance—to compensate me for

Court the favour of—to win the good opinion of
Seditious churl quarrelsome and discontented fellow
Remote relation - a distant connection.

Higher blood - ancestors of higher rank

Her guardian believe—he is her guardian, having appointed himself, I believe, to that position

Should wager—if I find her beauty to be less than you claim for her, you know what you will forfeit to me

Wager—a stake or pledge that depends upon the issue of something uncertain

Weighed wanting - Biblical language See the interpretation by Daniel of the writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace recorded in Daniel V

My gold Chian wine—if the Prior loses the wager he forfeits his gold collar If he gains it he wins ten butts of wine from the Templar A butt contains 126 gallons

Chian wine - wine made in the island of Chios in the Grecian Archipelago

Cellar—one who has charge of the wine cellar

They securely cellarer—I am as certain of winning the wine as if it were already stored in my cellars in charge of the cellarman

Lists—the lines forming the boundaries of a piece of ground or a field of combat Hence 'the ground or field of combat itself

Ashby-de la-Zouche—a town in Leicestershire named after a Norman family La Zouche who possessed it.

Wear will—wear it in whatever manner pleases you In Old English 'ye' was used as the nominative and 'you' as the dative or objective of the second personal pronoun In the sixteenth century confusion arose, when 'ye' and 'you' became interchangeable 'You' has now entirely superseded 'ye' except in solemn and poetic passages Cf

'Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye'

Shakespeare

I response—I will trust you to give a true reply *viz.*, to say truly whether you have won the wager or lost it

On your churchman—you will say “By my honour as a Knight and a Templar I speak the truth”

File courtesy, etc—file, smooth or polish Smooth your tongue to be more polite, *i. e.*, force yourself to speak more affably than you have learnt to speak from your habit of ordering about Eastern servants

He is offence—he is not at all slow in being offended, *i. e.*, he is easily offended, he is quick to take offence

Without respect either—indifferent to the fact that you are a Knight, I a dignitary of the Church, and both of us men of holy vocation

To lodge larks—to sleep in the fields Larks are birds that build their nests on the ground

Whom he care—whom he guards with the utmost vigilance

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An he men—if he becomes the least suspicious of your designs towards Rowena, we are certain to be driven forth from his house

His only son—who, under the name of Ivanhoe, is the hero of this novel

Lifting affection—looking at Rowena with eyes of love

Who may be Blessed Virgin—Cedric's idea of Rowena is such a high one that he considers she should be revered as a saint, not loved as a woman People should have the same feelings towards her as those that go to the Altar to worship the Virgin Mary

Blessed Virgin—Mary, the mother of Jesus

I will maiden—I will for this night restrain my tongue since it is necessary, and conduct myself (or behave myself) as mildly as a girl

Hamed and Abdalla—his two Oriental attendants

Will disgrace—will protect you against the disgrace of being expelled

To make quarters—to remain in his house when once we get there

To make good—to maintain, to defend *Of*

‘ Convenient numbers to make good the city ’

Shakespeare

We must so far—we must not act so as to make it necessary to use any force

The clown’s **Sunken Cross**—the **Sunkou Cross** referred to by Wamba. Clown is a fool or buffoon a jester, hence Wamba.

Bid—**bade** is another form of the past tense of this verb.

To the best remembrance—as well as I can remember

Each maintained cases—each firmly held to his own opinion, as is generally the case when each of two people is convinced of the truth of his own opinion

The attendants . to—their followers were asked to decide the question

What had twilight—something that he had not previously noticed on account of the gathering darkness

Butt-end—**handle-end**, the larger and thicker end of the lance.

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I myself thither—I myself am on my way to that place

Bound this word is frequently used in connection with ships e g, a ship outward bound, homeward bound, bound for Calcutta

Intricate—difficult to follow

Led horse—a spare horse that is led along by a servant In this case the Prior’s spare horse

The woodland land covered with wood or trees

More than one brook—several brooks or small streams

Marshes—tracts of soft wet land, swamps

As if by instinct—as if his knowledge was natural, not acquired, without conscious effort

Soundest ground—the firmest places

By dint—by force of, by reason of, by exercising great care Cf

‘ Now you weep , and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity ’—*Shakespeare*

Avenue—an approach to a house, bordered on each side by trees, or any passage, whether leading to a house or not, that is bordered by trees

Irregular building—a building the parts of which are not arranged symmetrically, a building that is a mixture of different kinds of architecture

At the upper extremity—at the further end of the avenue

Joyful intimation—good news

Whose strongest—who was a man of nervous temperament , who was not brave

Bogs—marshes

At his ease—no longer in fear for his safety

Palmer—a wandering religious devotee or votary A pilgrim so called because such persons carried with them branches of palm as a token that they had visited the Holy Land and its sacred places

Holy Land—Palestine, which was holy in the eyes of Christians because of its association with the life of Christ

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You had better Holy Sepulchre—instead of coming back you should have remained there to fight in the ranks of the Crusaders who are trying to wrest the tomb of Jesus from the hands of the Saracens

To whom familiar—the palmer seemed to be quite well acquainted with the Templar As will be seen later the Palmer who was Wilfred or Ivanhoe, had met and fought with the Templar in Palestine

When those who abandoned—when people (such as the Templar) have taken an oath to fight for the recovery of Jerusalem,

and yet are to be found wandering about in England, there is no reason to be surprised that an humble individual (like Wilfred) should absent himself from an undertaking which they have renounced. The Palmer means that the Templar having taken the oath of the Crusaders was neglecting his duty by being in England, but that he himself, not having taken such an oath, was free to travel where he pleased.

Again astonishment—'again' is misleading. There is no reference in the text to any previous expression of astonishment.

Enclosures—pieces of open ground enclosed, in this case, by the walls of the building

CHAPTER III.

Summary—After describing the hall of Cedric's Mansion, the character and clothing of the master himself are sketched and a brief reference is made to the servants and dogs which attended upon him. Cedric is in a bad temper caused by Lady Rowena's absence at Church and the non-return of Gurth with his pigs. A reference by Oswald to the curfew causes Cedric to enter upon a denunciation of the Normans. As he finished speaking, the blast of a horn announced the presence of the Prior and Bois-Guilbert who sought hospitality and shelter for the night. He sends a message to the Lady Rowena who had returned and was changing her garments that she might absent herself from the hall if she chose. Immediately afterwards the guests enter.

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The height length—the distance from the floor to the roof was out of proportion to the length and width of the hall, i.e., the roof was too low for such a long room.

Extreme—very great

Oaken table—table made of the wood of the oak tree

Planks rough-hewn—broad pieces of wood that had not been properly smoothed, but only roughly shaped with an axe. There is

a verb "to rough-hew" chiefly associated to English readers with Shakespeare's well-known lines

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will"

Rafters—originally rough heavy pieces of timber, now the pieces of wood put on the sloping sides of a roof Cf

"(Courtesy) oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters than in tapestry halls"

Milton

Divide—separate

Planking—pieces of timbers or planks placed side by side above the rafters to cover them and to form a roof

Thatch—straw or rushes placed above the planks to make the roof more impervious to rain, etc

Either—in poetry this word would be allowable, but in prose 'each' should be used, for 'each' means 'both of two things,' while 'either' means 'one or other of them'

Chimneys—Latin *caminus*, furnace or fireplace The passage leading from the fire to a hole in the roof of the building for the purpose of allowing the smoke to escape

Vent—a small hole or passage, from French *fente*, a cleft, a slit, Latin *findere*, to divide

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Dais—platform slightly raised above the floor of a hall French *dais*, a canopy

Richly scarlet cloth—covered with a costly cloth of a scarlet colour

Transversely—crosswise, *i.e.*, the length of the table was at right angles to the length of the *dais*

Platform—the flat surface of the *dais*

Lower board—because the rest of the hall was one step below the *dais*

The whole—the table on the *dais* and the table on the floor.

Massive—consisting of a large mass, hence heavy or weighty.

Settles—seats (connected with the verb set,) especially seats with high backs

Canopy—from Greek *lonopceion*, a mosquito curtain from *lonops*, a mosquito. It is a covering fixed over a bed, a *dais* or carried on poles over an exalted personage or a sacred object chiefly as a mark of honour

In some degree—to some extent

Thane—Franklin

Might have become times—Aldermen of modern times are popularly supposed to be much addicted to the pleasures of the table, and the Author means that Cedric was as impatient for his evening meal as the modern Alderman for his mock turtle soup and other delicacies

Frank, hasty, choleric—candid, impulsive, easily angered

Powerfully made—sturdy, muscular

His long ..head—his hair was parted down the middle

It had grey—there was hardly any appearance of grey hair in his head

Approaching to—‘to’ is unnecessary

Tunic green—tunic, a name denoting various style of loose-fitting garments Cedric’s tunic was made of a green cloth called ‘Forest Green’ or ‘Lincoln Green,’ the collar and cuffs of which were lined with a kind of fur called Minever

Doublet—the tunic

Which body—which fitted closely to his body

Breeches ..same—short trousers of the same scarlet cloth

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Golden clasps—the buckles of his shoes were of gold

Richly studded belt—a belt adorned with gems and gold

So disposed—placed in his belt in such a manner.

Was mind—was by no means in a good temper

Mass—Latin *Missæ*, from the verb *mittere*, *missum*, to dismiss. Because in the ancient Churches the Services ended with the words *Missæ est*, the congregation is dismissed. The word came to mean 'The Communion Service' or the 'Service commemorating the Last Supper of the Lord Jesus'

But just—only a moment or two before

Tidings—news. This word is not only plural in form but is a real plural. Yet it is frequently used as a singular. By Shakespeare it was used both as a singular and as a plural. Cf

'How rear the tidings of our comfort is,'

and

'Tidings to the contrary are brought your eyes'

Add to all this—as an additional reason of his vexation

Tarries—delays, does not come

But—only

Head-gear—whatever is worn on the head

Kirtle—short out-door dress or petticoat. The word is used also for other parts of the dress

Kirk—church

I wish her devotion, etc.—I wish that the next time she goes to the church. She may go at a time it is not raining

Ten devils—the number ten only shows the impatience of Jedric

Afield—out in the forest

Have an evil account of—hear bad news

Curfew—the bell which was rung by the order of William the Conqueror at eight o'clock every evening as a signal that all fires and lights were to be put out

Modestly suggested, etc.—gently hinted that it was not very late, it being only an hour past curfew

Tyrannical bastard—William the Conqueror. He was called bastard because he was an illegitimate child, i.e., one whose

parents were not married Derivation, French *bat*, Latin *bustum*, a pack saddle, because pack-saddles were used by mule-drivers as beds when on their travels Hence it means a temporary bed as contrasted with the permanent bed or the bed of a wife and husband. (William's father was Duke Robert of Normandy, his mother the daughter of a tanner of Falaise)

Heartless slave—Oswald who, as a Saxon, should have scorned to mention it to another Saxon

Page 17

True men—law-abiding men.

Know the use of the curfew—hinting that the curfew was a device established by the Normans to enable them with greater safety to carry on their midnight robberies

E'er a Norman adventurer—ever is sometimes used to give additional force to a word or a statement Cf

'Has the old man e'er a son?'

Shakespeare

Said not some one?—did some one not say?

Why—Not an interrogative but an interjection used to express surprise or contentment

This is better and better—Ceāric, of course, means 'worse and worse'

The great council—Barons selected to administer the affairs of the country during the absence of Richard. The Council of State was first established in the reign of Henry I

Man to man lists—I will challenge each Norman individual to fight me on some properly organised field of combat 'Appeal' meaning 'summon' or to 'challenge,' is archaic [A word archaic when it is old-fashioned but not out of use, when it is dying out but not yet dead, it is obsolete when it has gone quite out of use]

Lists—place of combat

Thine unreasonable Passion—Wilfred's love for Rowena—which in Cedric's eyes was unreasonable, because he thought she was to be worshipped at a distance, but not to be approached with other thoughts than such as we bring to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin

Thy left—thy father would not have been left

The blast of a horn—the sound of a trumpet 'The Templar wound his horn loudly'

To the gate—hasten or run to the gate A verb of motion is frequently omitted when the context makes the meaning clear Of

'On, Stanley, on'

Were the last words of Marmion"

Scott

Knaves—(Anglo-Saxon *cnafa*, a boy German, *knabe*, a male servant, a menial) In this sense the word is now obsolete Its modern meaning is 'a deceitful or a dishonest person,' 'a rogue

Warder—One who wards or keeps, hence a keeper or a guard.

Commander Knights Templars—there were many grades or degrees among Templars ranging from 'The Grand Master' down to the 'Esquires of the Order' Some were called 'preceptors others 'Commanders,' others 'Companions' A Commander was a man of high rank in the Order

Tournament—a warlike game in great favour among the Normans in which a number of combatants took part An account of the tournament referred to is given in Chapter XII

The hospitality impeached—it must not be said that I refused shelter to these men, for my house is famous for its hospitality, and I must do nothing to take that character away from it

More welcome, etc —I should have been much more pleased had they sought shelter elsewhere

Page 18

Introduce the strangers—convey the guests

Look after—take care of

- Train—retinue of servants
- Lack nothing—are provided with everything
- Bid them welcome—come forward to receive them with warmth
- Is under a vow—has taken a promise
- Shares not, royalty—has not sprung from the royal house of the Saxons
- Tended—attended
- Major-domo—a servant whose business it is to look after the arrangements of the household and control the inferior servants,
- Bugle-horn—i. e., hunting
- Bell and book—i. e., the services of the church, the *bell* being rung at different parts of the service, and the prayer-book being the book *par excellence*
- Loves the wine-cup, etc.—loves wine and hunting better than his religious duties
- How named ye—what did you say was the name of
- Thy tongue outruns thy discretion—it is indiscreet of you to speak so impudently to me (Elgitha meant that Rowena was always pleased to receive news from Palestine where Ivanhoe was. This offended Cedric)

CHAPTER IV.

Summary —The dress and appearance of the two dignified guests and their retinue are first described. A discussion between the Prior and Cedric about vows leads to some remarks about the Saxon and Norman tongues, on which subject the Templar offends Cedric who, however, does not reply, but orders the food to be placed on the table. The meal is about to proceed, when Rowena enters, and the Templar at once acknowledges to the Prior that he has lost his wager. A description of Rowena's appearance and dress is followed by Cedric's rebuke to the Templar for the bold manner in which he gazed at Rowena. The offer of the Normans to escort

Cedric and his party to the tournament is declined Then the conversation turns upon Palestine, but is interrupted by the entrance of a page announcing another stranger seeking hospitality

Page 19

Cope—long semi-circular cloak, fastened across the breast, worn by priests

Curiously—elaborately

Order—body of persons joined together in a religious community society of monks or nuns

The eight-pointed order—the Maltese cross

Black velvet—velvet is a material made of silk with short threads very near to one another, projecting from its surface A piece of black velvet had been cut in the shape of the cross and then was sewn on the shoulder of his mantle

The high cap—scarlet cap or *mortier*

Raven blackness—blackness as great as that of the raven The raven is a bird similar to a crow, but larger Raven blackness is then 'deep or intense blackness'

Corresponding complexion—the darkness of his hair harmonised with the unusual darkness of his skin

At a distance—further off, as befitted the (apparently) low rank of the guide

Weeds—Anglo-Saxon *wad*—clothes, garments, clothing especially outer garments Cf

"Lowly shepherd's weeds"

Spenser

The modern meaning of the word is 'The black garments worn by widows in token of grief'

Upon .. fathers—in my ancestral house

Has expounded discourtesy—has explained to you the reason of my apparent rudeness

Page 20

Forbear—wait. Don't begin the meal

Place for—make room for.

Surprised, and . so—he was surprised because he did not expect her to come, and perhaps he was displeased that she had come

In public—at the public or common table.

Replying salutation—she acknowledged the respect they showed to her by bowing to them

To assume her place—to take her seat

I shall wear your own—the Templar admits he has lost his wager Instead of winning the Prior's gold collar, which he intended to wear at the forthcoming tournament, he has to give the ten butts of wine

Check raptures—restrain yourself from showing too much pleasure at the beauty of Rowena

Unheeding remonstrance—paying no attention to the advice of the Prior

Accustomed wishes—being in the habit of doing those things he wished to do

Riveted—fastened or fixed.

Formed, etc —Rowena's figure was graceful and well-proportioned

The noble cast features . beauties—her head and features had an appearance of great dignity which made her more interesting than beautiful women of the fair type usually are Insipidity, Latin *in, no,* and *sapidus*, savoury, means tastelessness in relation to food and drink Then figuratively a lack of spirit or 'animation', 'dulness'

Capable melt—it would be more usual to say 'Capable of kindling' It would also be more correct to place 'to' before 'melt' The Author immediately afterwards says 'to command as well as to beseech' The expression means 'capable of flashing with anger as well as of softening with pity or love' 'To kindle' does not mean

'to rouse love,' for the verb is here intransitive and means 'to be roused.'

Flaxen—of the colour of flax, i. e., of a light, soft, straw colour

Fanciful and graceful—curiously arranged but producing an agreeable effect

Art nature—her hair had a natural tendency to curl and this was encouraged by artificial means

Braided with gems—interlaced or entwined together with jewelled ornaments Cf

'Braid your locks with rosy twine'—*Milton*

At full length—the locks or tresses hung down on her back as far as they could go They were not turned up and fixed by their ends to the hair of the head

The upper it—the upper part of the robe

The cheeks Crusader—our Saxon maidens live in such retirement that they rarely come out into the broad glare of publicity and they are much discomposed when they are stared at by strangers as mercilessly as you have looked at Rowena

Page 21

My lower—I will humble myself so far as to seek the pardon of a lady, but I will not condescend to ask your pardon The Templar, as a Norman, thought it beneath his dignity to ask the pardon of a Saxon

That is—the templar corrects himself because he thinks it is derogatory to his dignity to apologise to a Saxon

In friend—by concealing her face by her veil

Splendid train—the brilliant assembly

Vanities—vain pursuits, idle shows Cf

" 'Vanity of Vanities' saith the Preacher, 'All is vanity' "

Ecclesiastes, I., 2

When free—that is, before the Norman conquest

Let us thitherward—we hope that you may be persuaded to go when you know that you may travel with us (The Templar

insinuated that Cedric was restrained by fear of highwaymen and robbers from going to the tournament This was a reflection on Cedric's courage)

Escort—protection An escort is a man or body of men who accompany others as a guard

In no aid—in no need of any assistance from other people
Which approve—which I hope will commend itself to your palate

Courtesy—*Viz*, the offer to act as an escort
Lac dulce, lac acidum—sweet milk, sour milk.

Conversing.. fashion—when we mix with the men of the world we do as they do

I answer wine, etc —I drink to you in this good wine
Wassail—Anglo-Saxon *Wæs Hæl*, be in health An expression of good wishes in drinking to some one

Namesake—one named for the sake of another name
Since England—Rowena, the daughter of the Jutish leader, Hengist, is said to have married Vortigern, the British king of Kent The story goes that she offered a cup of wine to Vortigern, using the Anglo-Saxon greeting '*Wæs Hæl*' (wassail) which means, "be well," and that he was told to reply "*Drinc hæl*," i. e. 'drink health'

Has never been—there has never been
Tribute—praise, honour, compliment
I courtesy—I will not exact such compliments from you
I far—I will so far impose upon your kindness

Page 22

Excepting Saladin—except that the peace said to have been arranged with Saladin is confirmed, i. e., the rumour that there was such a peace

Saladin—or Salah-uddin Yusuf, against whom the third crusade (1190-92) was waged. He was born in 1137 and died about 1194

He was the Sultan of Egypt and Syria and the greatest Mahommedan leader against the Crusaders. He was a man of bravery and a determined but generous foe. In 1187 he defeated the Crusaders and captured Jerusalem, but in 1191 was routed by Richard, after which the three years' truce referred to was arranged. He is a prominent character in Scott's novel 'The Talisman'.

Be he may—no matter who he may be or what occupation he may follow

Without—outside An adverb

CHAPTER V.

Summary—It is stated that the stranger is a Jew and this is followed by a description of Isaac's person and dress. The manner of his reception is then mentioned, after which the conversation between the Abbot and Cedric on hunting is recorded. This leads to a comparison of the Norman and Saxon languages and to a eulogy of the latter by Cedric. The Crusaders are then discussed, and the Templar claims for his order pre-eminence in valour, which the Pilgrim denies maintaining that the English Knights were second to none, and describing the tournament in which they were victorious over the Normans. This leads to a discussion about the Knight of Ivanhoe whom the Templar challenges and the challenge is accepted by the Pilgrim on behalf of the Knight. The grace-cup is then handed round and the guests disperse to their chambers, the Templar taking the opportunity while passing the Jew, of insulting him and giving certain instructions to his Saracen slaves.

Keen features--features showing the acuteness of his mind, not necessarily sharp features which are features somewhat pointed, i. e., not rounded or fleshy.

Aquiline nose—Latin *aquila*, an eagle. Curved or hooked nose like the beak of an eagle. Cf.

'Terribly arched aquiline his nose'

Cooper

As handsome—‘ as ’ is unnecessary

Peculiar physiognomy—features of a type only to be found among the Jews

Dark Ages—the Dark Ages were a period when literature and art were almost unknown, when ignorance was universal and progress almost imperceptible The historian Hallam says that this period extended from about 500 A D to 1500 A D

The credulous vulgar—the common people who not only disliked the Jews but were ready to believe anything that might be told about them

Doffed—took off ‘ Doff ’ is ‘ do off,’ just as ‘ don ’ is ‘ do on,’ to put on

Coldly nodded—made a slight and formal bow There was no sign of welcome in his salutation.

Like nations—the Jews were once a nation, but have not been so for many centuries They are a people scattered about among the other nations of the Earth, until very recent years treated with cruelty and contempt everywhere. Isaac’s position in Cedric’s banquetting hall was like the position of the Jews among the nations of the Earth

Page 23.

Decaying brands—pieces of wood in which the fire was not quite extinguished

Hearth—floor of the fireplace

A mess of pottage—a plate of soup

Seethed kid—boiled flesh of the young of the goat

Capable to execute—Cf ‘ Capable to kindle ‘ Capable of executing ’ would be more usual

Painters capable to execute such a subject—artists able to draw a picture of the Jew as he sat there before the fire

Withered form—body shrunken or shrivelled up with age

Having cold—having warmed himself

Ate with a haste from food—ate greedily and with such enjoyment as showed he had not eaten for a long time

I marvel—I am astonished

That great concerned—that though your partiality for your own noble language is great, you do not adopt those Norman-French words at least which are connected with the occupation of hunting

Predilection—partiality or a previous liking for a thing

Great as your predilection is for—however much you may be propossessed in favor of

Mystery—this word is derived from the French *metier*, Latin *ministerium*, occupation It has absolutely no connection with the word mystery derived from Greek *myster*, one initiated into secrets The latter word means something wholly unknown or something beyond human comprehension The former signifies a trade a handicraft, any business occupation Cf

‘Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery’

Shakespeare

This is the word used in connection with the early plays or mystery-plays as they were called

Over-sea refinements—the affected speech brought by the Normans across the English Channel

Raising tone—speaking in an arrogant and dictatorial manner

Pledge wine—^{respond}respond to my toast

Some thirty years—about thirty years Thirty years more or less

As Cedric was, etc —when Cedric was a young man his manly accounts in simple Saxon English of his achievements in war and in the hunting field were none the less effective in winning the smiles and approval of fair maidens

His plain beauty—when he (Cedric) told in his native tongue to beautiful women tales of English heroes there was no need of

French minstrels to make these stories more interesting and attractive

Page 24

To the strong in arms, etc—let us drink to the valiant, irrespective of nationality or speech

Who cross—who are the most conspicuous for bravery among the Crusaders

It answers—it is not proper for one who wears the badge of the Templars to drink to that toast Brian means that the Templars were the bravest of the Crusaders, and as no one drinks to his own health he, a Templar, could not drink to a toast which included himself

To whom Cross?—who, except the Templars, can claim the first place?

To assign the palm—to give the prize of victory. Among the Romans a palm-branch was bestowed upon victorious gladiators

St John—St John of Alexandria, founder of the Knights Hospitallers

Second only blessed land—only inferior to those knights of the two Orders which have always fought to keep Palestine from invaders

Second to none—they are inferior to none

Marked impatience—his manner showed his impatience

Asseveration—positive assertion

Chivalry—Knights

St John de Acre—Acre, a town on the coast of Palestine, taken (1191) by Richard I during the Third Crusade In the intervals of the siege several tournaments were held on the plain of Ptolemais, outside the town, to which the Musalmans were invited When the place was taken, it was handed over to the Knights of St John

Challengers

comers—Richard and his five Knights defied any who chose to come against them, i.e., they claimed to be the six best fighters in the united armies of France and England

Each antagonists—each of the six fought three Knights who had accepted the challenge and vanquished them all 'To run a course in a tournament' is 'To ride from the boundary at full speed towards an opponent who is advancing from the other boundary.' When they met they tried to unseat each other with their lances

Antagonists—Greek *anti*, against, *agonistes*, a combatant

Seven assailants—seven out of the eighteen Knights who accepted the challenge

Well tell you—knows very well that my statement is true

Page 25

Blithely—with pleasure

Guerdon—reward

The first England—the one of highest rank and greatest bravery was Richard

I forgive him . Duke William—I will overlook the fact that he is of Norman descent

He at least—Sir Thomas Multon is one of the principal characters of Scott's *Talisman*

By the mother's side—his mother was a Saxon, though his father was a Norman

In part at least—to some extent

Genuine Saxon—of pure Saxon descent

Hengist—one of the leaders of the Teutonic tribes who settled in Kent on the invitation of Vortigern in 449 A D

In which himself—In which he seemed to remember that he had to guard himself against exposing his identity The sixth knight was Wilfred himself.

Assumed company—admitted into that honourable company

Less to aid number—to complete the required number of six rather than because his skill in arms was great. Note the modest way in which he refers to himself

His memory—I do not remember his name

Assumed forgetfulness—the pretence that you have forgotten
 Comes purpose —this pretence of forgetfulness does not deceive
 me
 Fortune falling—luck and the stumbling of my horse caused
 me to be unseated
 For his years—considering his age, considering how young he
 was

Had arms—was more famous as a warrior.

Page 26

Durst repeat in this week's tournament the challenge of
 St John de Acre—dared in the forthcoming tournament to issue a
 challenge as he did at Acre
 Would result—would give him choice of weapons and con-
 idently meet him

As is—under the circumstances
 Disturb take place—do not boast about the result of a combat
 which cannot occur Wilfred is keeping up the fiction that Ivanhoe
 is still in Palestine

I will be you—I will guarantee that he will fight you
 A goodly security !—your guarantee is quite satisfactory The
 words are spoken sneeringly How can a poor Palmer be surety
 for a Knight? Security and surety both mean pledges or assurances.

What Pledge—what do you propose to give as a security that
 you promise will be kept

Reliquary—see note, Chapter IV
 The True Cross—the very cross upon which Christ was crucified

Monastery of St Carmel—a monastery and order of monks
 (Carmelites) founded about 1100 A D They wore white mantles
 over a darkbrown tunic, and were called in England the *White*
Fiars

Vailing his bonnet—lowering or taking off his cap The word
 from the French *avaler*, to let fall or cause to descend

Testifying relic—showing any respect for the supposed holy character of the piece of wood The Templar by his disregard of the sanctity of the relic shows his scepticism

That . vagrant—the pledge of this traveller whose name even we do not know

The four Britain—the Irish Sea, North Sea, English Channel, and St. George's Channel

He underlies the challenge—he is bound to consider himself challenged

Which not—if he does not accept the challenge

On the walls court—notice or proclamations were to be affixed to the walls of the courtyards belonging to the various headquarters of the Templars.

It will not need—it will not be necessary.

My voice Ivanhoe—If no one else will speak in defence of Ivanhoe, I will do so

Could my holy pilgrim—if anything I could say or do would strengthen the security already offered by the pilgrim

Inestimable pledge—the piece of the True Cross which, as a sacred relic, was above all price

Name and fame—reputation, honour

Grace-cup—(Latin *gratia*, thanks)—drinking cup, which was handed to each guest in turn at the conclusion of the banquet or meal So called because it was passed round after grace or thanks had been offered It is also known as 'loving cup'

Page 27

The heads of the family—Cedric and Rowena, 'the master and mistress of the family'

Dog—wretch, vile creature A term of contempt continually occurring in connection with the Jew in this story Cj.

'You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog.'

Shakespeare

Dost thou . tournament—are you travelling to the tournament ?
 Reverend valour—a Knight and a holy Templar Reverence
 being the attribute of clergymen and valour of Knights, Isaac
 combines the two in addressing one who was both a knight and a
 monk

To gnaw usury—to consume the wealth of our Nobles by the
 exorbitant interest you charge for the money lent them 'Usury'
 is now completely displaced by the word 'interest'

To gull toys—to cheat women and boys with trashy finery (by
 charging them extravagant prices)

I warrant. Scrip—I am certain you are carrying a lot of money
 about in that bag of yours.

Shekel—(Hebrew *sheqal*, to weigh) 1 weight and coin used by
 Jews and worth about two rupees

Silver penny, halfling—'silver penny' is a coin worth about
 threepence, weighing the twentieth part of an ounce, whence the
 name 'pennyweight' 'Halfling' was the half of a silver penny.
 " 'Ling' is clearly the diminutive termination and 'halfling' or
 'little half' would be one-half of the half of a silver penny or a
 farthing"—C M B

The God of Abraham—Abraham was the great ancestor of the
 Jews who, at the call of God, left Ur, crossed the deserts and settled
 in Palestine

Exchequer of the Jews—a department of the state charged with
 the exaction of the revenue from the Jews

Father Jacob speed—may Father Jacob prosper me.
 Beshrew—curse

CHAPTER VI.

Summary —The Palmer on his way to his apartment accepts the
 invitation to visit Rowena's apartment, and in reply to the Lady's
 questions gives her what information he can, without betraying
 himself He is then conducted to his room which is placed between

the rooms of Gurth and the Jew At day break he arouses Isaac from a troubled sleep and advises him to leave at once as the Templar has designs upon his purse The Jew's terror is then described When the Palmer offers to guide him through the forest, he, not without suspicion of the Palmer's motives, accepts his offer Gurth when ordered to open the gate refuses, but on hearing a certain fact whispered to him by the Palmer, at once obeys When the travellers have placed a safe distance between themselves and the Templar, the Palmer proposes separation, but is persuaded by the Jew to escort him to Sheffield On parting, Isaac gives the Palmer an order on Kirjath Jairam of Leicester for a horse and a suit of armour, for the Jew had discovered that the Palmer was a poor knight in disguise

Page 28

Sort of throne mentioned—See above

Looked homage—looked like one to whom all would pay respect

Homage—(Latin *homo*, a man) was the acknowledgment made in feudal times by the tenant of a Lord to his feudal superior, hence, the meaning of reverence or respect

Low genuflection—(*Genuflection* is the bending of the knee) A deep bow accompanied by a bending of the knee

Train—the three attendants referred to in the previous paragraph

Retire--go further away, go out of hearing withdraw It might mean 'leave the room', but the next paragraph shows that it was not so

I would speak—I wish to speak

By kindred—by the natural ties of kinship

Such fate—circumstances have caused such a contrary state of affairs

I only—I alone.

A troubled voice—an agitated voice He was afraid that he might be discovered, and hence his agitation.

Surmounted the persecution—overcome the persecution
On returning—on the point of returning, just about to return
You must know happiness—you are more likely than I to know whether on his return his father will forgive him and allow him to seek your hand

Page 29

Ivanhoe England—Ivanhoe will probably hear unpleasant news when he arrives, viz, the news that the hand of Rowena had been promised to Athelstane

Had comeliness?—had disease weakened him and made him less handsome?

Cyprus—an island in the eastern part of the Mediterranean (Levant) Richard conquered it on his way to Palestine and bestowed it upon the Templars in 1191

Care brow—he seemed to be oppressed by many anxieties
But I to me—the palmer makes these false statements to conceal his identity

To clear countenance—to dispel his anxieties
The sleeping-cup—the cup or goblet in which is the wine drunk just before retiring

Which lips—Rowena just touched it with her lips but did not drink any

Alms—(Anglo-Saxon *ælmyse*, Greek *eleemosyne*, mercy, charity) is a gift of money, food or clothing given in charity The word was originally singular, but is now more commonly used in the plural

Painful travel—severe toil and hardship undergone by you
Boon—gift, present Ivanhoe received the boon, although his doing so was inconsistent with his reply to Cedric

Reverence—bows

Kennels—lies or lodges Latin *canus*, a dog. To kennel is to lie as a dog and a kennel is a house for a dog

St Dunstan—by St Dunstan

How Christian—it must be thoroughly cleaned out and purified before a Christian can occupy it again

Page 30

Grated window—a window across which bars of iron were placed.

Matins—morning prayers

Adjusting his dress—straightening his clothes which had become disarranged

Latch—a catch. The movable catch which holds a door or a gate when closed but does not keep it bolted

Troubled slumber—sleep disturbed by unpleasant dreams

Convulsively—in a violent and spasmodic manner

Nightmare—(Mare Anglo-Saxon *mara*, an evil-spirit A fiend formerly supposed to cause trouble in sleep) A state of sleep in which the most terrible dreams are experienced accompanied by a feeling of oppression

Expressive apprehension—showing the utmost surprise and fear of bodily hurt

I dreamed—the figure is Aposiopesis, as the sentence is broken off in the middle

The purpose guess—you are most likely to know what motive your enemies have

Yesternight—last night

Charged them—commanded them, instructed them

Page 31

At a convenient distance—at a place suitable for their purpose, &c, so far from Cedric's house that they would not be interfered with by Cedric and his men

To overpower faculties—to deprive him of the power of thought or action

Moses, Aaron—brothers The former was the leader of the Jews from Egypt to Palestine when they compelled Pharaoh to free them
 Aaron was the first high priest of the Jews

The dream in vain !—my dream was not an idle dream, it was a warning

Under safe conduct baron—under the care of some chief or baron who will guarantee your safety

Whose securing—no doubt you have sufficient money to purchase this favour from him

The concluding sentence—the part referring to money
 I good will !—the Jew repeats the palmer's words as if astonished that any one should suppose he had money.

There is Christian—the only means to gain a Christian's goodwill is to give him money

Whom extortions Lazarus—who has been robbed of everything and is now as poor as Lazarus The story of Lazarus is told in Luke XVI, vv 19—21 "There was a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores" As the story of Lazarus is told by Jesus, it is strange to find it referred to by a Jew

Gentile—a name given by the Jews to all who were not of their race

Ishmaelites—descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar and Abraham, and so not genuine Jews, like the descendants of Isaac

Do me no treason—do not betray me
 Were penny—if the value he placed upon his good-will were only a penny
 In poverty—as a palmer I have taken the vow of poverty

Page 32

Gird up our loins—prepare for energetic action, a Biblical expression

To abide gate—to wait till the main entrance is opened

We suffer hours—we do not allow our visitors to depart secretly at inconvenient times

Gurth electrified—the effect of the communication was to stir up Gurth as if he had received an electric shock (The pilgrim must have told Gurth who he was, so as to be able to produce this effect)

Beware—be careful not to reveal what I have whispered to you

Anon—soon, in a little while

Alacrity—willingness

My mule—bring me my mule

Hearst thou—hearken or listen The imperative mood

Beyond these parts—outside this neighbourhood

To execute the commission—to do what the palmer had charged him to do

Page 33

The ditch—the moat, the big trench filled with water See Chapter II

A drawbridge—see Chapter II The drawbridge, however referred to here was not the principal one opposite the main entrance, but a narrower one (it was only as wide as two planks) corresponding to the narrowness of the postern gate on the inner side, and a small gate on the outer side, by which one could enter at once into the forest

Buckram—a rough kind of cloth, coarse in texture and material.

Marks the boundaries authority—shows the limit of Front-de Bœuf's estate

May the wheels Pharaoh—Pharaoh was the king of Egypt, who was drowned in the Red Sea, as he pursued the children of Israel

Beseems not—it is not proper or becoming
Than needs must be—than is absolutely necessary The adverb
'needs' is often found in association with 'must,' e g, 'He must
needs go through Samaria'—*Bible*
What succour pilgrim?—what help could a pilgrim render
you?
Requite it—repay you for your help
And it may be thee—and perhaps to some extent I may be
able to defend you

Page 34.

Harbour—I can take shelter (as a ship takes shelter in a
harbour)
Forth—from Sheffield to Ashby-de-la-Zouche
Not till, etc—we do not separate till, etc
Zareth's—'house' understood
Office—services
If thou wert poor—if you were to name the thing correctly you
could not give it to me were you as rich as you say you are poor.
The palmer is of course thinking of Rowena
As I say—a repetition in the first person of 'As thou sayest' in
the previous paragraph
Hard hands—Synecdoche 'Cruel people'

Page 35

Started—in astonishment at the accuracy of the Jew's guess
What guess--what devilish agency suggested that thought to
you?
No matter true one—it is immaterial, how I came to think of
it, so long as my guess is correct
But consider vow—how could you guess that I a palmer wanted
such things?
And that—and I know that
Will take the staff and sandal—will don or assume the pilgrim's
garb

In penance—foolishly and ignorantly thinking to atone for some sin

To visit men—to visit the tombs of saints

Blaspheme not—speak not irreverently Greek *blapsis*, injury, and *pheme*, speech

But there dropt within—as sparks show the fire concealed in flint, so did the words you spoke last night and this morning reveal your courage

Is hidden—‘are hidden’ would be more correct The singular is often used when the subject is yet to be mentioned Cf

“There’s pippins and Cheese to come”

Shakspeare

Knight’s chain gold—knights were distinguished by a golden chain worn round the neck, and spurs of the same metal

They morning—I caught a glimpse of them concealed in your gown as you bent over me this morning

Could smiling—could not refrain from smiling

Were thy garments made—if your clothes were examined by prying eyes what would they discover concealed among them? The pilgrim hints that the Jew has money and valuables concealed in his garments

No more of that—don’t allude to that subject

Changing colour—becoming pale with fear (lest the pilgrim should take his money from him)

Which he supported mule—he placed his yellow cap on his knee and resting the paper upon it was able to write without descending to the ground

Scroll—writing formed into a roll The letter was not folded up but rolled up

Kirjath Jairam—in the Bible is the name of a town

Leicester—the chief town of the county of Leicester in Central England

Lombardy—a province in the north of Italy, the chief town of which is Milan famous for its armour. The first bankers of England were men who came from this place. They were called Lombards and the name is preserved in Lombard Street, where the principal banks of London are situated to-day.

On sale—it would be more usual to say 'For sale.'
Milan harnesses--suits of armour made in Milan. Milan was famous at this time for the manufacture of armour.

The worst head—the least valuable of the six suits of armour is worthy to be worn by a king.

The worst throne—the feeblest of the horses would be a worthy mount for a king even if he were fighting for his crown.

That forth—that can completely equip thee

Page 36

Wherewith—money with which

The arms victor—when a knight is forced off his horse by his opponent he is defeated, and by the laws of chivalry his horse and armour become the prize of the victor.

Astounded--another form of the word 'Astonished'

It is impossible—that you should be defeated

They lance Moses—with his rod Moses brought the ten plagues upon the Egyptians (these plagues were sent by God to compel the Egyptians to allow the Jews to go free). The lifting of this rod caused the waters of the Red Sea to divide and when the Jews were crossing the desert between Egypt and Palestine Moses by striking a rock with the rod supplied the people with water. See Exodus Chapters VII, VIII, and XIV, and Numbers Chapter XX

Give nothing—do not give anything without receiving an equivalent

Something use—you must fix some price to be paid by me for the use of the armour

Like a man colic—like a man suddenly seized with pains in the abdomen Isaac was torn by the opposite feelings of avarice and gratitude.

But his better him—gratitude triumphed over his commercial instincts.

Usage money—money to be charged for the loan of the horse and armour

Thrust not hurly-burly—do not make yourself too prominent in this foolish tumult

Hurly-burly—bustle, confusion, from the French *hurler* to yell, and *burley*, a crowd

For armour—because of the danger to which the steed and armour would be exposed

Gramercy—French *grand merci*, many thanks

I frankly—I will make full use of the steed and armour you have courteously lent me and will not spare either

It requite it—I will suffer much, ere I fail to requite it, &c., I will make every effort to repay your kindness

CHAPTER VII.

Summary —Isaac and his daughter Rebecca try to find for themselves a good seat John interferes on behalf of the Jew. Wishing to find a place for them in the gallery, he roughly orders certain Saxons to make room for his proteges Athelstane, who is one of the Saxons, astonished at such an address, does not move, whereupon John orders DeBracy to prick him with his lance Cedric, however, prevents this by severing with his sword DeBracy's lance from its handle The applause of the people enrages John and he vents his wrath upon a yeoman who, however, answers boldly the Prince's questions and undertakes to show his skill as an archer John then attempts to seat the Jew among the

Saxons, but is foiled by Wamba, who drives the Jew away by threatening him with a shield of brawn. Wamba's action causes such merriment that every one is restored to good humour. Then John snatching some coins from the Jew bestows two of them upon Wamba and rides along the lists

Page 37.

Pavilion—(Latin *papilio*, a butterfly or a tent, because spread out like a butterfly's wings) A large tent

Challengers—those who challenge others to fight

Temporary galleries—raised structures of wood covered with a roof and provided with seats, constructed for this occasion only

Cushions—soft pillows

Yeomanry—persons of the middle class Yeomen were properly small farmers who owned their land as freeholders As fighting men, they were archers, who fought on foot with bows and arrows

A better degree—a superior class Higher social rank.

The pit of a theatre—that part of a theatre on the floor of the house where people of the middle class usually sit

La Royne Amours—the Queen of Beauty and of Love Royne and Beaulite are the old French forms of the words 'Reine and Beaute'

Page 38

Caracoled—a caracole is a half-turn which a horseman makes either to the right or to the left

Daughter of Zion—the Jewess Rebecca Zion was a hill in Jerusalem on which the Royal palace stood 'A daughter of Zion' is 'a daughter of Jerusalem' and hence 'a Jewess'

With the proudest beauties—with the figure of the proudest beauties

Shrewd connoisseur—critical and expert judge Connoisseur is from French *connaître*, to know

Exquisitely—in the highest degree

Was advantage—'to show a thing to advantage' is 'to make a thing appear at its best'

Suited well—harmonised

The superb eyebrows—some eyebrows are straight, others are curved or arched The latter are considered more beautiful Rebecca's eyebrows were perfect curves

The profusion tresses—the abundance of her black locks

Agraffe—a clasp

By the bald scalp of Abraham—Scott has not erred in putting into John's mouth oaths that express in characteristic fashion what Stubbs calls "John's savage and filthy blasphemy" John was intellectually and morally a small man compared with the other princes of the House of Anjou The same writer in referring to the two favourite oaths of John as given by Matthew of Paris, viz., 'By the teeth of God,' and 'By the feet of God' remarks that they display the mean proportions of the man compared with his great ancestor, the Conqueror, who swore 'By the splendour of God'

The wisest king that ever lived—King Solomon, the son of David, who, in enthusiastic language expressed his passionate love for his bride in a book of the Bible, called the *Canticles* When he came to the throne he is recorded to have dreamed that God appeared to him and asked him to mention anything he wished and he would obtain it Solomon besought God to give him an understanding heart to judge the people of Israel that he might discern between good and evil This he received (I Kings, III 5-15) In his old age he degenerated in character and grew exceedingly immoral (I Kings XI 1-8)

The rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley—"I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys"—*Song of Songs*, II I The Prior does not wish to offend John and is eager to associate himself in a cautious way with the Prince's light talk, but he also feels that, as an ecclesiastic, he must disapprove of a mood which seemed to

indicate a desire on John's part to engage in a flirtation with the Jewess

Page 39

My Mammon of unrighteousness--God of worldly riches. [Mammon was a common Aramaic word for riches. One of the sayings of Jesus is *You cannot serve God and Mammon* (Matt VI 24). The very same words occur in Luke XVI 13 in connection with the parable of Jesus, known as that of the *Unjust Steward*. There the expression is employed, *the unrighteous Mammon*. In applying those words to Isaac, John means to say that the Jew is a personification of ill-gotten wealth.]

The Marquis of Marks . the Baron of Byzants--titles of nobility taken from common coins. Underlying these designations is a contempt, on John's part, that is quite justifiable for those who think, as Isaac seemed to do, that the possession of wealth should be a passport to place and honour.

A single cross--a single penny. The silver denarius or penny had a short cross stamped on its face. The cross was superstitiously regarded as a charm against the Evil One. John's profane remark implies that *the lack of money is the root of all evil*.

Keep the devil--it was popularly supposed that the sign of the cross drove away devils.

By the body of St Mark--another coarse oath. St Mark was one of the four evangelists, and wrote the Gospel called by his name. John is still playing on the idea that Isaac was a rich man,--his Marquis of mark--and when he swore by the body of St Mark was probably thinking of Isaac, and punning on the correspondence between the name of the saint and the designation which he had given to Isaac.

My prince of supplies--Isaac is so called because he is expected to supply John with the largest amount of money.

Houri--a nymph of Paradise according to the Mohammedans.

Gongee--bow

The wiser man thou—John insinuates that had Rebecca been declared by Isaac to be his wife her beauty was such that to possess her a man might be tempted to get rid of her husband by foul means, but that in calling her his daughter marriage with Rebecca was possible without involving Isaac in the loss of his life. The remark was exceedingly offensive. Scott seems to have had in view the deceit practised by Abraham on the Pharaoh or king of Egypt as recorded in Gen XII 10-20.

Churis—*M E cheorl*, *A S ccorl*, a man in the modern sense, a rude, surely, ill-bred man. Used by John contemptuously.

Out upon them—'out' is an adverb in this expression, used as an exclamation of contempt or dislike with the force of a command.

Hinds—peasants. The 'd' has been added to the original form, the *M E hine*, fr *A S hina*, a domestic.

The high places of the synagogue—the word 'synagogue' comes from the Gr *synagogue*, an assembly. A synagogue was a Jewish meeting-place where religious services were carried on. A synagogue is not to be confounded with the Jewish Temple when religious sacrifices were offered by the priests attached to the building. It should be noted that when the Jews were in possession of their ancient inheritance (Palestine) and even when they, as a subject race, still regarded it as their native land, they had only the one Temple, that in Jerusalem. The high places of the synagogue refers to the seats occupied by those in authority over a synagogue, the council that managed the affairs of a synagogue presided over by a chief ruler. John facetiously likens the lofty gallery round the lists to these high places.

Undetermined how to resist—because he was 'so slow in resolution'. See previous para.

Vis inertiae—passive resistance. Literally, 'the force or strength of inactivity,' i.e., Athelstane did nothing at all, he sat still, as if he would not move, unless he was removed by force.

Prick lance—prod him with the point of your spear.

There was a murmur, etc —John's followers did not approve of this order They thought John was going too far.

The blood John—his face becomes dark with rage

Deepest oaths—most terrible oaths, i e, profane exclamations used only when greatly excited

Threat violence—threat as violent as the oath was deep

Who applause—who continued applauding after the others had stopped

Hollo—shout, a loud cry to attract attention Here it means 'a cry of encouragement and approval'

Sayst thou—do you say so?

The white—the white centre of the target It is now known as the *bull's eye*

St Grizzel—St Griselda.

Voice—vote, approval

To give his voice to—to applaud.

I shall not fly the trial—I shall submit to the test.

Deportment—behaviour

Page 41.

An—if

Infidel—unbelieving

Swarthy hide—dark skin.

Horse-furniture—trappings and harness of a horse

Marry—by Mary, i e the Virgin Mary

Abomination—Jews are forbidden to eat the flesh of pigs

Wooden sword—a play-sword which was often carried by a jester

Vanquished—conquered

Brandishing—flinging about with the arms

Champion—fighter, one who fights on behalf of another.

Witless—one without understanding

Weatherbrain—i e. scatterbrain, foolish person

Alderman—properly the elder or chief of a tribe Wamba intends a joke, that Aldermen are often foolish people, although supposed as *elders* to be wise

Who was the son of an Alderman—Wamba saves the situation by announcing that the founder of a family of fools was an alderman.

Heraldry—the science of making coats of arms The herald should know what signs and colours are allowed by the laws of *heraldry* to be placed *beside* or *upon* one another

Were false heraldry—would be like one of those bad combinations condemned by the rules of heraldry

To place heraldry—it was not according to the laws of chivalry, as understood by heralds, to place his victor and his beaten enemy on seats of equal honor

Page 42

Knave worst of all—it is worse to give a knave precedence over a fool

Fumbled—felt or groped about

Jennet—horse

How few coins might pass for a handful—Isaac feared to disobey John by giving less than a handful, but he wished to make the handful as small as possible

Settled Isaac's doubts—decided the matter, left Isaac no longer time to consider how many coins would pass for a handful

CHAPTER VIII.

Summary —The first five knights who attack the challengers are defeated, with the exception of one who held his own against the Knight of St John A second and third party of knights fared little better At last a knight, calling himself the Disinherited Knight, appears He elected to fight Bois-Guilbert, and at the first encounter parted on even terms with the Templar. The second meeting, however, resulted in a signal victory for the unknown knight After the defeat of Bois-Guilbert, the other

four challengers faced the victor but were in turn defeated, and the Disinherited Knight is proclaimed the winner of the first day's sports

Cavalcade—ride

Halldom—holiness, i. e., fact of being a Christian

The palm is to be distributed—the prize is to be given

Liberal—generous, tolerant.

Give my vote for—elect

Grace—adornment, feature of attraction

It will add, etc.—it will further enhance his victory

Acquiesced—agreed

Undertake—be willing and ready to fight

Page 43

Reverse—handle end

Arms of courtesy—harmless weapons

Accomplished—fulfilled, kept

Vow—solemn promise

Breaking five lances—fighting against five antagonists

Peculiar honor—an honor specially conferred upon him

Adjudge—decide

Page 44

Pacific—peaceful

Their pacific purpose—their intention of fighting with the arms of courtesy

Extremity—end, outside limit

Sallying—going out

Individually—one by one

Respective—belonging to each

Clarions—a kind of trumpet with narrow tube

Dexterity—skill

Swerved charge—turned his horse aside as he charged

Encounter—meeting

Saracenic—played by the Saracen followers of Bois-Guilbert
Defiance—contemptuous challenge.

Page 45.

Device—the engraved emblem, or picture, which expressed the character or condition of the knight

Disinherited—having the rights of an heir or elder son taken away from one

Alley—passage

Rang again—rang loudly in response to the blow

Presumption—boldness, daring.

Redoubted—famous for courage

Confessed yourself—confessed your sins to the priest, as a man would naturally do if he expected to die

Peril—, put into danger

Frankly—freely.

This night thou shalt sleep in paradise—Luke xiii, 43, suggested these words to Scott

Thou art—(thou here expresses anger or contempt

I am fitter, etc --I have fewer sins to answer for than you

Stationary--without moving

Adversary--enemy

Page 46

Augured--expected, looked forward to

Terminate--end

Gallantry—fine, bold conduct

Recoil—retreat

Address—skill

Recovered—pulled up, caused to recover balance

Demivolte—half-wheel, half turn

Acclamations—shouts of praise

Attested—proved, bore witness to

Graced—made splendid, adorned

Resumed—taken again

Station—position

Page 47

Truncheon—staff of authority

The onset—the signal for the knights to attack one another

Fortune—luck

Addressed—aimed, directed

Attained—reached

Reputation—fame, character for courage.

Extricate—disentangle

Marshals—officers who kept order and had authority over the proceedings

Species—kind

Resentful—angry

If we do not, etc—as for myself, I am ready to meet thee whenever and wherever it may please thee, thou wilt never find me shrinking from the encounter

Page 48

Quaffed—drank, gulped down

Sable—black

Took the field—came forward into the arena

Lost a stirrup—had one foot dislodged from the stirrup

Casque—helmet

Career—ride, the rushing onward of the horses

Avowing—declaring, confessing

Unanimous—with one accord, with one mind or voice

Award—decision in a person's favour

Reared and plunged—stood upon its hind legs and threw itself violently forward

Page 49

Avowing himself opponent—saying that he was conquered as much by the knight's kindly consideration as by his greater skill in managing a horse

Summed up—completed

The acclamations knight—prince John and the Marshals announced that the Disinherited Knight was the victor, and this announcement was enthusiastically received by the people

CHAPTER IX.

Summary—The Disinherited Knight declined the request of the Marshals that he should show his face when receiving the prize from Prince John. This causes speculations as to the Knight's identity. A whisper arose that he was King Richard which so terrified John that Fitzurse had to convince him to the contrary. When the Disinherited Knight received the prize—a magnificent war-horse fully accoutred—he bowed his thanks and then rode twice round the lists to show his prize to the spectators. The next business was the election of the Queen of Beauty and of Love which it was the winner's privilege to make. The victor chose the Lady Rowena, and the selection, though it dissatisfied the Normans, gave immense pleasure to the populace. John when declaring Rowena sovereign of the next day's sports invited her and her party to a banquet that night in the Castle of Ashby which, however, was declined. The victor, when invited, courteously refused. While leaving the lists John vented his anger upon the yeoman who had offended him, giving strict orders that he should be safely guarded. The gathering then broke up.

Raise his visor—take off his helmet and show his face

Pressed Knight—made no further effort to discover the Knight's secret or identity

Page 50

Over God's forbode !—may the over-gods forbid ! May the gods above forbid !

Remember . by me—Remember, you have pledged yourselves to my cause and be true to your promises

The gigantic son—the great height of Richard
 The horse he backs—the horse on whose back he sits.
 Profound obeisance—a very bow low
 Accoutred—furnished

Pommel—the knob or projecting part of a saddle

Without making use of the stirrup—this was a favourite feat of horsemanship in the days of chivalry

The points and paces of the horse—The *points* refer to the shape and condition of the various parts of a horse; its *paces* are its action or movement, when walking

Page 51

The appearance of vanity, etc —the Knight rode twice round the lists, not because of any vanity, but because he felt it was his duty to exhibit at its best the magnificent prize that he had obtained

Excitation—excitement

Prerogative—an exclusive privilege, peculiar to one person

Interchangeably—alternately

Balcony—a wooden projection, with a balustrade, from the front of a house

Page 52

Discomfiture—overthrow, defeat

Course—tilt, joust

Betraying—showing

Barbary—a state in the north of Africa, inhabited by Arabs, and whence Arabian horses were imported

Heated—excited, made angry

Belong to—The Jew was about to confess that the horse and armour belonged to himself But he did not complete the sentence fearing that some one might overhear him

Jacob—was the son of Isaac, as Isaac was of Abraham. He was one of the three great patriarchs of the Jewish people

Philistine—i. e., enemy The Philistines were the enemies of the Jews

Og and Sihon—see *Deuteronomy*, III and IV They were two kings conquered by the Jews in the time of Moses

Amorites—were a Syrian people, living in the district between the Jordon and Arnou rivers

For a prey and for a spoil—A Hebraic Idiom See *Joshua*, VIII 27

Worthy—is here used in a patronising sense, and rather implies the absence of blame than praise

Page 53.

Stationary—motionless

The coronet—the coronet of green satin placed by John upon the point of his lance

Menacing with suitable penalties—threatening to punish, according to the elaborate “game” of heraldry and the cult of love

Disaffection—complaint, dissatisfaction

The lower area—the narrow space underneath the galleries occupied by the yeomen and burghers

The immortal Alfred—Alfred the Great, the most famous of Saxon kings, who ruled from 849 to 901

Unacceptable—unpleasant, disagreeable

Calling to horse—inviting his followers to mount their horses

John of Anjou—John's grandmother, the empress Matilda, married the Count of Anjou as her second husband Henry II, father of Richard and Anjou, was her son by this marriage

Ourself—with the royal plural of the first person pronoun, sometimes the plural and sometimes the singular of *self* is used.

Sire—father, i. e., Cedric

To whose service we devote to-morrow—who rules over us to-morrow as our Queen of Love and Beauty

Possesses not—does not know

Courtesy—kind invitation.

To sustain her part in your festival—to discharge the duties required of her at the banquet; worthily to fill the place of the leading lady at your banquet

Page 54

Will take upon her, etc —will assume the position of Queen of Beauty and of Love

CHAPTER X.

Summary —There is a brief description of the apartment in which Isaac and Rebecca are seated They converse about the money which John wrenched from the Jew and the horse and armour lent to the Knight Then follows the interview between Gurth and Isaac. Isaac accepts eighty zecchins and gives a receipt for it When Gurth is about to leave, Rebecca recalls him and gives him a hundred zecchins, of which twenty are for himself

Page 54

Taken up their quarters—lodged

Oriental—eastern

Decorations, etc —ornaments of an eastern kind

Mien—look

All ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe—The reference is to the twelve sons of Jacob, the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel Their names were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Gad, Asher Dan, Naphtali, Joseph, and Benjamin

Losing venture—unprofitable speculation

Jot—the most minute point, the smallest letter in the Greek alphabet

Tittle—anything small

Every jot and tittle of the law of Moses—every little detail of the Jewish religion (“For verily I say unto you, till heaven and

earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled"—St Matthew V, 18)

Fifty *zaccchins*, etc.—The reference is to John's snatching his pouch from Isaac and flinging two gold pieces to Wamba—See the last para of Chapter VII

Blotch—boil

The blotch of Egypt—The Egyptians were punished by a plague of boils as narrated in the ninth chapter of *Exodus*

Gulf of Lyons—in the Mediterranean Sea

Laboured in the tempest—toiled against the howling storm and rising seas

Lighten—reduce the weight of

Robed the seething, etc.—threw overboard my finest silks

Briny—saltish

Myrrh—is a resinous gum found in N Africa Its odour is like that of balsam

Aloe—a fragrant wood found in N Africa

Page 55.

Made the sacrifice—threw overboard the precious articles. ✓

Exacted—required us to make

Your store and your gettings—your wealth and your profits

In some sort—in a certain sense

Dispersed—scattered all over the earth. After the downfall of Jerusalem in 70 A D and the burning of the temple by Titus, the Jews were dispersed

Children of Zion—the Jews

Furnish forth—equip

Hosts—army

Furnished the means—gave the money

Harped upon another string of sorrow—referred to another complaint of ours

It may end better than I now think—I may not have to suffer any loss

You shall not repent you of—you may be sure that you will not be sorry for

Requiting—repaying.

The good deed—refers to the help afforded to the Jew by Ivanhoe in eluding the clutches of the Templar. See Chapter VI

The rebuilding of Zion—Zion here means Jerusalem. The Jews believe that they will eventually be restored to their country and that Jerusalem will be re-built

But as well do I hope, etc—but as I do not believe I shall live to see Jerusalem re built, so I do not believe that even a most pious Christian will pay up a Jew his debts

Page 56

Under the awe of the judge and jailor—unless compelled to pay for fear of being sent to the jail

Fed with—filled with

Displayed—spread out

Israelitish—Jewish

Domestic—servant

Ebony—made of ebony, which is a hard heavy wood, generally black

Nazarene—a contemptuous word for “Christian” derived from “Nazareth,” the town in which Jesus was brought up and which was regarded as a town of no account

Veil thyself—cover thy face

Gauze—a very thin and transparent cloth, usually of silk

That is not to the purpose—that does not concern you

As much as my name is to thee—it is as necessary for me to know thy name as it is necessary for thee to know my name

Intercourse—communication

Monies—*Money* is not generally used in the plural, and when so used it denotes payments or receipts of money

Page 57

I said he was a good youth—I knew that he would not rob me
of the price of the articles lent to him

A richer draught—wine of a better quality

Nectar—the drink of the gods, hence, a liquor of an exquisite
flavour

These unbelieving dogs—The reference is to the Jews who did
not believe in Jesus as the promised Messiah

Are fain to quaff—drink with pleasure

Muddy and thick—filled with sediment

Draff—waste liquor, refuse of malt

But—only

IN hand the whilst—in part payment to satisfy you for a time

Thou must bear a conscience—you must have some idea of
right and wrong

In present payment—as a full and immediate discharge of his
debts

The surplus—the balance that remains after selling the goods
and paying himself

Disposed of—sold

Could buy—was rich enough to buy

Prying—glancing with inquisitiveness

Cross-bow—a bow laid horizontally across a stout stock or barrel

The bow—was the name given to the arrow it discharged

Guilder—a Flemish coin worth one shilling and eight pence

Page 58

Usages—interest

Wind and limb—its breathing unaffected and its legs unbroken,
not injured in any way.

Over and above—in addition to what I have already said

As good as—as reliable as

Talents, Shekels—Isaac first speaks of Biblical money, and then corrects himself and substitutes the name of the money of the day in which he was really to be paid

Consider thee—reward thee

Telling out—counting down

Acquittance—a full receipt

Told over with much deliberation—counted slowly and thoughtfully.

Saying something—to give him time to make up his mind

Clipt within the ring—The ring is a circular border round the edge of a coin As this ring was not always stamped exactly at the edge, metal could sometimes be clipped off outside the edge without disfiguring the coin

Page 59

Unhappily—unfortunately

Chime—ring, sound

Plump—of the proper thickness

Could not find in his heart—could not induce himself

To part with it—to give it away to Gurth

Absence of mind—forgetfulness

Tale—number, total.

Gone somewhat beyond me—got the better of me, outwitted me

Goliath—the giant whom whom David killed See I. *Samual*,
XVII

Weaver's beam—the beam which supports a weaver's loom

Chaffering—bargaining, doing business.

Apparition—figure

Page 60,

Particulars—details

Enrich thyself with the remainder—retaining the balance twenty for thyself

Thy burden—the money thou hast been carrying

CHAPTER XI

Summary—Gurth on his return to his master is beset by some robbers, who learn from him that he is the squire of the Disinherited Knight. Some discussion results in a fight between one of the gang and Gurth. Gurth is victorious and is allowed to depart in peace.

Page 60

Surrender your charge—deliver what you have got about you

Deliverers—highway men are represented as using the words "Stand and deliver" to their victims. Hence they jokingly call themselves deliverers of the commonwealth, although that term would naturally be applied to those who freed the nation from some evil.

Commonwealth—the state

Ease every man of his burden—take away from men the riches they carry

Lightly—easily

Whose surly honesty, etc.—whose honest nature made him speak in his rough way without any fear of blows

Page 61

So he let blood in two veins at once—he will be bled in the pocket as also in the head, he will lose both blood and money

Mandate—order

Quarter staves—long staves so called because grasped by one hand in the middle and by the other at a quarter of the length from the end

Visors—masks to cover their faces

Rendered their occupation a matter of no question—clearly showed that they were robbers

I warrant thee—I am sure

St Nicholas—is the patron saint of robbers

We worship not St Nicholas, etc—we are not such unmitigated robbers as to render it impossible that, if you treat us fairly, we may refrain from robbing you of your thirty zeichens.

Thy trust—the money that has been entrusted to you

Page 62.

Continued his interrogation—began to put him more questions

Lineage—race, family

Nought—nothing

In lieu thereof—in return for the money

Darest thou trifle with us—dost thou cut jokes with us.

Such improbable lies—such stories as cannot be believed

Bethink thee—remember

Page 63.

An unbribed sheriff's officer—This comparison shows the prevalence of bribery at the time One of the chief functions of sheriff's officers was to arrest and hang robbers like the speaker.

The stream—which flowed from the rock that Moses struck with his rod in the wilderness when the people were suffering from thirst See *Numbers XX*

Relaxed their grasp—held him less tightly

Issue—result

Could he have resolved—if he had made up his mind,

Was altogether unaware of his purpose—was completely taken by surprise

Trusty—honest.

With other men of our sort—with any other robbers

Thou starts to it so readily—you use it so readily

A round knock—a severe blow

Do as much for this fellow—hit this fellow as hard as you have hit me

Page 64.

Scot-free—free from scot or tax

Miller—This was the name of one of the robbers

Toll dish—a miller's vessel by which the toll of corn for grinding is measured

Beware thy toll-dish—take care of your head

Celerity—rapidity.

To half staff distance—to closer quarters

Parry the thrust—avoid the blow

Measured his length—fell flat

Slid his right hand down to the left—so as to hold the weapon with both hands

Yoomanly—like a yeoman or fine fellow

Hide—skin

Met his match—got his equal to contend against, got as good a fighter as himself

Page 65

Night walkers—robbers

That might have less tender consciences than ours—that might not prove so kind-hearted robbers as we are

Upon the amble—walking about

Thou wilt come by, etc—the result will be much more serious than it has been this time

Injunction—command

By which he resolved he would not profit—he made up his mind not to accept the money of Rebecca

To whose profession, etc—who were never known to be so generous

CHAPTER XII.

Summary.—When the second day's tournament began, the knights taking part range themselves under the two leaders, the Disinherited Knight and Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Athelstane had taken the part of Bois Guilbert, so also had Front de-Boeuf. Although the lists rang with applauses of the dexterity of the Disinherited Knight, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered.

The tide was turned, however, by the interference of a certain knight, who so far had taken no part in the fight, though belonging to the party of the Disinherited Knight. *Le Noir Faineant* or the Black Sluggard, as the people called him, rode forward to the assistance of his leader, and rolled *Front de-Bœuf* and *Atholstane* on the ground at the very moment when the *Templar* was unhorsed by the Disinherited Knight. The prize was adjudged to the Disinherited Knight. But when he was led to the Queen of Love and Beauty to receive the prize he sank to the ground in a swoon, and his helmet being opened, he was recognized as *Ivanhoe*. It was found that the head of a lance had inflicted a severe wound in his side.

Page 65

The horizon—the circle bounding the earth and sky

The idlest or the most eager—those who had nothing to do or were most eager to see the games

Page 66

Due formality—the rules of a tournament

Rated—acknowledged, ranked

Second-best—next to *Ivanhoe* in order of merit.

To the surprise—*To* here denotes effect

The injudicious choice—the improper selection

That sort of answer, etc.—the unconvincing kind of answer generally given by persons unwilling to follow the advice of others and determined to act according to their own whim

Strong in justifying it—able to give a satisfactory reason for their conduct

To keep to himself—not to communicate to any person

His apathy of disposition, etc.—though his dispassionate temperament prevented him from taking such steps as would make him appear to advantage in the eyes of lady Rowena

Was by no means insensible to her charms—fully appreciated her beauty and accomplishments

As the object, etc.—as the Queen of Love and Beauty

Page 67

To interfere with his own suit—to show that he was a rival of Athelstone

His powerful succour—the powerful assistance which Athelstane would have been to the side of the Disinherited Knight

Sat well upon—became

Uncovered—doffed their bonnets

Mortal animosity—a deadly feud, a hatred that could be appeased only by the death of one or the other

Inspire—create, produce

Had the worst—had suffered most

Page 68

Ponderous—heavy

A full blow—a blow given with his entire strength

Their aim being thus eluded—their attack being avoided in this manner.

Recovering their horses—pulling up their horses so that there might not be a collision

Pursued their united purpose, etc—began to carry out the object which the three had in their minds, that of unhorsing the Disinherited Knight

To keep at sword's point—to prevent his enemies from reaching him by opposing them with his sword

Upon the wing—while flying

Sweeping blows—blows that beat down all opposition

To all appearance—seemingly, so far as could be seen

Device—heraldic device

Page 69

Le Noir Faineant—the black do-nothing *Faineant* is from French *faire*, do, and *neant*, nothing)

Apathy—indifference

Desdichado—(Spanish) unfortunate

Desdichado to the rescue—He shouted “ Desdichado ” because he belonged to the party of the Disinherited Knight, and “ to the rescue ” because he was hurrying to rescue him.

It was high time—it was time that he should go to the rescue of the Disinherited Knight

Stunned—made senseless

Achieved this double feat—performed their two acts of valour.

To resume the sluggishness of his character—to again become as indifferent and inactive as before.

Cope—fight

This was no longer, etc —this now became an easy thing for the Disinherited Knight to do

Encumbered with the stirrup—his movements hindered by the circumstance that his foot had caught in one of the stirrups

To yield himself—to allow himself vanquished

Mortification—humiliation

Vanquished—defeated

Casting down his warder—Compare *Richard II* Stay, the king hath cast his warder down

Page 70

Determined—decided

The day—the victory

His whole action, etc.—since the end of the fight he had acted more according to the direction of others than according to his own will

Tottered—staggered

His expressions of reluctance—his unwillingness to show his face

Summoning up—mustering

Page 71

The destined reward—the prize fixed upon

Meed—reward

Chaplet—wreath

And upon brows, etc.—and a braver and worthier knight there cannot exist

Lay prostrate—sank down

Consternation—amazement, dismay

Struck mute—rendered silent

His banished son—The fact long suspected by the reader is now distinctly revealed, viz, that the Disinherited Knight was really Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the son of Cedric

Undo—take away

CHAPTER XIII.

Summary—At this time a letter was delivered into the hands of Prince John containing the information that King Richard had been released. Thereupon Waldemar Fitzurse proposes that the games should be hastily concluded and John's party assembled at York. It is announced that the archery contests should take place at once. Eight competitors appear, and among them the insolent yeoman, who had incurred the displeasure of prince John. John's cruel treatment of Locksley, the contest between the latter and Hubert, their wonderful feats of archery, and the victory of Locksley take up the rest of this chapter.

Page 71

Billet—a note or short letter

Narrowly—very carefully

Superscription—the writing on the outside of a note, address

Seal—the impression on the wax with which a letter is secured.

Flox-silk—silk not twisted but loose and soft

Page 72

Three fleurs-de-lis—ornaments in the shape of lilies (Old French, *fleur-de-lis*, lily flower). This ornament is part of the coat of arms of the King of France.

Perused the contents—read what was written in the letter

The devil is unchained—Richard is set at liberty

Take heed to yourself, etc.—this message was actually sent by Philip Augustus of France to Prince John

A false alarm—not actually true.

A forged letter—a letter not really sent by the man whose signature it bears

France—By Metonymy, the king of France

It is France's own hand and seal—it is written by Philip of France's own hand, further, to the silk is attached Philip's wax impression of his seal

To draw our party to a head—to combine our party together into a powerful force

Break short—at once bring to an end

Mummery—masquerade, playing the fool

This present mummery—this sport that is going on

Lack--want

Not yet very far spent--not yet much advanced

A few rounds--a certain limited number of arrows at the target

Adjudged—awarded

Proclamation—announcement

Presently to execute—immediately to carry out

Page 73

For silvan fame—for the archery contest

Wore the royal livery—wearing the service of the Crown

The object of his resentment—the man who had incurred his displeasure

Composed countenance—calmness

Insolent babble--impertinent talk

Long-bow—the ordinary bow as distinguished from the cross-bow

Merry-men--good fellows

Thou darest not adventure thy skill—you were afraid to compete against those good fellows, and put your skill against theirs

Unwittingly—ignorant of the cause

Coloured—blushed

My fair proffer--the reasonable proposal that I make

Noble—a gold coin worth six shilling and eight pence

The Provost of the lists—an officer of inferior rank

From the presence—away from exalted man

Craven—an abject coward

No fair chance—no proper alternative , no suitable opportunity

Obey your pleasure--act agreeably to your orders

Page 74

The inner ring—the smallest circle surrounding the centre of the target

Bitter—stern and cruel,

Try conclusions—enter into competition

Sith— since

Sith it be no better—if it be the case that no better terms of meeting my antagonist are to be permitted me

Try my fortune—have a trial of skill

But fair—only reasonable

Braggart—proud fellow

The bugle—the bugle horn which was the prize for the best archer

A man can do but his best—a man can only do his best, however poor that best may be

Grand sire—here, an ancestor

Drew a good long bow—fought well with the long bow

Hastings—the battle of Hastings was fought in 1066 between the English under king Harold and the Normans under Duke William. Harold was slain and William won the day

I trust not to dishonour his memory—I hope I may be able to shoot so well that I may prove a worthy descendant of a worthy ancestor

You have not allowed for the wind—you did not so aim your arrow as to neutralise the effect that the wind would have upon it
Or—otherwise, if you had made allowance for the wind
To pause upon his aim—to take time in aiming, to make sure of his aim

Page 75

An thou suffer—if you allow
That runagate knave—that contemptible fellow.
Thou are worthy of the gallows—you deserve to be hanged
An your highness, etc—even if your highness were to threaten to get me hanged, I could do no more than my best.
Generation—family, descendants
The foul fiend, etc—may the devil take your ancestor and all his descendants

Mend—improve upon, surpass
I will notch his shaft for him—I undertake to hit the feathered end of Hubert's arrow, and thus at least to draw with my rival
It split to shivers—it broke in pieces
The North Country—the six Northern Counties of England
Let your guards attend me—if you please you may send your guards along with me
Peel—take off the bark

Page 76

Observing—remarking
Was to put shame upon his skill—was to declare that he was no archer
For his own part—so far as himself was concerned,
King Arthur's round table—the British King Arthur was said to have made all his knights sit at a round table, so that none should seem to be in a higher position than the others Many of the old stories about knights were connected with this King Arthur
Headless shaft—an arrow without a head, an arrow that would not go direct to the mark

Give him the bucklers—yield to him (The bucklers were the prize given away to the victor)

The devil—the devil is always supposed to be assisting clever people

Jerkin—short coat.

Miss—fail

Twinkling—this epithet is expressive of the way in which the whiteness of the rod trembled in the eye of the archer and made it harder to hit

Sirrah—(Sir and ha) is a longer form of *Sir* used to express anger or contempt

Crow over us—triumph over us, like a cock who by crowing expresses his exultation at his triumph over his adversary

Frayed—worn by rubbing

Page 77

Jubilee—joyful shout

Take livery and serve with us--don the livery or the uniform worn by those who are members of my body-guard

Person—body

Drawn as brave a bow--shot as well

CHAPTER XIV.

Summary—At the banquet given by John in Ashby Castle many insulting jests are levelled at Cedric. But Cedric holds his own and pays the Norman Knights back in their own coin. In the hope that Cedric will drink the health of Prince John, he invites Cedric to drink the health of some Norman as a sign that all bitter feeling has passed away. But Cedric proposes the health of Richard the Lion-hearted. Some drink the toast and some decline, but no one has the courage to oppose it. Cedric after his victory leaves the banquet hall, saying that he had seen enough of royal banquets and Norman courtesies.

Page 77

His high festival—the banquet given by Prince John

Groaned under—creaked under

Good cheer—meat and drink regarded as a source of joy

An intemperate race—a people who ate or drank to excess

They aimed, etc—they wanted to have as many luxuries on the table as they could possibly obtain

Were apt to attribute, etc—used to say that the Saxon habit of eating and drinking to excess was due to their position as a conquered race

Page 78

Sly gravity—assumed seriousness

Sarcastic observation—cutting remark

Untaught—ill-bred

Unwittingly—ignorantly, unintentionally

Arbitrary rules—conventionalisms

Self-denial—reluctance to achieve glory to himself

Shall hold me a Saxon—shall regard me as a Saxon which would be a great degradation for a Norman

Page 79

Whoever shall call, etc—to call you a Saxon would be to pay you a compliment of which you were altogether unworthy

Got the start—made John speak first of all

His race may claim precedence, etc—the Saxons may claim superiority over us both by reason of the longer line of ancestors they can point to and the longer cloaks they wear

Go before—alluding to literal meaning of the word “precedence” in the foregoing paragraph Malvoisin means that the Saxons have often been pursued by the Normans in the field of battle

Decorum of their manners—the property of their manners Decorum is a mark of good breeding On the ground of their decorum Prior Aymer sarcastically observes that the Saxons deserve precedence over the Normans

Their singular abstemiousness and temperance—De Bracy insinuates that the Saxons were gluttonous and intemperate

Inflamed with passion—red on account of anger

Baited—worried by the attacks of dogs

Page 80

The head and front of the offence—the leader in the insults that had been showered on the Saxons

Nidering—a coward, a poltroon

Too much undervalued his understanding—wrongly considered him to be a fool

Obliterate the sense of the prior insult—make him forget the insults heaped on him

Warmed—excited

Some requital to our courtesy—some polite act in return for our politeness

Sully your mouth—hurt your feelings

Wash down with a goblet of wine, etc—drink his health in wine that will remove any ill-feeling his name may have produced in your heart

Not to omit—to avail himself of

Page 81

Politic—impelled by policy

Insinuation—hint

Brim—edge

Richard the Lion-hearted—This is an example of the figure of speech known as *præter expectatum*, or the disappointment of hope. The hearers are led on to expect a particular termination to a speech and hear something very different from what they expected

Mechanically—from habit

Gainsay a pledge—oppose a toast

Requited the hospitable courtesy—paid Prince John back in his own coin

CHAPTER XV.

Summary—Mention is made of the attempt made by Waldemar Fitzurse to unite and combine the scattered members of John's party. At night when he meets De Bracy disguised, he learns from him of the plan formed by him for capturing Rowena Fitzurse, having failed to persuade De Bracy to give up his intention, advises him to carry it out as quickly as he can, so that he may be able to assist John's cause.

Page 82

Repair—put in order

From personal regard—on account of any love for King John.

Altogether beyond the reach of probability—almost hopeless

This was the apprehension, etc.—they expected the return of Richard

Ought not to alter their political calculations—must not make them give up the plot they had formed

To call to a fearful reckoning—to severely punish

Construed—regarded as

Page 83

The sword of vengeance in his hand—a firm determination to punish

Which was the king—*which* here implies selection

The proposed meeting at York—A purely fanciful idea of Scott's which has no historical foundation

Kirtle—a loose tunic reaching to the knees and gathered round the waist with a belt

Hose—a garment covering the legs and thighs

On the verge of decision—about to be decided

Heartless—cowardly

As it is said—It is said that the name of Richard was used by Saracen mothers to still a crying child, and by Saracen riders to check a startled horse

Page 84

I minding, etc —this is an exclamation of surprise

A hopeful auxiliary—an ally from whom great help might be expected. This is an irony

After—in imitation of

The tribe of Benjamin—the Jews

I comprehend thee not—I do not understand your meaning

Fall upon—attack

Will put this folly from thy imagination—will remove this foolish idea from your mind

Page 85

Untimely—inopportune

CHAPTER XVI.

Summary —In this chapter is given an account of the meeting of the Black Knight and the Friar of Copmanhurst. It was not till the Knight threatened to break down the door of the chapel that it was opened by the Friar. The Friar at first offered a poor fare to the Knight, but after some conversation they spent a jolly evening, eating venison, drinking wine and singing songs

Page 85

Hostelry hotel

Had carefully spared—had not subjected to any exertion

Without the necessity of much repose—without requiring to halt frequently to give his horse some rest

Devious—winding in and out

When evening closed upon him—at nightfall

To determine on a choice—to select a path

To trust to the sagacity of his horse—to leave the selection to the wisdom of his horse

Abandoned to his own guidance—left to carry the rider wherever he pleased

Page 86

Assume—acquire

Of his own accord—voluntarily, without being spurred on

Assume a more lively motion—move forward more quickly

Abandoned himself to his discretion—made up his mind to go wherever the horse might think it proper to take him.

He was justified by the event—the result showed that he had done well to leave the matter to the discretion of the horse

Vicinity—neighbourhood

Offered—presented

Lopped of its branches—with its branches cut off

A rude emblem of the Holy Cross—a rough representation of the cross on which Jesus was crucified

Tickled—issued in a small stream

Which labour had formed, etc.—which had been hollowed out by the hand of man so as to form a rough reservoir to hold water

Entire—not in ruins

Concentric—meeting together in the centre

Glimmering—faintly visible

Good assurance—strong hopes

Unpropitious—unfavourable

Pass on—go along

Page 87

Bewildered—having lost his way

God speed thee—farewell, may you have a prosperous journey

Undo—open

Anchorite—a hermit

One pater, two aves, and a credo—one Lord's Prayer, two invocations of the virgin Mary, and one recitation of the creed

Vow—promise

The road—is first used absolutely, as is natural in the case of an impatient speaker, and is afterwards fitted into a regular construction

The road is easy to hit - it is easy to find the road
Morass—a piece of soft wet ground.

Ford—a shallow place in a river where people may wade across
Thou wilt take care, etc - you should be careful where you
place your feet when climbing up the left bank

Precipitous - steep

Given way broken down

Keep straight forward—continue to walk straight on

Page 88

Told bead—counted the beads of his rosary, said his prayers —
Scarce prevail to night—cannot induce me to continue my
journey this night

The holiest that ever wore beard—To suffer the hair to grow
untended and untrimmed was regarded as a sign of indifference
to the things of this world, and thus as a mark of peculiar sanctity

By the rood--by the cross It is a form of swearing

Be not importunate—do not insist upon the door being opened
The carnal weapon—the fleshly, as opposed to the spiritual
weapon, material weapons as opposed to the “Sword of the Spirit”
which is the word of God

If you puttest me, etc —if you will compel me to use physical
force you will suffer for it

Incensed—being made angry

Staples—bent pieces of iron driven into wood for greater
firmness

Spare thy strength—do not exert your strength

Will be little to thy pleasure—will be harmful to you

Sackcloth—the coarsest kind of cloth usually worn as a penance
by monks and holy persons

Without - outside

Not to mention—without counting

Page 89

To match with—to successfully fight against

Until the times shall mend—until more peaceable times arrive

To do the same—to place another stool.

Were it not holiness—if it be no disturbance to you in the performance of your religious duties, please answer the three questions I shall put you

Can answer the purpose—will give you the required answer

Reaching down a platter bringing a large flat plate

Shrugged his shoulders—This was a sign of dissatisfaction

Platter—a large shallow dish

Provender—dry food for domestic animals, e.g., hay, grain, etc

Forage—food of any kind, specially for horses and cattle

Page 90

Charger—a war horse

Shook down—threw down for the purpose of a bed

Fern—a sort of flowerless plant

A long grace—a lengthy prayer

Which had once been Latin, etc The prayer was once composed in Latin, but, as the hermit did not know that language, his prayer was a strange mixture of Latin and English words

To answer to the confidence of his guest—to show the same confidence as the knight had shown.

Cowl—the hood of a monk

The prime of life—that part of life when the vital energies are strongest

Expressed nothing of monastic austerity—did not show that he lived the severe and self-denying life of a hermit

On the contrary—on the other hand

Bluff—broad and flat

Well-turned—well-shaped

Vermilion—red coloured

As those of a trumpeter—A trumpeter has always to distend his cheeks, on account of which there is an increased circulation of blood in that part

Mastication—the act of chewing the food

Can—a vessel for holding liquids

Betwixt sun and sun—in one day

Page 91

Thin beverage—poor water

Have thriven within you marvellously—have the most beneficial effects upon you, have made you so strong and muscular

The ram at a wrestling match—At village feasts a ram was often offered as a prize for the best wrestler

Linger out your time—waste your energies

Your thoughts are like those of the ignorant laity—like the common ignorant people you think over the matter from a worldly point of view

Our lady and my patron saint—the Virgin Mary and St Dunstan

Pittance—a small allowance of food

Restrain—confinè

To which I restrain myself—which I eat

Upon whose countenance, etc.—who by the blessing of God look so strong and well, although you live only upon pulse and water

To work such a miracle—to give you so plump and fat a face by living on pulse and water

Clerk of Copmanhurst—Friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Hood's gang, is here described

Termed—called

I stand not upon that—I do not insist upon that epithet being added to my name

Smiling—at the knight's humorous parody of his account of himself

Of prudence and of council—as he had shown by concealing his identity

Monastic fare—food such as is eaten by hermits

Likes thee not—does not please thee

I bethink me—I remember,

The very meditations—I had forgotten all about it, being too much engaged in my religious duties

Page 92

I dare be sworn—I will take my oath,

Bounty gift

Wistful—thoughtful; anxious

Comic—ludicrous

Hutch—a chest or box in which things are stored

In making himself acquainted with its contents—in eating some of the pie

Reinforcement—a valuable addition

Stopping short of a sudden suddenly putting a stop to his discourse on the subject

Comply with this Eastern custom—do as the Asiatics do

The wholesomeness of his food—The practice here referred to was a safeguard against poisoning

To ease your unnecessary scruples—to free you from the fears of the unwholesomeness of the fare set before you

I will for once depart from my rule—although I am a hermit I will take meat for your sake

Page 93

His clutches were pasty—he at once seized a portion of the food with his hands

Stoup of wine—a deep and narrow flagon

By way of ally—by way of help to

So rigid an anchorite—such a strict hermit

Crypt—cellar, vault

I am right in my conjecture -- I have guessed correctly
 Having made supper—having brought sufficient wine to drink
 after their food

He seemed part—he thought that it was not any longer necessary to pretend that he did not eat meat or drink wine

Did his host brimmer—drank the health of the knight in a goblet filled to the brim

Cannot but marvel cannot help wondering

Such thews and sinews—bodily strength of such an unusual kind

Trencherman—person with a good appetite

Were I as thou—If I were in thy place

Disport—amusement

King's deer—deer under the protection of the forest laws

Will never be missed—no notice will be taken of its loss

That goes to the use of—that supplies the want of

My liege's game—the deer preserved for the sovereign

An my gown saved me not—if I were not protected by the fact that I was a priest I should be hanged, were I to shoot the king's deer

Page 94

Ever and anon—occasionally

Pattered muttered

Dun—a mixture of brown and black

Hast thou never practised such a pastime - have you never played such a game

Thou couldst hardly have made good, etc —thou couldst not have gained quarters for thyself this night by overcoming me in a trial of strength

Curious—inquisitive

Ere we part—before we separate

Respecting thy valour, etc —having a high opinion of your courage, but a poor opinion of your foresight

If thou wilt take equal arms with me—if you will fight me with a weapon similar to my own

In all friendship and brotherly love—although I shall bear you no enmity, but continue to love you as a brother

Absolution—forgiveness of sins pronounced by a priest.

Such sufficing penance, etc —The hermit means he will punish the knight by severe littings

Pledged him—gave the hermit his promise to fight

Delilah—was the wife of Samson, who cut off his hair with scissors

The scimitar of Goliath—the hermit regards Goliath as a Saracen, and therefore gives him a scimitar or crooked sword such as the Saracens used

Trinkets--ornaments, used ironically for cutting tools

Page 95

Motions--movements

Of a very uncanonical appearance—such as a priest would not care to have

Offensive—impertinent

Are an answer to all my enquiries—tell me all that I care to know

I would more gladly, etc —I would more readily ascertain which of us is the better harpist than fight with you

I hope thou hast given, etc —The clerk hints that the knight's unwillingness to use sword and buckler proclaims him to be slow to fight, and a laggard in war

I do promise thee, etc —I assure you I have grave suspicions of your courage, since you desire to play on the harp rather than to fight with me

I will not put thy manhood, etc —I will not require you to fight against your own wishes

A good lay—a good lyric, such as a love song

A nook of pasty—a corner of a pasty pie, a little pasty.

Till I change, etc —till I die

Fill a flagon—drink some more wine

Nought pitches the voice, etc —nothing gets the keynote of a tune in music so well as wine

Feel the grape at my finger-ends—The clerk does not care to begin to play on the harp till he is so warmed with wine that he feels its effects all through his body even to his finger tips

CHAPTER XVII

Summary —The friar and the knight passed their time in merriment, when they are interrupted by a loud knocking at the door

The prescription of the hermit—the direction of the hermit to take a cup of wine before beginning to harp

Prescription—By a humorous metaphor this medical term expresses the hermit's remark suggesting that the knight should fill himself with wine before he begins to play

To bring the harp to harmony—to tune the harp

Wants one string—has one string missing

Page 96

That shows thee a master of the craft--thy remark shows that thou art well skilled in the minstrel's art (It is a sly jest One does not require to be master of music to see that if the instrument lacks a chord and the remaining ones are if an injured condition, it will be impossible to produce any harmony from it)

All the fault of wine and wassail —The damage to the harp was caused by a drunken player

Allen-a-Dale—He was a harper to the gang of robbers, whose head Robinhood was Sir Walter Scott refers the minstrel in his *Robby*, from which the following is an extract

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning
Come read me my riddle ! come hearken my tale
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale

Drink to thy successful performance—wish you success in your attempt to play on the harp (This remark is made in a bantering spirit)

Took off his cup—drank his wine

Shaking his head—thus expressing his disapprobation of the intemperance of Allan-a-Dale

Sirvente in the language of oc—In former times one of the Provinces of France in the extreme south, lying between the Rhone and the Mediterranean, was that called Languedoc. It was so called because the people of this district used in their dialect the expression *oc* as the equivalent of *oui* (yes) in use in the Northern part of France. *Sirvente* was a satirical lyric. *Lai* was the term employed by the people of Northern France for their lyric poems.

The parings of the devil's hoof—small pieces of horny substance cut from the cloven feet of the devil (The devil is represented with horns and hoofs)

Downright English alone—purely English songs

Essay—try to sing

A voice which had little compass—a voice which was limited in its range, so that it could not take either the high or the low notes of the musical scale

Art had taught him, etc —by cultivation of his powers and by general training the defects of Richard's voice had been partially remedied

CHAPTER XVIII.

Summary --When Ivanhoe fell in a swoon in the lists, Cedric sent his servants to attend to him, but he had been already removed by some grooms, who had placed him in a litter belonging to a lady. Cedric's angry remarks about this circumstance provoked a spirited reply from Rowena, who declined to attend the banquet described in Chapter XIV. The concluding part of the chapter deals with Cedric's hopes of the restoration of Saxon dynasty.

Page 97

To keep an eye upon him—to watch him

Oswald was anticipated in this good office—Ivanhoe had already been removed by some men

Transported--carried

Press--crowd

Intelligence—news

Page 98

In some sort—only to a certain extent, because he had not gone to a stranger, but to Cedric's son

Nature had asserted her rights—his natural feelings as a father got the better of his obstinate resolution to ignore Wilfred The serious hurt his son had received filled him with anxiety which he could not conceal from himself

The dubiety of his fate—the uncertainty which existed as to what had happened to Ivanhoe

Wander his way--go wherever he pleases

Leech—treat medically, to doctor

Glaive—sword

Brown-bill a halberd painted brown

I know no voice save his father's—Rowena meant to say "that would accuse him of being unfit to maintain the honour of his English ancestry"

Unwonted—unusual

The fatal day of Hastings October 14, 1066

Who could defeat their bravest—Here Cedric's secret pride in his son reveals itself

Mean for—regard as

Accounted—treated as

Hardness of heart cruelty

Weal welfare

An oppressed people - the Saxons

An idle and unauthorised attachment—Cedric refers to Rowena's affection for Ivanhoe, which he calls hopeless, because he is not going to sanction their marriage

Page 99.

The banquet See Chapter XIV

As any of the others—as that of Prince John, or that of Athelstane To counterbalance their royal descent, though Cedric was not of royal descent, he had other virtues of great importance

Epithet - title

The Saxon—that is, the Saxon, *par excellence* the representative of the Saxon nation

His ward—i e, Rowena

Unalloyed by—free from

To extinguishing that, etc—to unite the parties of Rowena and Athelstane by arranging a marriage between the two

Relinquish her preference—give up her attachment to Ivanhoe Scion—a descendant

The sole remaining scion of that great monarch—i e, Rowena Observance—respect

A law to his household—one that was blindly to be obeyed

That little circle—his household

Page 100

The opinions boldly—She fearlessly expressed her opinion on all subjects on which she had formed an opinion

Could not free himself, etc—was so accustomed to submit to her opinions that he could not act otherwise

A visionary throne—the throne of England which he dreamt would one day be occupied by Rowena

Rowena considered his plan, etc—Rowena saw that his plan could not be seriously attempted She also felt that even if it were possible for her to gain the crown she did not really wish to have it

Were that favoured knight out of question—even if she did
not prefer Wilfred

Take refuge in a convent—become a nun

CHARTER XIX.

Summary—When Cedric and Athelstane proceeded on their journey, together with Rowena, they overtook Isaac Rebecca and a covered litter. The latter had been deserted by their attendants, but through Rowena's intercession they were allowed to travel with the Saxons, and they all resumed their journey. They were soon afterwards attacked by a number of men dressed as outlaws who made the party prisoners, Wamba alone escaping. Presently Wamba came across Locksley, who, on learning from Wamba what had happened, went to see for himself and discovered to whom the attacking party belonged and where they were going. Taking the faithful servants of Cedric along with him Locksley then went to gather up

Page 100

Horse-litter—a carriage hung on poles and borne by two horses

Yellow cap—which the Jews had to wear to distinguish them from Christians

Wrung—twisted

Affected—overcome

Page 101

Come to himself—recover his senses

Our old friend—whom we have already introduced to the reader

Lying in wait—in ambush—waiting for them

Banditti—robbers

The tables of our law—the Jewish law was written with its own finger on two tables of stone

The days of our captivity—the period when the Jews were carried captive into Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar at 586 B.C.

Dog of a Jew - Here of has the force of apposition
For my mine own shares --so far as I am concerned
Assent to—accept.

Severe—cruel

Her dejected posture—Rowena was sitting by the side of the
litter in a very depressed state of mind.

Page 102.

After—in imitation of

Hem of the garment—the border of the dress

In the great name, etc.—It should be noticed that Rebecca's
conversation is always full of dignity and is often lofty, noble, and
inspiring

Suffer—allow

A merit—a virtuous act

If evil chance him - if he receives any injury

Denying—declining to grant

Double weight—the force of Rebecca's argument was increased
by the solemn manner it was advanced

Extremity—great distress

We cannot as Christians, etc —we should be acting against the
principles of Christianity if we refuse to help them in this great
distress of theirs

Led horses - extra horses to meet any contingency or to carry
baggage

Dinglea narrow valley between steep hills

Page 103

In front, flank, rear—on all sides

Impetuosity—fury and violence

A white dragon—the dragon of St George, the patron saint of
England

Assumed—pretended

Embarrassed—hindered, their movements impeded

Fell an easy prey to—were soon captured by.

Rifle—rob.

Cassocks—long outer cloaks

Closed by—near hand.

Whether they be thy children's coats or no—whether from their dress you can recognize them as members of your gang.

For they are, etc—because their green garments and yours are as like as two peas

Page 104

Charge ye—command you

On peril of your lives—if you do not wish to die

Roconnoitring—examining with the eyes

CHAPTER XX.

Summary—Locksley first reached his rendezvous and, sending his men to gather the rest of his followers, proceeded to the cell of the friar, where the friar and the knight were amusing themselves as described in chapter XVII. Locksley found fault with the friar for entertaining strangers, but when he discovered the Black Knight as the one to whom Ivanhoe's victory had been due, he told him the story of the attack on Cedric's party, and the knight willingly promised to aid in freeing them.

Page 105

Devoutly spoken—spoken with all the fervour of a religious man

Watling street—the great Roman road that started from Dover and passed through London and the middle of England to Chester

The lightest of foot—the one who can travel most swiftly, the best runner

Implicit—fullest

Performing—singing

At the full extent, etc—at the top of their voices, as loudly as they could

Burden—the chorus or refrain

Trowl—pass round

Bowl - cup

Bully boy—jolly fellow, the idea being that of a 'noisy fellow.'

Jolly Jenkin—Jenkin is a name that is comparatively common and is used not merely arbitrarily to rhyme with "drinking," but also in an alliterative manner with "jolly"

I spy a knave in drinking - I can detect a man who basely tries to evade taking his fair share of the liquor

Beads—the rosary

For my cowl because of the cowl I wear, out of regard for my character as a priest I would not that they found us, etc

I would not exercise—for the sake of my reputation as a priest I would not like to be discovered while singing drinking songs

Malignant enough—sufficiently ill-natured

To construe debauchery—to regard the hospitality, which I have shown to a weary traveller for only three hours as a drunken debauch

Base calumniators—they are mean-minded slanderers, who would say so

Had thee chastising of them—could punish them

Whom I would rather, etc—I fear to trust them, and would communicate with them only when armed and in mail

Iron pot—This is the friar's contemptuous description of the knight's helmet In fact the helmets of the period were not much more elegant than iron pots

Whose late contents pate—the wine which these flagons contained makes me feel giddy from having drunk too much

To drown the clatter—to render inaudible the noise of the pewter flagons being removed

I feel somewhat unsteady—I feel so giddy that I may make some noise in removing the flagons

Strike into the tune—join with me in producing the musical notes

It is no matter for the words—sing any words you please

De profundis clamavi—(I called out of the depths) is the beginning of the Latin version of a well-known psalm

With his voice in singing

Devil's matins—burlesque of the morning service, so called because they were supposed to be recited by the devil in hell, unholy songs

Wend on your way—get along

Page 107.

It imports me much to know—it is of great consequence that I should know who he was

None of mine—no friend to me

I told thee of a while since—I mentioned to you a short time ago See Chapter XVI

Beat it from its hinges—burst it open

Boon—gay

A brother of our order—a member of the same religious fraternity as my own

At our orisons—performing religious duties

A monk of the church militant a fighting member of the church, a soldier

Thou must quarter-staff—you must now cease acting the priest and play the part of a stout yeoman

Articles—the rules agreed to among themselves by the outlaws

Our articles—the rules of our land

Page 108

Sir Anthony of Scrabelstone—a name manufactured by the jolly clerk to shelter himself from the displeasure of Robin Hood

Prating—talking without restraint and prudence

Wroth—angry

Ring twelve upon thy pate—the clerk claimed to be so expert in the use of the quarter-staff that he would drum twelve blows on the head of the knight without suffering the latter to get in a single stroke

Did on—put on

What follows if you guess truly—what is to be the consequence if I say that I am the same knight

Hold you—regard you

Page 109

A good Englishman—in full sympathy with the English, of English ancestry

My vow—the vow of the knighthood

In their behalf—on their account

A nameless man—a man unknown to fame

Inviolable—sacred

As if I wore golden spurs—as though I were a knight (when an esquire was made a knight, golden spurs were bound to his heels

CHAPTER XXI

Summary —The Normans, disguised as outlaws, hastily carried away their captives towards the castle in which they were to be imprisoned. De Bracy and the Templar have heated discussion, in which De Bracy declines to leave Rowena in the company of the Templar. When they reached the castle of Torquilstone, Athelstane and Cedric are imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena, and Isaac is dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners

Page 110

Mystery—secret plot

Were taking—were being taken

To act the Knight Deliverer—to play the part of the knight who is to rescue the lady Rowena from the outlaws

Thought better of it—reconsidered my plan and thought it better to change it

Set down—ascibe

In mine own shape—without any disguise

That concerns thee nothing—you have nothing to do with that

Instil into thee—create in thy mind

Stoop to the waiting damsel—bend so low as to make love to the female attendant of Rowena

Page 111

Who shall gainsay me—who is to oppose my pleasure

Thou knowest best thine own privileges—you know better than I whether the laws of your order permit you to make love to a Jewess

I would have sworn, etc —my belief was that you were more enamoured of the money of Isaac than the beauty of his daughter

For nothing—without receiving something substantial

By this foray—for the purpose of robbery or war

Peculiar—exclusive, not possessed by any other

Alight—get down their horses

Without consulting her inclination—not agreeably to her own wishes

The same Rebecca—Rebecca was also carried to a distant apartment

Abide—live

Lair—den

CHAPTER XXII.

Summary.—The dungeon in which Isaac was confined was a dark and dismal place Front-de Boeuf with two slaves visited the Jew in this den for the purpose of extorting from him the ransom of one thousand silver pounds To enforce his demand the Norman ordered his servants to prepare a fire, above which Isaac was to

be placed and scorched Isaac asked permission to send his daughter for the money, which led to the declaration that the Jewess had been handed over to the tender mercies of the Templar Thereupon Isaac withdrew his promise to pay the ransom money. Isaac is about to be stripped and placed above the fire, when the sound of a bugle and voices summoning the Norman puts a stop to his proceedings

Page 112

Dungeon-vault--a subterranean room underneath the donjon and used as a prison

Very damp, etc --the water from the moat percolated through the earth and made the vault very damp

Loop holes--small openings in a wall through which light and air come

Rembrandt--A famous Dutch painter and etcher, who lived from 1606 to 1669 He was celebrated for the skill he showed in representing in his pictures the striking types of human character

Would have afforded Rembrandt--would have been a fit subject for the great artist Rembrandt to paint

Coiled himself--crouched

Satellite--attendant (This term is especially used of the moons that, like attendants, surround planets)

Taken his station--stood

Opened the scene--began the conversation

Accursed--miserable

Page 113

Of the Tower of London--where the mint was and the standard weights

Finding voice danger--whose great danger made him so bold as to speak

Even in the minstrel's tale--even in the exaggerations of poetry

What human sight, etc —is there any man who ever saw such a rich treasure.

Ransack—It is an imperative, having the force of a subjunctive
Ransack my house—if you were to make a thorough search of my house

Tithe—tenth part

Of silver gold—if you cannot afford to give me silver, I shall accept gold.

A mark—a coin valued at thirteen shillings and four pence

Heart—courage

All which I believe—namely, the beliefs of the Jews including those which are not held by the Christians

All which we believe in common—beliefs held by both Jews and Christians, *e g*, the divine origin of the ten commandments.

Perjure not thyself—do not make a false statement upon oath

Let not doom—do not subject yourself to a cruel punishment by your wicked refusal

The gospel—the New Testament

Page 114

The keys which are given, etc —this power to bind and loose (that is to forgive and to condemn) was given by Jesus Christ to Peter See St Matthew XVI, 19

My purpose is deep and peremptory—my purpose is deep-seated and will brook no delay

Exercised—used

Bed of down—a feather-bed

Lest the roast should burn—The application of oil to his limbs was to treble increase his agonies

Option—choice, alternative

Trust not to that—dismiss such a false hope from your mind

Blench—shrink

Discharge thyself of—deliver to me

Those of his religion—Christians
Tell—count out

Page 115

Returned—escaped from
Thy dross—thy worthless wealth
So shall it be—I will act as you will determine
Exorbitant—enormous, excessive
Taking their directions, etc.—learning the baron's wishes more
from his gestures than from his language
Laid hands on—seized
Unhappy—unfortunate
Relenting—softening
His resolution gave way—he yielded
Synagogue—the Jewish temple
Make up—collect
So unheard-of a sum—such a large sum of money
Told down—counted
Part with thee—allow thee to leave this dungeon
Thy ransom is secure—I receive actual payment of the money
for which I am to release thee
Surety—guarantee

Page 116

Pawn-broking slave—a base man who lends money to be repaid
by a certain date on the security of goods left with him in pawn
or pledge

Faith—fidelity, pledged word of honour
More pure tried—gold and silver coins have some dross
or alloy mixed with them, and therefore they are not pure, but the
faith of a Norman knight is pure, because he never allows any base
motive to cause him to break it

Canst not help it—art powerless, hast no other alternative
I have thee at advantage—you are in my power

A share of my evil hath come upon them—they also have been imprisoned

Terms—conditions

Mind thine own concerns—mind your own business

To meddle with—to mind

Leave those of others alone—not to interfere with the business of other people

Thou hast made thy choice—you have made up your mind to accept my terms

And that—and pay down the ransom

At a short day—within a short time

With your safe conduct—with a guard sent by you to assure a safe journey for her

Page 117

I would I had known of this—I wish you had told me before that you wanted me to release your daughter

After the fashion of old—The reference is to such Biblical characters as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon, etc

A wholesome example—an example that it is good to follow

Yell—cry of agony

Unfeeling communication—cruel piece of news

Let go their hold of—released

Spare my daughter—let my daughter go unmolested

Deceased—dead

Rachel—was the wife of Isaac

Six pledges of her love—(A periphrasis for) six children

His sole remaining comfort—the only child left to comfort him

Save—except

Page 118

Your race had loved bags—you Jews loved nothing but money

I cannot help, etc —there is no remedy for the past or the future

More suiting for their mouths than for thine own—thus reminding De Bracy that self-praise is no recommendation.

You are unjust, etc.—Rowena had brought various charges against De Bracy, but not till she charged him with cowardice did she succeed in touching De Bracy to the quick

Yourself free from passion, etc.—because you do not know what love is you are not prepared to excuse others who are afflicted with that madness

To cease a language—to stop using words

Page 121

Meeter—more proper

Humour—temper, frame of mind

To be wooed with bow and bill—to be confronted with weapons of violence and war

Set terms—conventional speech

{ It is meeter, etc.—De Bracy means that as smooth words, to which he had trusted to gain over Rowena, had failed to effect purpose, he would take another method, and force her to become his wife

Courtesy of tongue, etc.—it is hypocritical, inconsistent, and unmeet, that fine words and base deeds should go together, indeed, it is as bad as if a serf were to don the belt of a knight

Gall—to irritate, to annoy

More it were, etc.—it would have been more honourable for you

Bold language justifies bold actions—you say that my language should fit my deed, I therefore tell you boldly that you shall never leave this castle except as my wife

A country grange—a country farm house (It is a contemptuous reference to Cedric's home)

Should that day ever arrive—if I am at all to get married

Whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine—who would not scruple to remove his rival for the barony of Ivanhoe out of his path.

Page 122

In disdain—contemptuously

Steadily for an instant—He did so in order to ascertain whether her ignorance was real or pretended

Compelling herself to a tone of indifference—forcing herself to speak as if the presence or absence of Ivanhoe was a matter of no consequence to her

In what—in what respect

The use of chivalry—the rules observed by knights in their dealing with one another

Smile on my suit—accept my proposal of marriage

The wounded champion—that is, Ivanhoe

Thy love must buy his protection—I will save him only if you promise to love me

Thou thyself art, etc —thou too shalt not be released

In his indifferent bluntness, etc —your purpose is not so wicked as your words would show, or else your power is not so great as you pretend it is

Page 123

Flatter thyself, etc —if you will continue to think so, you will find in the end that your idea is wrong

Bar—barrier, obstruction

That which, etc —riches

Thy determination—the resolution that you form of accepting or rejecting my proposal

Sustained her part—carried on the discussion

In such extremity—overcome by such great sorrow

Without feeling for her—without being moved to pity her

Was not unmoved—felt pity

More embarrassed than touched—more at a loss to know how
to act than moved by pity

Gone too far to recede—gone so far that he could not draw back
What prevented him from being able to draw back was his fear of
being ridiculed as a man of weak position

Acted on—persuaded

Agitated—disturbed

CHAPTER XXIV.

Summary —Shut up in a distant lonely tower, Rebecca learns
from Dame Wilfred what her fate is likely to be When alone a man,
dressed in the guise of an outlaw, visits her Rebecca soon discovers
from his actions and words that he is no robber but a Norman Then
it is that Bois-Guilbert reveals himself and makes a wicked proposal
Rebecca's reply, at first gentle, becomes at last so defiant that the
Templar is about to use force, when he is thwarted by the action of
Rebecca, who leaps to the verge of the parapet outside her window,
threatening to throw herself down if he advances one step nearer.
The Templar then offers her honourable marriage and points out
how unimportant their religious differences are At this time the
sound of the bugle calls him away

Page 124

Awaited her fate—waited in suspense to know what was to be-
come of her

Sequestered turret—lonely tower

Sibyl—a witch-like woman

Beat time to—to sing to the accompaniment of

Spindle—spinning-wheel

Old house-cricket—the old woman is so called because of the
sounds she is making while singing

My bare word—my simple request

Up and away—get up and get away.

Stand not to reason on it—do not linger to discuss the subject
Hast had thy day—in your youth enjoyed the authority and
respect that your beauty could command

Thy son has long been set—your beauty and authority have
past away

To atone for my religion—to receive punishment for the sin of
being a Jewess

Page 125

• From story to story—from floor to floor.

The Mother of God—that is, Mary

Avert the fate that awaits thee—protect thee from thy pre-
sent danger

Trap-door—a door concealing an opening in a roof or a floor and
opening by lifting or sliding it

Page 126

An embattled space—a platform with a parapet pierced at
regular intervals, with embrasures from which archers might fire
down on the enemy

Isolated—separate

Bartisan—a small overhanging structure not connected with the
other parts of the castle

Changed colour—turned pale

To whom they owed their misfortune—who had taken them
captives

To obtain our dismissal from—to get permission to leave

Bright lily of the Vale of Baca—The expression “Vale of Baca”
occurs in Psalm LXXXIV v 6, and is variously translated “the
valley of balsam trees” or “the valley of weeping” It is doubtful
if the words refer to any real valley, but if they do they mean
either the vale of Achor or the vale of Rephaim the latter close to
Jerusalem The appropriateness of the allusion, in view of Re-
becca’s lamentable situation, is obvious

Abraham's promise—"Fear not, Abram I am thy shield"—
Genesis, Chapter XV., 1

This abyss of infamy—the depth of disgrace to which I have fallen

Page 128

Offered to advance—made a movement to go forward.

Gave way to his admiration of her fortitude—Though the Templar was a wicked man, yet he was courageous, and it was natural that he should admire courage in others

May my arms be reversed—a disgraced soldier is punished by having his arms *reversed*, *i. e.*, placed upside down, or hind part before

Word—promise

Page 129

Seemed more than mortal—appeared worthy of a deity

With this space between—I will not come nearer to thee

Never did knight, etc —In these lines Brian de Bois-Guilbert narrates how he loved a woman and was jilted by her *Left her.*

From the court of Castile to that of Byzantium—from Spain to the capital of Turkey, from west to east of Europe

Page 130

Requited—repaid

A Gascon squire—a country gentleman of Gascony, one of the old divisions of South-West France

Since that day, etc —when Guilbert found that he had been jilted by the woman he loved, he renounced home and all family ties and joined the Templars

A serf in all but in name—a Templar is nominally a free man, but really he is a slave to the will of his superiors

My man must know, etc —in my youth I have been denied the comforts of a home, nor can I look forward to spending there my old age, mine is a solitary, loveless, unloved life

The power of vengeance and the prospects of ambition—I became a Templar so that I might punish my enemies and rise to a high position.

An evil recompense—an ill return

Are dearest to humanity—a man loves the most

Revenge is the feast for the gods—even the gods enjoy the pleasure of punishing their enemies

It is a temptation, etc—Here is an allusion to the fall of the bad angels from heaven See *Isaiah*, XIV 12; *Jude*, 6

Before which thrones already tremble—powerful orders of monks, such as the Templars, could influence politics and Statecraft, by throwing the weight of their support upon one side or another in disputes between kings

No mean member—an important member

Baton—staff of office

The Grand Master—the supreme head of the whole Templar Order

Page 131

Our gauntlet gripe—our armed hand, that is, the military power of the Order will be strong enough to depose kings.

Your vainly expected Messiah—*Messiah* is a Hebrew word meaning the Anointed One The term is used to express the deliverer foretold by the prophets, who, as the Jews thought, would gather together the twelve tribes and restore them to their country. Christians believe that Jesus is the promised Messiah The Jews believe that he is yet to come

Dispersed tribes—the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, who were dispersed in different directions, when Palestine was conquered by the Assyrians

I have sought, etc—I have tried to find a woman who may jointly exercise with me the power I shall possess, and I believe you are a suitable woman for the purpose

By urging the difference of our creeds—by bringing forward the argument that we belong to two different faiths

Our secret conclaves—our private consistories (It was commonly believed that at their private consistories the Templars practised rites of a Pagan character and forswore the Christian faith This was one of the charges that led to the dissolution of the Order The Templar here hints that the creeds of Jew and Christian were alike regarded by the Order as foolish fables, only fit for children.)

To the display of thy character—so that you might show me your virtues,

CHAPTER XXV.

Summary —A letter of defiance signed by Wamba, Gurth, *Le Noir Faincant* and Locksley had been received by Front-de-Bœuf It demanded the immediate liberation of all the prisoners, together with their property on pain of instant attack De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert were inclined to regard the whole matter as a joke, but Front-de-Bœuf tells them how serious the situation may be. After consulting they determined to send to York for assistance They replied to the challenge by announcing their intention of executing the prisoners that very day before noon, and request the outlaws to send a priest to perform the last services for the doomed prisoners On receipt of the message, which only the Black Knight was able to read, Wamba determined to play the part of a priest and in disguise to enter the castle

Page 132

It may be magic spells for aught I know—it may mean anything, for I am unable to read it

We have that, etc —Templars possess one thing in common with the priests that they can read

Do you to wit—do you to know, cause you to know, inform you.

To them pertaining—belonging to them

By mastery—by force or violence

Aforesaid—already mentioned

Chattels—all the property of a person except the land he possesses and the building upon it

Failing of which—if you fail to do so

Wherefore may God, etc —This cannot of course be regarded as a sincere expression of a wish for their welfare The meaning is that, if they do not comply, they will be in extreme peril and cannot expect to escape without supernatural aid

Trysting oak—oak used as a place of meeting

Uncommon—strange

Portend—mean, foreshow

Seemed impatient jocularly—appeared to be annoyed that they regarded the unwelcome threat as a joke

Brunt—the shock, the full force

Precious—absurd and ridiculous

By what force, etc —what is the strength of those men who have sent us this ridiculous challenge

Sally forth upon—rush against

Page 133

Too much—more than enough

Couch lance against—fight

This mad business—The capture of Cedric and his party.

To attempt the castle—to attempt to take the castle by force

Machines—instruments for slinging stones such as battering rams

Scaling ladders—ladders with which to scale a wall

Send to thy neighbours, etc —This is said by the Templar in jest

I have it—I have solved the difficulty, I have formed a plan

I would rather, etc.—I would fight with them rather than write them a letter

Tenor—purport

Page 134

Receive no defiance—consider it beneath our position to accept challenge

Touching—referring to

In Christian charity—in kindness prompted by our religion

A man of religion—a priest

Three arrow flights—three hundred yards

Thou must be mistaken—you must have made a mistake in reading this letter

As they are here set down—as they are written in this letter

But a contrivance—only an excuse

Exact a fearful penalty—punish them most severely

How the case stands with the besieged—what is the exact position of those we are besieging

Exercise his pious vocation—perform the sacred duty of a priest

Page 135

This same character—the character we have been speaking of
For the nonce—for this occasion, or purpose

The fool must be still the fool—as I am a fool, I must continue to act foolishly

Put his neck in venture—risk my life by undertaking this hazardous task

Russet—the brown-gray dress of a priest or monk

Motley—the dress of a jester

I wore Russet before Motley—I was destined to become a monk before I became a jester

Both worldly and ghostly comfort—both worldly advice and spiritual consolation

On with the frock—put on the frock

Wears—passes away

Away with thee—start ot once

Pax vobiscum—peace be with you It is a Christian salutation,

Deportment—attitude

Execute his mission—do the task entrusted to him.

—

CHAPTER XXVI.

Summary —Wamba, disguised as a priest, stood before the Norman knights with some degree of fear, but they did not suspect his real character and permitted him to visit the prisoners Wamba entered the apartment in which were Cedric and Athelstane and informed them of the fate that threatened them He then revealed himself and insisted upon Cedric assuming his disguise in order to escape It was in vain that Cedric tried to substitute Athelstane for himself Neither Wamba nor Athelstane would hear of such a proposal Cedric accordingly disguised himself and committing to memory the words "Pax vobiscum" prepared to leave the castle

Page 135

Arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit—in the garb of a priest

Warder—keeper of the gate

A poor brother—an unimportant member

Order of St Francis—was not founded till 1208, so that, Scott has committed a slight anachronism

To do my office to—to confess

Secured—imprisoned.

Page 136

Brought out—uttered

The supposed father—the imaginary priest

Whence art thou—from what place have you come

Their name is legion—they are great many in number (The allusion is to the story of the Demoniac who was possessed by a *legion* of devils See *St. Mark*, V 9)

In plain terms—in simple words

What—partly

What of—if you count

Mustering the wasps so thick there—have the hornets gathered in such large numbers

It is time, etc—we should now at once put an end to the mischievous insects

Aside—to a different side

Trust him not with thy purpose in words—do not send a verbal message through him

Shaveling—priest

Preparing these slaughter-house—preparing the Saxons for death by hearing their confession and granting them absolution

Page 137.

Domestic—servant

Called to answer at a higher tribunal—summoned before God to answer for your sins

Rouse up our heart to this last action—prepare ourselves for death

Holy gear—the business of confessing our sins

In his natural tone—without any affectation

Better look long before you leap in the dark—you must not act rashly without seeing the consequences (The expression also perhaps suggests the leap that a person hanged makes in the air without seeing what is beneath him)

Having taken a fool's advice formerly—The reference is to the advice Wamba had given to turn back

Not be here long—be soon released

Which are all the orders I ever had—which alone are the signs of my priesthood

Page 138

Take the long leap in thy stead—in your place be subjected to sudden death, be hanged in your place

For one thing—if you accept one condition of mine

There were little reason in that—that would indeed be a foolish thing

Good right there is—it is reasonable and proper

The son of Hereward—Scott makes Cedric out to be the son of one Hereward of Rotherwood, an imaginary character, possibly suggested by the historical figure of Hereward the Wake, who so successfully resisted the Conqueror in the Isle of Ely in 1070 1071

So the stately hope of the forest be preserved—so that Athelstane might live upon whom rested all our hopes of the restoration of the Saxon dynasty

Who has Saxon blood in his veins—who is a Saxon

The slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master—Wamba has, though not persuaded by any person, provided for Cedric

The fool shall decide this controversy for ye—although I am a fool, I will decide which of you ought to leave the castle

Shuttlecock—a game in which a cork stuck with feathers is struck by a bat from one player to another

Stool-ball—was a game for women in which the players struck a ball from hand to hand

Kind service cannot stool-ball—a favour offered to one person cannot be transferred to another

My own born master—Wamba was born as a thrall or bondman of Cedric

Without—outside the castle

Page 139

Prospect—hope

When you fill my cloak, etc.—when you take my place, you become the commander of a mighty army

By exchanging a fool for a wise man—by substituting Cedric for Wamba

Like a faithful—fool—Wamba hesitated no doubt whether he should say “servant” or “fool,” and chose the latter word so as to suggest the cynical reflection that such self-devotion as he was going to practise was a species of folly

With a sort of double expression—conveying two different meanings, that of a jester, and that of a person doing a foolish action

Betwixt jest and earnest—Because Wamba felt that there was an element of folly in suffering death for a master so lacking in spirit as he deemed Cedric to be

Thy memory shall be preserved—men will be sure to remember you

While fidelity and affection have honour upon earth—so long as men continue to remember a kind and loyal act

Mincing—a term of contempt for the Norman language which Cedric regards as effeminate

Their mincing Norman—their affected Norman language

The spell lies in two words—your safety lies in the remembrance of two words

Pax vobiscum will answer all queries—whatsoever questions are put to you, you are simply to say “Pax vobiscum”

Ban—curse

As a broomstick to a witch—The reference is to the belief that witches ride on a broomstick

It is irresistible—it can never fail, it is sure to answer every purpose

My religious orders are soon taken—I at once become a priest

The pass-word—the formula which will enable me to pass on

If Cedric's peril can prevent it—if Cedric can save you by putting himself in danger

CHAPTER XXVII.

Summary —Front-de-Bœuf holds a conversation with Athelstane and Wamba, whom he takes for Cedric. Wamba soon reveals himself, and when Front-de-Bœuf learns that the real Cedric has fled in the garb of the monk, he orders the immediate execution of Wamba, but at De Bracy's intercession his life is spared. The negotiations between Athelstane and the Norman as to ransom were then begun, but broke down, because Athelstane insisted upon the liberation of Rowena. At this point, a real monk comes to implore assistance for his master, Prior Aymer, who is a prisoner in the hands of the outlaws. Help is bluntly refused and the Normans hasten to the battlements to prepare for the attack of the outlaws which is imminent.

Page 140

Gothic apartment—a room built after the style of Gothic architecture, i. e., with pointed arches, large windows, and great height.

Gallants of England—This is an ironical and mocking form of address.

St Denis—the patron saint of France, who died about 272.

Doit—a small Dutch coin, about half a pice.

Topsy-turvy—turned upside down.

They say—people say

Biggin—a head covering worn by young babies.

Saint Genevieve—a French saint and abbess (422-512 A. D.).

What we have got here—who is this fellow?

Varlets—a knight's servants or attendants.

Page 141

Pay well for his life—pay a handsome ransom for him.

The rather that, etc—because your mistake is not a serious one, a fool being easily mistaken for a Saxon freeholder.

Your chivalrous excellency will find, etc —you, Sir Knight, will presently find that in this assembly the number of fools is larger than that of Saxon freeholders (Wamba means to say that Front-de-Bœuf having been outwitted by them was a greater fool than himself)

Ushered to the postern—took to the back gate

I will give thee holy orders—I will make you like a priest by having your crown shaved

Tear the scalp from his head—take away from his head the skin with the hair upon it

You deal with me, etc —you are more generous to me than you promised, because you said that you would make a priest of me and now you are going to make me a cardinal (The dress of a cardinal consists among other things of a red hat Wamba refers to this feature of a cardinal's apparel)

In his vocation—as a jester

Take heart of grace—take heart again because of grace or mercy shown to you

Slip collar---run away from my master's service

Page 142

Listening to a fool's jargon—attentively hearing the foolish talk of a jester

Gaping for us—opening its mouth wide to swallow us up

To the battlement then—then let us go to the battlement

When didst thou ever see me, etc —you accuse me of being merry, but you know that I always feel merry when there is a prospect of a fight

Rouse up thy soul, etc —shake off your lethargy and tell us what ransom you will pay to secure your liberty

Wilt moreover assure us, etc —will also give us an assurance that the man who has been besieging the castle will withdraw from here

Deal with the unbelievers as he lists—you may treat the Jew
and his daughter as you please

I was scared out . it—Through fear I gave up such a prize as
Rowena without making one effort to secure her

My affianced bride—the lady who is to become my wife,

Page 143

Confer not their wards—do not bestow the princesses under
their guardianship

Thou hast it—thou hast made a good hit

The Saxon hath hit thee fairly—the Saxon has given thee a
just and very cutting reply

{ Thy glibness of reply—your ready and flippant answer

Perturbation—an excited state of mind

Keeping—protection

Page 144

Men of Bellial—wicked men See *Samuel*, XXX 22 (*Belial* in
the Bible means lawlessness, but is generally regarded as the proper
name of a devil or a heathen god)

A new argument—a fresh reason

Violent hands have been imposed on—the outlaws having
already dealt severely with

At your best discretion—as you consider most proper.

Quell--confound

Unbuckling his purse to relieve a churchman—paying the
ransom of a priest

Couped up—besieged

Mantelets—movable wooden defences for besiegers

Pavisses—large shields that protected the whole body

Page 145

The western side—as the walls were higher on this side, this
is rather an inconsequent sequel to the preceding compliment

Patter thy petitions to heaven—address your prayers for help to God

To give me my revenge—to overthrow him in return

Demonstrations—signs , proofs

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Summary —An account is given of what befell to Ivanhoe after he fell down in the lists At Rebecca's entreaties he was placed in her litter and carried to their temporary dwelling in Ashby Here Rebecca applied some medical remedies to the wounded knight When Ivanhoe recovered consciousness at Ashby, he found himself in a magnificent room, attended by a beautiful woman His feeble inquiries elicited the information that he was in the house of Isaac of York, and the lady was Rebecca Wilfred, as a Catholic, would have preferred some other place of shelter and enquired in how short a time he would be able to don his armour Rebecca answers that a cure will be effected in eight days Then Ivanhoe questions her about Cedric and his party The conversation so excites and exhausts the knight that it becomes necessary to offer him a soothing draught Next morning the party leaves Ashby and proceeds on his way to York Isaac's haste gave offence to his attendants who, as we have already read in Chapter XIX, ran away at the first hint of outlaws What took place next has been described in the same Chapter Thanks to De Bracy, Ivanhoe was carried to a distant apartment of the castle without the knowledge of Front-de-Bœuf, and Ulrica was deputed to take care of her. She, however, transferred her charge to Rowena

Page 145

By all the world—by all his friends and relatives

Importunity—urgent entreaties

Prevailed on her father—induced Isaac

Page 146

Hacquoton—a jacket stuffed with soft material worn between the body and the armour

Save for the advantage of our commerce—except on business

The gentile becometh the jew's brother—the non-Jew and the Jew are one

Edom—was a territory lying to the south-east of Canaan beyond the Dead Sea The inhabitants of Edom (which means the Red Land, so called from the colour of its soil) were enemies of Jews

Answerable for his blood—responsible for his death

Aaron—brother of Moses and the first High Priest of the Jews.

Miriam—was a Jewess skilled in medicine, who was burnt as a witch

As thy mind giveth thee—as you think proper

Proper to her nation—which the Jewish nation alone acquired

Vulnerary remedies medicines suitable for the curing of the wound

Page 147

Retained its virtue—was as efficacious as it had been in the past.

Ensuing—following

Was restored to consciousness of his situation—came to know how ill he was

Oriental costume—Eastern style

The impression was increased—the idea grew upon his mind

Rich habit—a magnificent dress

A swarthy domestic—a black servant

Fair apparition—beautiful figure

To take the measures—to adopt the plans

Page 148

Your handmaiden—your servant

Well becomes him—is proper for him

To render to you such careful tendance—to nurse you so carefully

Would have been altogether satisfied with - would not have been jealous at

Was too good a Catholic—was so devout a Catholic that he could not entertain the thought of union with a Jewess or any unbeliever

Composed and collected—calm and dispassionate

But the gentleness and candour, etc—but Rebecca was so gentle and open-hearted that she did not find fault with Ivanhoe if, like other men of that age, he felt an aversion towards people of the Jewish faith

Great repugnance to this plan—a great aversion to this scheme,
Which he grounded on—the reason of which he explained as
Harbourages—places of shelter

Page 149

Dismiss your physician—not require my services as your medical attendant

I crave your forgiveness—Rebecca begs the pardon of Ivanhoe for having called him a Nazarene

Enable you to bear your corslet—cure you

Conformable to my directions—acting according to my instructions

If it be not a sin to name her here—if it be no sacrilege to mention the name of Mary in the house of a Jew

Come by them as I may—from whatever source I may receive them.

Guerdon - reward

It were sin to doubt it—I should commit a sin if I were to believe that the Jews were not so charitable as the Christians

Leech—physician

Page 150

With judgment—with a perfect taste

Fain know—know with pleasure

Enjoin—command

Agitating reflections—thoughts which disturb the mind.

Apprise you of—acquaint you with

Wring—extort

By fair means or foul—by lawful or dishonest means

Not without a blow struck in its defence—he will not be able to assume the crown until an effort is made to prevent him

As quiet as these disquieted times will permit—as undisturbed as it is possible for a man to be in these days of agitation

Touching—respecting

Page 151

From thine own generosity of spirit—on account of your own liberality

Betray—divulge

My honour is concerned, etc—I am by duty bound to give the money back to your father

Retard thy recovery—stand in the way of your cure

As if I were destined, etc—as though it was fated that every party with whom I came in contact should be unhappy

Is raising his arm to grasp his crown—is about to fight him to seize the throne

My regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex—because I happen to love Rowena, therefore she is just now in deep distress

Slot hounds blood-hounds, dogs that track animals by means of their scent

Be wise and let me go, etc—you will do well to avoid my company, lest you too should be overtaken by some calamity

When their horn was most highly exalted—when their pride was at the highest pitch (Compare “his horn shall be exalted.”)

Compose thyself again to rest—calm your spirit so that you may enjoy sleep

Convinced by the reasoning—satisfied to hear the argument
Symptoms—signs

Page 152

Before his eyes—in his mind

At a great rate—speedily

Made short halts—stopped only occasionally

And shorter repasts—and ate only rarely

Had the start of him—had started before him

Bred—produced

He was deserted, etc—the men whom he had hired to protect
him left him at once.

Noticed—mentioned

Confederates—allies

With whom his name, etc—who, if they came to know that he
was Wilfred, would readily afford him assistance

Frankly avowed—openly declared

Intent upon their own schemes—ready in carrying out their
own objects

Under the name of a wounded comrade—by declaring that he
was one of themselves who had received a wound.

His charge—the object of his care

Properly called—really named

Whose brain was burning, etc—who was longing to punish
Front-de-Bœuf for the injury that she had received

Devolve upon—transfer to

CHAPTER XXIX.

Summary — Rebecca was Wilfred's nurse in the castle of Torquillstone. When the outlaws headed by the Black Knight began the attack on the castle, Ivanhoe's anxiety to follow every stage of the fight caused Rebecca to take up a dangerous position from which she could watch and report all that was going on. She described

the Black Knight as the Knight of the Fetterlock, and in the midst of her description the assault began Rebecca patiently and courageously stood at her post and acquainted the wounded knight with every step of the fight when Front-de-Bœuf was wounded and the barbican was captured At this point there is a lull in the fight, and the chapter ends with a discussion between Rebecca and Wilfred on the subject of glory, in the course of which Rebecca makes an admirable defence of the Jewish race

Page 153

Experienced—felt

Voluntarily—of her own accord

Cold—dull, showing no sign of interest

Recalled her to herself—called her back to a sense of her own position

Calm—dispassionate

Ill suits the word—is not in accordance with the word *dear*,

How will this end—what is to be the result of all this

What is our portion in him—what have we to do with him.
(This is a Biblical phrase expressing entire disconnection)

Letting my thoughts dwell upon him—allowing myself to think of him

Beleagured from without—besieged from outside

Occasioned—produced

Animating their followers—encouraging their attendants

Page 154

Drowned—rendered inaudible.

The Sacred text—the quotation from the Bible.

The quiver rattleth, etc —See Job, XXXIX, 23

Glowing with impatience—growing most impatient.

At his inactivity—because he could take no part in the fight

This brave game is like to go—the fight is to be fought

Nerveless—weak

Instant—near at hand

Muttering of the storm—the indistinct sound of the storm
before it bursts

It will burst anon in all its fury—it will soon rage most
furiously.

Could I but reach—if I could only go to

What passes without—what takes places outside the castle

A mark for the archers—something at which the archers will
aim

Random shaft—an arrow discharged aimlessly

Welcome—received with pleasure

Expose thyself—lay yourself open

Page 155

Following with wonderful promptitude—acting with great rea-
diness according to

With tolerable security to herself—getting some protection
from danger

Witness - see

For the storm—for storming the castle, for taking the castle by
assault

Beyond the precincts of the castle—outside the castle

Outwork--the part of the castle furthest from the main building
and nearest to the outlaws.

Meditated assault--contemplated attack

The besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety—the
Normans felt that it might be taken by the enemy

These appearances she hastily communicated—she soon men-
tioned these circumstances

Ensign—banner

A singular novelty—it is a strange and new thing

Is the most conspicuous—seems to take the leading part.

Assume the direction of—issue commands to

Bear—carry

Page 156

Well I ween—I know thoroughly.

Fetterlock—lock for fastening fetters

Shaklebolt azure—blue padlock

It might now be mine own—the lock and bolt would be appropriate devices for Ivanhoe, as he was a prisoner.

Motto—the word or words emblazoned on the shield

Scarce the device—I can hardly see even the design

Forgive the creatures thou hast made—forgive these men who have been rushing against their fellow-creatures.

Enavant—It is French for “advance”

Beau-seant—Old French words meaning “beautiful” or “well-sitting” It was the name of the black and white standard of the Knights Templars, and was used by them as a war-cry

A la rescousse—to the rescue

Wholly together—(shot their arrows) simultaneously and at the same point or object

Sustained—continual

Garrison—the troops stationed in any fortified place, (here), the defenders of the castle

Armour of proof—armour of superior quality and found almost to be impenetrable

Page 157

Inflicted or sustained—caused or received

Some notable loss—the loss of some leader or prominent fighter

Bedridden—confined to the bed

The game is played out—the fight is fought

Endure—last for a long time

Press not right on—do not advance forward

Avail but little against—do no injury to

Bears himself—behaves

Foul craven—base coward.

Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest—
does he shrink from the fight, when it becomes hot

He blenches not—he does not shrink

Breach—opening

Thrust back—driven backward

Heads—is the leader of

The pass—the passage over the drawbridge

Page 158

The cause of her retiring—was that Rebecca could hardly bear
to see the horrors of the conflict Ivanhoe thought that she was
afraid of being hit by an arrow

Hand to hand—at close quarters

He is down—he is overthrown

Is on foot—has risen

The giant stoops and totters—the gigantic frame of Front de
Boeuf bends and trembles

Won—taken possession of

Swarm—gather

Page 159

Bear—carry

To the rear—behind the ranks

Thine own image—The reference is to what we read in *Genesis*
that God created man in His own image

Yield—surrender

Push their way—advanced

They bear themselves right yeomanly—they are fighting bravely,
like good yeomen

Hear them—hear their sound

Hailed down—falling on him like hail

Thistledown—the light, hair-like filaments that grow on the top
of the thistle

There was but one man, etc.—Ivanhoe is of course referring to
Richard the Lion-hearted

If he be indeed men -if you are really possessed of humane feelings

Spare them that can resist no longer—show mercy to them that are now helpless

Page 160

Tell the fate of the others—explain that the others are drowned

It is still more difficult, etc—the scene of victory makes one much more nervous than that of battle

To faint at bloodshed—to have a fit at the sight of blood

Mastered—won

From interval to interval—occasionally

Heart-of-oak and bars of iron—the gate made of the hard central part of the oak and strengthened with iron bars

Can mark him further—can tell anything more of him

Put forth his strength—fight

Triumph over—overcome

Painted a hero—given the description of a true warrior

Vow—promise, solemnly declare

In such a quarrel as this—for the rescue of men unjustly captured

This impatient yearning after action—this great eagerness to be up and doing

Page 161.

Ere that he healed received—before you may be cured of your own wound

Trained to action of chivalry—accustomed to take part in brave deeds

To remain passive—to take no action

Acting deeds of honour around him—performing heroic acts on all sides of him

The love of battle is the food upon which we live—we knights cannot live unless we fight

What is it save an offering, etc—to win in a battle is only to gratify one's vanity

What remains to you, etc—what real good do you derive by shedding all the blood you do

Gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name—preserves our name and does not allow it to perish.

Hatchment—a funeral escutcheon

Which hangs as a hatchment, etc—Rebecca asks if, for the sake of winning glory, it is worth a man's while to destroy the kinder and gentler side of his human nature, and if, to become the hero of a chivalrous romance, one is wise to give up the joys of a loving, peaceful, and happy home Of course, her answer is in the negative.

Swell the bosom of—gratify the spirit of

Deed of emprise—adventurous deed.

Sanctions his flame—justifies his passion or love for her

Am sprung from a race—belong to a nation.

A second Gideon—a second leader like Gideon (Gideon delivered the Jews from the Midianites See *Judges*, VI VII)

A new Maccabeus—Judas Maccabeus delivered the Jews in the second century before Christ from Antiochus, king of Syria

Ill beseemth—does not become

Page 162

Nature exhausted—natural strength being spent

Sufferance—the bearing of pain

Embraces—takes up

Is it a crime that I should look upon him—is it sinful for me, a Jewish girl, to look on him with thought of love

Evil is it with his daughter, etc—it is bad of me that I think of Ivanhoe and not of my aged father

What know I but that these evils, etc—it is possible that I entertain these wicked thoughts, for God is angry with me

Will tear this folly from my heart—will banish these wicked thought from my heart, though by so doing I may be reduced to utmost misery

Jehovah—the Hebrew name for God. It literally means, “I am what I am ”

Though every fibre bleed—however much anguish it may cause me.

CHAPTER XXX.

Summary —Front de-Bœuf, being fatally wounded, was carried to his chamber. He called for priests, but was answered by the mocking voice of Ulrica who reproached him for his evil life and many crimes. The baron summoned his followers to remove his tormentor, but found no one to answer his call. Still mocking and reviling the helpless man, Ulrica tells him that she has set the castle on fire, and then, locking the door on the wretched Norman, she leaves him to a dreadful fate

Page 162.

Beleagured—besieged

Nether millstone—the lower of the two stones, between which grains or other substances are ground.

Ghostly mummary--the canting and hypocritical farce of giving spiritual consolation

Unshod Carmelites—barefooted Friars, belonging to the Carmelite Order

Old Front-de-Bœuf - the father of the speaker

Unshriven—without hearing my confession and granting absolution

Unhouselled—without receiving the sacrament

Page 163

Prayer by their own voice—praying on their account, instead of engaging the services of a priest

Lives Reginald dares not—is Front-de-Bœuf brought to such
a pass that he admits there is something he is afraid to do

Drew himself together—shrank into himself

Blench from thee—shrink from thy sight

Eternal dungeon—hell.

These horrors that hover round me—the invisible horrors suggested by my guilty conscience

Unearthly—fiendish

His grey-headed father—that is, Henry II, who died at the age of fifty-six

His generous brother—i.e., Richard I

Thou liest in thy throat—you utter a lie

I defy thee—I do not care for you at all

Haunt my couch no more—do not come near my bed

The groans which this castle has echoed—the cries of agony of your victim

Engrained in its floors—sunk deeply into the texture of the wood on the floors of the castle

Page 164.

Shake me make me nervous

Petty malice—words of spite and jealousy

Constrained—forced

It was merit with heaven to deal with as I did—God would be sure to reward me for my having treated the Jew in the way I did

No crevice in my coat of plate—no point in my conduct that is incapable of defence

Parricide—a man who has murdered his father

Gore—blood

The author of evil—Satan

Parted in time and in the course of nature—dying a natural death in the fulness of time

The tortures which anticipate hell—the agonies on earth which are as painful as those of hell

This cup—the cup of remorse

Its bitterness is now sweetened, etc.—I am consoled to see
that you too have been suffering from the agonies of remorse

To exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low—to
triumph over the fall of the man you have helped to destroy

Page 165

Evil angel—It used to be believed that a good angel and an
evil angel were constantly striving throughout his life on earth
for the possession of a man's soul

Dog thee—follow thee like a hound

The very instant of dissolution—the last moment of death

Betrayed us to the Saxons—divulged our secrets to the enemy.

Where tarry ye—where do you stay

With a smile of grisly mockery—with a smile fearful to see.

Doom them dungeon—punish them that do not come at
once by whipping or imprisoning them

Melee—fight

As becomes my name—as is proper for a knight of our family.

When we kindle defence—when we light beacons and bonfires
in honour of our victory.

Page 166

Hold thy belief—you must not entertain such an idea

The doom avoid—the punishment which you cannot avoid with
all the means at your disposal

Markest thou—do you see

Eddies in sable folds—curls and coils in the black wreaths of
smoke

Relinquishes—abandons

Find a tongue ear—call you by that name

Double-locked—fastened with greater security, probably by
fastening a chain that was on the outside of the door

Recreant—cowardly

Do you abandon me—are you going to leave me
Instant annihilation—immediate death

CHAPTER XXXI.

Summary —After the barbican was captured, the attacking party made a floating raft to span the moat, and on this the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, crossed to attempt breaching the castle gate. De Bracy with his own hands had almost sunk the rude float of planks over which the knight and the Saxon had crossed. But he was stopped by the terrible news that the castle was on fire. Hastily he and Bois-Guilbert arranged a plan for escaping to the barbican and defending themselves till terms could be secured. To carry out his part, De Bracy had to open the postern gate at which the Black Knight was hammering. When he did so, he found himself and his men driven back by the furious attack of the Black Knight. De Bracy made a brave resistance, but had to yield himself prisoner, though not till he demanded and had been whispered the name of his conqueror. When Ivanhoe was apprised of the fact that the castle had caught fire and he was asking the maiden to fly, the Templar entered and carried her off by force. The Black Knight being informed of Ivanhoe's presence in the castle at this time rushed into his apartment. When the Templar appeared in the courtyard with Rebecca clasped in his arms, Athelstane, thinking the lady to be Rowena, attacked the Templar, and being unarmoured was struck down and left for dead.

Page 167

Carried—captured

Keep such a strict observation on—so carefully guard

Sally—rush

In despite of the resistance—notwithstanding the opposition

Avails not—is no use

Have that upon my hands am engaged in an affair,
Stand by me—continue to stand firm near me,
Launch—thrust forward,
Abreast—side by side
Shot—the bolts from the cross-bows

Page 168

The counterpoise—the weight which balanced that of the wood
work of the drawbridge.

Saint George—appears to have been a Christian soldier of high
rank, who suffered martyrdom in 303 B. C. He was invoked by
Richard I during the crusades, but he had no special connection
with the Saxons

Mount Joye Saint Denis—It was a French cry referring to the
hill near Paris where St Denis had the joy of martyrdom

All is lost—we are ruined
Fair quarter—reasonable terms for surrender

Page 169

Two men—the Black Knight and Cedric,
Let despair give you courage—you ought to muster your courage
now that there is no hope of safety.

Cope—fight

Measured his length—fell flat

Rescue or no rescue—whether your friends can subsequently
rescue you or not

An unknown conqueror—a victor whose name I do not know.

Work thy pleasure on me—do with me as you please

The Black Knight whispered, etc—the Black Knight must have
said, "I am Richard of England"

Page 170

It imports thee to know—it is necessary that you should know
Present help—immediate assistance

The life of every man, etc—I will put to death every inmate
of this castle

Singed—slightly burnt.

His attendant—i e , Rebecca

Made them sensible danger—told them that a fresh danger
in the shape of fire had menaced them

Presented himself—appeared

To share weal and woe with thee—to be your partner in pros-
perity and adversity

Up—got up , rise

Page 171.

His characteristic calmness—the calmness which was a trait
of his character

Encounter his fate—accept his destiny

Recks—cares

Meets with his—dies

Thou shalt not choose—I will leave thee no choice in the
matter

Foil me—defeat my purpose

Never mortal did so twice—no person was ever able to defeat
my purpose two times

Thundered against—hurled upon

Stain to—a disgrace to

But for thy shouts—except that you raised your voice so high

I had not found thee—I should not have been able to find thee

Pursue yon ravisher—run after the Templar who has been
carrying away the girl by force

Look to—take care of.

In their turn—I will save them in due course

Delivered his burden—entrusted Ivanhoe

Page 172

Saint Edward—Edward the Confessor

But the work of a single moment—a task at once accomplished

Defied—challenged

To blaspheme—to speak in foul terms of
 Trenchant—keen , sharp
 Parry—avert

Thus be it to the maligners of the Temple knights—may all the
 enemies of Templars perish in this manner
 Intercepted him--prevented him from advancing

CHAPTER XXXII.

Summary —When the outlaws were assembled around the
 Trysting tree dividing the spoil among themselves, Rowena appear-
 ed upon the scene, and, after expressing her gratitude to Locksley
 and his men, she, accompanied by Codric, turned to depart The pris-
 oner De Bracy took advantage of her nearness to him to ask her
 forgiveness, which, in a qualified manner, she gives Locksley
 offered the Black Knight a share of the spoil, but he contented him-
 self with the disposal of De Bracy, to whom, with some words of
 warning, he gave his freedom The Black Knight accepted from the
 outlaw chief a rich horn and baldric with instructions what note
 to sound if ever he needed assistance When the distribution of
 the spoils had taken place, the Friar appeared, leading Isaac as his
 prisoner He told a wonderful story of his adventures, and ended
 by claiming the Jew as a convert to Christianity Isaac's protests
 made the Friar angry, and he was about to strike the Jew, when the
 Black Knight interfered This led to some wrangling and exchange
 of blows, in which the Friar had the worst of it The chapter ends
 with the appearance before the outlaw chief of their other
 , prisoner, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx

Page 173.

Computing—counting , calculating
 Their success had placed at their disposal—they had obtained
 by their victory
 Requite—repay

Gallantly perilling yourselves in the cause of the oppressed—
heroically putting yourselves in danger to help the helpless

Te have saved you requites itself—that we have succeeded in
obtaining your release is a sufficient reward for us

The real dishonour lies not in failure but in success—De Bracy
was ashamed of himself, not principally because of his ungallant
behaviour towards Rowena, but on account of his having been
taken captive in the late assault Rowena corrects his conception of
dishonour by a delicate hint that his conduct towards her had been
disgraceful, and that had he succeeded in his evil purpose, he
would have entirely lost any claim to respect

Conquest should soften the heart—you should, now that you
have obtained your release, feel pity for a defeated enemy

Occasioned—caused

An ill-fated passion—my unhappy love for you

Page 174

I forgive you as a Christian—I forgive you from a sense of
Christian duty enjoined upon me by my religion

Bade God speed him—wished him a prosperous journey

To dispose of at my pleasure—to do with him what I please

He is thine already—I at once deliver him to you

Though he had slain—even if he had killed

Ye chance to be hard bested—you happen to be pressed hard
by your enemies

It may well chance—it is likely to happen

Gave breath to the bugle—blew upon the bugle

Caught—learnt

Page 175

Gramercy—many thanks

Rangers—followers of the forest

Beshrew me an—It is a mild form of curse Followed by a
negative, it makes a strong asseveration

Mots—notes on the bugle
Laudable—praiseworthy
Unappropriated—undivided.
Wont—accustomed

When meat was to be blessed or spoil to be parted—when there was food to eat or booty to divide

Tithes—the tenth part of the increase annually arising from the produce of land and the rearing of stock which is given to the clergy for their support

These the tithes of our successful enterprise—these things which are the tenth part of the whole booty

To deal with him in due sort—to properly dispose of him
Godly father—priest

Page 176

Curtal priest—one who was a make-shift priest, one who did not exercise the full functions of a priest in orders or exercised them with grotesque and mutilated rites

Sathanas—Satan, the Devil

Have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas—by teaching thee the Christian faith, have I not delivered you from the clutches of the Devil

Better were—earthly goods

Cellarage—a cellar or storeroom

Crypt—underground chamber

Humming—so strong as to make the head buzz

Take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion—use my tongue for making a convert of him

The seed has been sown in good soil - my preaching has taken good effect (The words are suggested by the Parable of the Sower in the New Testament)

Renounced thine unbelief—embraced the Christian faith

May I so find mercy, etc —you should be kind enough to believe me when I say that I did not understand a word of what the priest said to me the whole night

All thy substance—thy entire wealth

So help me the promise—I swear by the promise that Abraham received from God

I fear me a childless —I am afraid that I have lost my only child in the fire that consumed the castle

Ruth—mercy , pity

Thou must do penance—you must suffer the consequence of breaking such vows

Lustily—vigorously

Transferred the holy Holy Clerk's resentment to himself—made the Friar angry with himself

Saint Thomas of Kent--Thomas a-Becket

Buckle to my gear—prepare for business

Sir lazy lover—lover of laziness , the sluggish Knight , an allusion to the nickname given him on account of his want of energy in the tournament

To meddle with thine own matters—to meddle with thine own affairs

Maugre thine iron case there—in spite of your armour

Bestow a buffet on thee—give you a slap on the face

Cuff—slap , blow

Repay thee with usury—give you a blow more severe

Stand thy blow—receive your blow without flinching

That iron pot—Thus irreverently does the Friar speak of the Black Knight's helmet

Have at thee—I have a stroke at thee

Felled—thrown down

I have given my cheek to the smiter—This expression is taken from Isaiah I 6

Calmly countenance—beautiful appearance

With whom I may do much—over whom I may exercise much influence

Bethink thee how thou mayst deserve him—consider how you may gain my good will so that I may use my influence with him.

On every hand the spoilers arise against me—they all try to extort money from me

Unto the Assyrian—See notes above

Him of Egypt—Pharaoh, king of Egypt, who when the Jews were his slaves compelled them to make bricks without straw and enriched himself at their expense

Advise thee well—consider carefully

To supply his profusion—to meet his extravagance

I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty—I really thank you to be poor when you falsely declare yourself to be so

Gyves—fetters

Kept him—*Him* is redundant

Thou didst never play, etc—your charity to the stranger on that occasion has saved to day a large amount of money

Page 182

And have a good name besides all these—Bend-the Bow and Locksley are my assumed names, in addition to these I have my own proper name, i. e., that of Robin Hood

So help me Heaven—here Isaac is guilty of perjury

For thy good will—to secure your kindness

Honest Diccon, good Diccon—Note the ingratiating manner in which Isaac tries to gain the good will of the outlaw chief

An thou wilt keep silence about the vault—if you will not tell any person anything about the vault,

Dormouse—a sleeping mouse

Never trust me but—believe me that

Intercession—pleading

It is no bargain—I do not accept the terms

Since I must needs meddle in the matter—because it is necessary that I should interfere in this affair

Hold—stop

If your holy scruples, &c —if your conscience allow you to use the writing materials of the Jew, I shall try to find him a pen

The advanced guard of a phalanx of his tribe—the one that was flying in advance of his fellows

Page 183

At great leisure—very slowly

Indited—wrote out

If it be well backed, etc —if moreover you will personally make advantageous offers of money to the Templar

Is of their nought—is one of those men who do nothing except for some consideration

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Summary—Prince John had established himself with a number of his supporters in York. A vague report reached him of the disaster at Torquilstone. While John was discussing the matter with Fitzurse, DeBracy arrived there in a broken and blood-stained armour. He confirmed the story of the fate of Front-de-Bœuf and the fall of the castle of Torquilstone. But to John the worst news of all was that Richard had returned and that he and the Black Knight were one and the same person.

Brave feasting—grand banqueting

Carry through throne—secure his purpose of seizing the crown of England

Tampering all to that pitch of courage, etc.—using various arts and arguments to bring the adherents of John to the point of declaring openly their purpose of fighting for him

More than one main limb—several important members

Confused report—vague rumour.

Taken—captured

Treated this deed of violence as a good Jest—relished the crime very much

It interfered with and impeded his own plans—it was opposed to his own scheme and tended to frustrate it

Page 184

Perpetrators—offenders

Which might have become King Alfred—which was worthy of a virtuous and impartial king like Alfred the Great

The unprincipled marauders—they seem to me to be robbers without any principles

Coolly—deliberately

Endure the transgressions—tolerate the crimes.

Your laudable zeal—(Here) your sudden and unusual anxiety

Infringing—breaking

At this pinch—when I am reduced to such an extremity.

Whom have we here—who has approached us

In strange guise—in broken and blood-stained armour.

Charge thee—command you

You will never see more because he has perished in the flames

Cold news—disagreeable piece of information There is a play on the word *cold*

Page 185

Thou ravest—you talk like a mad man

To these his person is *unknown*—they do not know that he is 'hard.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Summary—When Isaac left the outlaws he set out for Temp-
lestowe with the Prior's letter Not being able to reach the place
the same day, he had to pass the night with a Jewish friend, Nathan

Ben Israel In the morning before setting out he told his countryman where he was going Nathan tried to prevent him from going there by saying that the Grand Master of the Templars, Lucas de Beaumanoir, was there But Isaac went all the same The Grand Master, old but formidable, dressed in his official robes, is walking in the preceptory garden with a companion, Conrade, a preceptor They were discussing the affairs of the Order, when the presence of a Jew, seeking an interview with Bois-Guilbert, is announced to him, and the Jew is ordered into his presence The letter of the Prior is opened and read by the Grand Master, whose horror at its contents is extreme He makes certain enquiries about Rebecca from Isaac and then unceremoniously dismisses him

Page 185

For the purpose of negotiating his daughter's redemption—with the object of settling terms with Bois-Guilbert for the release of Rebecca

Press on with such speed—walk so quickly

His strength failed him totally—he could not walk any more

Racking—most severe

Page 186

Rabbi—a Jewish master

Eminent in—well-skilled

The law prescribed—the Mosaic law directed

Betaking himself to repose—taking rest

In most repute—well-known

Brought upon—produced in

It might cost him his life—he might die

More than life and death—the safety and honour of his daughter which were dearer to him than life itself

His mind somewhat alienated and disturbed—he seems to be rather deranged

Wottest thou—do you know

A brother - a member.

Of which however fire - although he was an old man, his eyes seemed to be burning with enthusiasm

Page 187

An ascetic bigot—one obstinately devoted to his own religious view and an austere observer of its rules.

The spiritual pride, etc —the proud and haughty expression of his face showed that he felt an inner satisfaction at the perfect discharge of his religious duties

Presumed to tell his errand—made bold to communicate his message

Seemly -becoming.

To give me knowledge of it -to tell me about it

Page 188

Report speaks him brave and valiant—people say that he is brave and courageous

Impugn our authority—speak ill of us

Peace, unbeliever—keep quiet, you wicked Jew.

Uncertainty—suspense

His mortal apprehension—the great fear to which he was subject

Condescended bent low, deigned

Page 189

Your reverend valour—This expression is used in reference to the fact that the Templars were both knights and priests

These were evil times—it was a wicked age

Save with the sword—except to kill them

Undo -break.

Goodly stuff—excellent material

Attend to the purport of it—hear the contents

touching our present condition—as regards the state in which at present

Whose black eyes bewitched thee—of whose beauty you have been enamoured

Page 190

Careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes—does not appreciate beauty in the least

To diminish your mirth—to put a stop to your jollity

Amend your misdoings—reform your character.

With more confidence—being inspired with greater courage

Sigils—signatures ; seals

Periaptis—magical charms or amulets

Page 191

False—treacherous

The abomination of whose enchantment, etc —about whose wicked charms we have heard almost throughout Europe

If I do not as much to her pupil—if I do not burn her as a witch

To throw spell and incantation, etc —to subject the Templars to her charms

Spurn—kick out

With his daughter we will deal—we will dispose of her daughter

Our own high office warrant—our position as Grand Master require us

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Summary —The Grand Master summons Albert Malvoisin, preceptor of Templestowe, to explain why he admitted a Jewish sorceress into an establishment of the Templars Malvoisin denies that he knew she was a sorceress, his defence being that he had hoped by his act to prevent what was only a friendship from growing into unholy love The Grand Master accepts the explanation as satisfactory, but sends him away to prepare the hall for the trial of Rebecca Rebecca then attends to answer her charge.

Page 191

In the language of the order—as the Templars called him.
In close league with—an accomplice of.
Dedicated—consecrated
A brother of religion—a religious brother, a Templar
Connivance—intentional blindness to a fault implying consent
Overwhelmed—covered.
Read—gathered
Avert the impending storm—turn away the wrath of the Grand
Master

Why are you mute—why do you not speak
Is it permitted to me to reply—do you grant me liberty to
reply

Page 192

In a tone of the deepest humility—with the greatest submission
Only meant to gain, etc —merely hoped to get some time so
that he might frame a suitable reply
How comes it—how does it happen.
To the stain and pollution thereof—so that this holy establish-
ment has been rendered unholy by your act (The force here of to
is that of effect)
Good angels guard us—may ministers of grace protect us from
evil

I have said it—I have already declared that she is a sorceress
Shame to be thought or spoken—the very idea or mention of
the circumstance is shameful
Your wisdom—he is trying to conciliate the Grand Master by
complimenting him on his wisdom
Rolled away—removed
So fondly besotted on—so foolishly enamoured of
Merely to place a bar, etc —so that there might be put a stop to
the increasing friendliness which might have grown into an immoral
love

Erring thought—wrong idea

Could not but ascribe, etc —naturally thought that it was due to some madness

Quean—a contemptuous term for a worthless woman

Account for—give reason of

His enamoured folly—his foolish love

Page 193.

Rather the support of the staff than the strokes of the rod—our help in preference to our chastisement

Turn him from his folly—reform him

Die the death—This phrase generally expresses death solemnly inflicted by judicial sentence (The expression is taken from the Bible)

Taken another direction—been directed against Rebecca

Carrying it too far—was about to do something not sanctioned by the laws of England

The witch shall be taken, etc —Rebecca shall be burnt as a witch, and thus the land purified from the sin of having given her shelter

It is not for thee to question but to obey—you must not put us questions, your simple duty being to do as we direct

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Summary —The chapter begins with a description of the hall in which the trial is to take place The Grand Master in an address to the assembly states the case from his point of view Several witnesses were called upon to prove the risk to which Bois-Guilbert had exposed himself in endeavouring to save Rebecca from the burning castle The preceptor's evidence suggested that Bois-Guilbert was suffering from some temporary alienation of mind When Bois-Guilbert was asked to speak what he had to say on the subject, he kept quiet, and his silence was attributed to a dumb devil Higg, the son of Snell, described how Rebecca had cured

him of a palsy and produced the box in which there was still some of the medicine, which she had given him. Two quacks examined the medicine and declared it to be some eastern drug the use of which was dangerous. When Rebecca is commanded to unveil herself, she protests with much dignity but is compelled to comply. Other witnesses told incredible stories, but the general effect was the establishment of Rebecca's guilt. When the Jewess was asked if she had anything to say, she appealed to Bois Guilbert, whose only reply was, "The Scroll—the scroll!" Every one believed that the Templar was referring to some magical spell that held him dumb, but Rebecca understood that he was referring to a piece of paper that had been slipped into her hand as she was entering the hall of trial. Rebecca read the scroll without being observed and then acting on the advice it gave, she demanded a trial by combat, which was granted.

Page 194

The mystic staff—the avacus or staff of office

Venite exultemus Domino—come, let us exult in the Lord.
(These are the words with which Psalm XCV begins.)

Such he deemed it—This clause is introduced because the writer does not agree with the opinion of the Grand Master.

Page 195

His tormentor—the devil

These cabalistic lines—these magical signs

My brethren and my children—as members of the Temple Order they were all brethren. In relation to the head of the Order they were his spiritual children.

Sortileges—magical practices

A secular Knight—a Knight who had not bound himself by the monastic rules of the Order.

Not of a churl, etc.—This is a good instance of the figure of speech, called *Climax*.

Page 196

Were he the right hand and the right eye thereof—even if he
were the most important member of the Order

Obtained dominion over—taken possession of

Too lightly—with an evil design

Backsliding—the act of abandoning or neglecting one's faith
or duty

The full edge of our indignation—the entire force of our anger
(Indignation has here been likened to a sword)

The accursed instrument—i e, Rebecca

The sum and bearing thereof—the total effect of the evidence,
and the conclusion to which it points

Exposed himself—laid himself bare

Surmounted—overcame

Became portentous in their narrative—became enormous as
they were described by the witnesses

Page 197

Laboured under some temporary alienation of mind—suffered
on the occasion from a state of partial madness

My motives were not evil—I acted in good faith

License of speech—permission to speak

Dumb devil—a devil producing dumbness (For this causative
use of the adjective compare Milton's "Forgetful lake" and
"Oblivious pool")

Avoid thee, Sathanas—begone, Devil A command to the
dumb devil to depart from Bois-Guilbert

Page 198

Made an effort to suppress—with difficulty put down

Though that—though the fact that

Cometh of the Enemy—is prompted by the devil (For the
language compare *Matthew*, V 37)

Exalt our own worship—elevate our own dignity

Joiner—carpenter

Meant harm by me—wanted to injure me
Ill-hap--misfortune.

I said the Pater and the Creed—if Rebecca's medicine were
some unholy charm to cause him to fall under the power of Satan,
the saying of these prayers would have deprived it of its power

It never operated a whit less kindly—it was fully effective.

Page 199

Peace and begone—hold your tongue and leave this hall.

Tampering and trinketing—interfering with

To be giving your labour to the sons of mischief—to accept
work from Jews who deal with the devil

Unguent—ointment

Stood apothecary—been the apothecary, who had supplied the
box of ointment to the bed-ridden man through Rebecca

The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered—see *Revela-*
tions, V 5 By an over-sight Scott has made the box have an in-
scription from the New Testament

Convert Scripture into blasphemy—change sacred words into
foul words

Leech—physician

Mingling poison with our necessary food—for Rebecca to use
these words from the Scriptures, was in the eyes of the Grand
Master, an unholy use of the name of God It was like poisoning
food to give to a sacred text an unholy interpretation

Savoured of—smelt like

Camphire—camphor

Her doom—her fate

Page 200

Unveil herself—show her face by removing her veil

Not the wont of—unusual with

Ye have no daughters—because they were monks bound by vows
of celibacy

Grooms—attendants

Elders—men of authority, rulers

An ill-fated maiden—an unfortunate girl

Ye are elders, etc —like the elders or rulers of the Jews they were men of age, experience, and wisdom, fatherly men, with passion spent, therefore she would trust herself to them

In which bashfulness contended with dignity— in which there was a mixture of modesty and self possession

Have had a share—have been instrumental

Save thyself—be away from danger

Page 201

The bleeding was stanchèd—the blood ceased to flow

Was founded upon the fact—was due to the circumstance

It completely confirmed the tale—people fully believed the story

Not to be behind his companion—so that he might also be able to tell a most marvellous tale

Suffrages—votes, opinions

Page 202

Hold it mean—regard it unworthy of myself

Acknowledged Founder of both our faiths—Jehova, God

Were also unavailing—would similarly serve no purpose

Vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor—defend myself by attacking my enemy, (1 c, Bois-Guilbert)

Which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim—Bois-Guilbert had been playing the part of a tyrant towards Rebecca; yet all the evidence produced seemed to make him out to have been the victim of her sorcery and arts, and her a tyrant over him! To all these charges against her he had listened in silence, although he knew them to be false

As your pleasure may denounce against me—to which you may sentence me

Listen to the suit, etc —accept the vile proposal of that wicked man

He is of your own faith— A bitter remark Rebecca was convinced that the word of a Jewess could never be accepted as true in preference to that of a Christian, however wicked he might be

His lightest affirmance, etc —his mere word would carry far greater weight than the very oaths of a Jewess

Monstrous and columnious—unnatural and slanderous

I conjure thee, etc —Rebecca adjures Bois Guilbert by all he holds dearest, his profession as a Templar, his family name, his Knight-hood, his parental ties, to answer if the charges against him are true (*Figure Climax*)

Page 203.

The Scroll—read the piece of paper that was slipped into your hand, when you were entering this hall

The fatal scroll—the piece of paper which (the Grand Master thought) had destroyed the judgment of Bois-Guilbert

Put another interpretation on—drew another meaning from

Unobserved—without being noticed by any one

Trial by combat—wager of battle (When the evidence in a Civil or Criminal case was insufficient to lead to a clear verdict, ancient English law permitted the defender to challenge the accuser to a trial by combat, in which the two principals fought against each other to the death The principle was that God would defend the right)

Lay lance in rest—level his lance against an adversary, fight

Page 204

s enough, etc —it is immaterial whether I can raise a champion or not, you have only to decide whether or not you will grant the favour

Gage—token of challenge

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Summary —Rebecca's words and attitude produced such a favourable impression on the Grand Master that he addressed her kindly, advising her to abandon her wicked ways and to embrace Christianity. Rebecca meekly declines and insists upon her right to the trial by combat. The Grand Master then grants her demand, appointing Bois-Guilbert to act as champion on behalf of the Temple, and fixing the third day from that day for the trial by combat. The proceedings are then entered in the registers of the Temple. Rebecca received permission to communicate with her friends outside for the purpose of raising a champion and as none was willing to carry her message to her father except Higg the son of Snell, a letter was sent through him. Fortunately Higg found Isaac almost at the gate of the preceptory. Isaac was filled with grief to read the contents, but when he partly recovered he set out in quest of Wilfred of Ivanhoe whom Rebecca had mentioned as a likely champion.

Page 204

Arise from any practice, etc —is due to thy magical power

A vessel of perdition—one destined to experience the extremity of God's wrath

This holy emblem—the cross

Embrace this holy emblem—become a Christian

Here and hereafter—in this world and the next

Some sisterhood—some community of nuns

Of the strictest order—of an order where religious life is followed most strictly

That repentance not to be repented of—the repentance which brings no regret but will be a permanent source of satisfaction (The expression comes from 2 *Corinthians*, VII 10)

This do and live—See *Luke* X 25-28

In cloud and fire—See the 19th chapter of *Exodus*

Page 205

Cast my innocence into the scale, etc —the cause of the innocent, though weak, is stronger than that of the strong, but wicked

Defamed—accused

How the truth stands in this matter—who is really to blame in this affair

The good cause shall triumph—truth is sure to prevail

Page 206

Wagering—risking

An approved soldier—a soldier who has given proofs of his valour

Divers weighty causes—various important reasons

To whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole age—whose power to save is not limited by time, who can save in an instant as well as in an age (She refers to the timelessness of God, the Eternal One)

Who can array himself like an angel of light—i.e., the devil
The Grand Master means that Rebecca in spite of her beauty and pious words may be a follower of the devil

According to doom—agreeably to the sentence passed

Page 207

Engrossed—put down in large and legible letters

Attainted—accused

To avouch her case—to maintain her innocence

Devoir—duty

In all knightly sort—in a knightly manner

With such arms, etc —with the use of such weapons as are permitted to be used in a trial by combat

Puissant—powerful

Page 208

Happy were my limbs, etc —I should have been much pleased if by speedily carrying your message I could have undone the wrong which I have done you by giving evidence against you

If it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me—if it is God who thus encourages me to hope

Capul—horse.

Fortuned—happily took place

Desiring some speech of me—wishing to speak to me

The object of his anxious solicitude—the, Isaac

Page 209

Benoni—son of my sorrow

Well shouldst thou be called, etc — Benoni, meaning son of my sorrow, was the name given by Rachel to one of her sons Isaac says that it would have been the most appropriate name of Rebecca, and not *Rebecca*, which means a *loosed cord that binds lambs or kids*

Bring down—make me die a miserable death in my old age

Curse God and die—as Job was recommanded to do by his wife
(See *Job*, II 9)

Father in Israel—The Rabbi was surprised that a man of Isaac's age should so far forget himself

It is as—she liveth as

Daniel called Beltheshazzar—such was the name given by the prince of eunuchs in the palace of Babylon to Daniel

Daniel—means "God is my Judge," and *Beltheshazzar* means "the prince whom Bel favours"

It is as Daniel—her life is in danger

A crown of green palm—a great consolation

Gourd of Jonah—Jonah was a Jewish prophet, who preached to the people of Nineveh "And the Lord God prepared a gourd, made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered."

In their native language—in Hebrew

Even—that is

Hath favour among—is loved and respected by

Page 210

She is charged withal--of which she is accused

Are constant in the land—are heard from every mouth

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Summary —This Chapter contains an account of the talk that Bois Guilbert had in her room on the evening of the day of trial. He assured her that she had no cause for fear and denies that he is to blame for her present situation, attributing all her troubles to the interference of the Grand Master. Rebecca's reproaches and arguments do not turn the Templar from his purpose which is that he should marry her and then take her to Palestine, and there carve out a career for himself. His proposals are rejected with scorn, when the Templar, regretting her decision and begging her pardon, leaves her apartment.

Page 210.

If it could be called such—The writer implies that it was a mockery of a trial

I am friend or foe, etc —whether I am your friend or foe depends on the result of the present interview

If I must so qualify my speech—to speak strictly

Seemed to belie, etc showed that she was afraid of him

Page 211.

My former frantic attempts you have not now to dread—I am no longer going to use violence towards you, as I formerly did blinded by my mad passion

Within your call are guards—there are guards stationed very near you, who will hear you if you will call them

Were my frenzy to urge me so far—if I were to do so goaded by my blind passion

Death is the least, etc --of all the evils that I may suffer in this place, the one that has no terror for me is that of death

Avails but little—is of no consequence

Such as misery chooses and despair welcomes—such as a person reduced to misery and driven to desperation accepts as most agreeable

Protracted—awfully slow

Diabolical bigotry—fiendish fanaticism

What the diabolical bigotry, etc —*i e* , sorcery

To whom do I owe this—who has reduced me to this pass

Strives to exaggerate, etc —tries to inspire me with an intense fear of the punishment to which I am to be subjected

Bucklered—protected

Freely—readily

Burden me with the charge of distresses—accuse me of having placed you in dangers

Page 212,

Yon dotard—the weak-minded man, Beaumanoir

Some flashes of frantic valour—some victories won by him as a knight, when under the influence of mad enthusiasm

Concurred in my condemnation—agreed to the sentence passed on me

To assert my guilt —to maintain that I am a sorceress

Thy patience—bear me patiently

Submit to the time—patiently suffer the hardships which a particular time may bring on

To trim their bark—to arrange their ship for sailing, to manage their affairs (As a sailing vessel has to depend on the direction of the wind to proceed on his way, however much the sailors who guide it wish matters otherwise, the Jews were compelled by force of circumstances to act with policy and to hide their real feelings, and to submit to many disadvantages because they could not help

themselves The Templar reminds Rebecca of this when she upbraids him for having sat in judgment upon her, and acquiesced in her punishment as a sorceress, although he ridiculed the belief in witchcraft)

Stoop to soothe the prejudices of others—bend so low as to approve of the erroneous opinions of other men

And that against your own conviction—and you do so although you know that such opinions are wrong

To bandy reproaches with you—to exchange mutual reproaches
Yields not to created man—does not bend before any man

A brief respite from instant death—the scroll allowed me only a short time so that I might prepare myself for death

Page 213

Fanatical dotard—a weak minded man who is carried away by the excess of his religious zeal

To cast them out of the saddle—to unhorse them

Thus should thy innocence have been avouched—I should have asserted in this manner that you were innocent

Idle boasting—useless bragging

Assume the air of—pretend to be

My stipulations—my conditions of the bargain

Doting penitent—a weak-minded, sinner, who repents having committed some sin

His ghostly father—his priest

The tricky confessional—the confessional is the place where the priest hears confession The Templar calls it tricky because he regards it as a device by which the priests get money

The breath of my nostrils—Compare *Psalms XVIII*, 15

That authority, etc —the office of Grand Master

Page 214

Thou hast made thy choice, etc —you have now two alternatives, that of destroying my life, and that of destroying your reputation

Thy choice is made—you have made up your mind as to what you will do

Mark—note it carefully

It is thine to make the election—it is for you to choose whether you will live or die

Must maintain my name in arms—am bound to maintain my reputation as an able soldier

Championed or unchampioned—whether a champion appears or does not appear

Coped with me in arms on equal issue—successfully fought with me

Turn the tapestry—let me see the other side of the matter (The point of the observation is that just as a piece of tapestry has two sides, so Bois-Guilbert's proposals had two aspects—the one alluring, the other repellant)

Renounce—give up

Forego—abandon

I receive thee for my lover—you love me

Allow of—tolerate

Queen Mother—Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry II and mother of Richard and John

Regent—William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was appointed Regent by Richard during his absence in Palestine

Page 215

Without sacrifice on your part—without suffering any personal loss

Pretext—excuse

Requital—return, reward

With these I deal not—I have nothing to do with the English court

Bethink thee were I a fiend, etc—the Templar means that it would be better for her to choose *life* with him, even though he

were a fiend, than *to die*, which he regarded as a fate worse than life, however wretched

It is death who is my rival—you must choose between me and death

Change thy magnanimity into base barter—to save her without seeking a reward for doing so would be the action of a great man and worthy knight, but to seek a return for preserving her life would be the act of a huckster

Impose on me—try to play me false

Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat—was a historical character. In the Crusades he opposed Richard. In 1192 he was made king of Jerusalem, but was immediately after slain by two of the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain

Doting scruples which fetter out free born reason—such prejudices as oppose marriage with a Jewess, against which reason, when unfettered by custom, can advance no argument

With Saladin will we league ourselves—Both Conrade and Saladin were dead at this time

Mount Carmel—a mountain near the coast of Palestine, famous for Elijah's sacrifice

I will exchange, etc.—if I cannot become the Grand Master, I shall become a king

A dream—an illusion, a hope that can never be realised

Were it a waking reality—even if it could be fully realised

Affects me not—does not concern me in any way

Put not a price on my deliverance—do not demand any favour in return for the service that you propose to render me by saving my life

Page 216

Ambition shall remain mine—I shall devote myself to my ambitious projects

Will not be fooled on all hands—will not allow all my schemes to be frustrated

Stoop my crest to Richard—do you expect me to kneel before Richard as suppliant

Never will I place, etc —by humbling myself before Richard I will not humble the Order

Betray—act treacherously towards

Thou hast in me found thy match—I am as proud as thou art.

With my spear in rest—with my spear levelled, ready to fight

Not a relic, etc —thou shalt be altogether reduced to ashes

From which—should be *of which*

It is not in woman to sustain this prospect—no woman can calmly submit to such a destiny

My courage shall mount higher than thine—I shall prove to be more spirited than you are

The daughter of Jacob—the Jewess

Page 217

We part then thus—are we then to separate without coming to some understanding

Ingots—a mass of gold or silver cast in a mould, but uncoined

Spoken the Jew—well painted the picture of a Jew

Which is ever in thy mouth—of which you always brag so much

There is a spell on me—I am really under the influence of some magic

Yon besotted skeleton—that is, Beaumanoir

Hath something in it more than is natural—is due to some unnatural influence

Some irresistible fatality—a fate over which we have no control.

Page 218

Assailed thy resolution in vain—uselessly tried to change your mind

Admantine decrees of fate—the decrees of fate so hard that nothing can change their character and destiny.

Throw on fate, etc. —and fault with fate when they are themselves to blame for their evil desires

It is the garden of the sluggard, etc.—your mind is like the garden of a lazy man who allows weeds to grow where beautiful flowers might flourish (Here is a reference to the doctrine of fatalism As nothing that a man can do can modify the course of events, and as these events will happen do what he will, the value of effort as a discipline to character is discounted, and sluggishness is encouraged.)

CHAPTER XL.

Summary—After leaving the outlaws, the Black Knight proceeded to the priory of Saint Botolph, where Ivanhoe had been carried, and the next morning, attended by Wamba he resumed his journey The Black Knight and the Jester had now reached the recesses of the forest, when six or seven men attacked the Knight A desperate fight ensued, which ended in favour of the Black Knight through the arrival of some out-laws, whom Wamba's timely blast upon his bugle had brought to their assistance The leader of the attack, a knight in blue armour, had been thrown on the ground by Wamba's action in hamstringing his horse To Richard's surprise, he discovered this person to be Fitzurse, whose life he spared on condition that he left England within three days and that he kept silence with regard to John's part in this attempt on his brother's life The out-laws, when they come to know from the Black Knight that he is Richard, proffer their homage and are pardoned for past offences It is now we learn that Locksley, the chief of the outlaws, is the famous Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest

Page 218

Saint Botolph—was an English monk, who in 654 built a religious house in Lincolnshire, near the place now called Boston

Succeeding—next
Set forth—start.

Page 219

Since it is your pleasure so to be distinguished—because you want to be called by this name

Canst thou construe me this—can you solve me this riddle

Thou never deservest, etc —you have given such a foolish answer you do not deserve to have a pitcher filled with wine

Ere thou pass it to a Saxon—because he is sure to consume the contents

Page 220

Mail—baggage

We are like to pay for our feats of arms—there is a probability of our being punished for having rescued the prisoners

Impediment—obstruction

Drink of the same cup—be similarly treated

Page 221

Pray you for a close sight of—allow me to kindly see

Indulged his fellow-traveller—allowed the jester to see it.

Gamut—musical scale

How mean you—what do you mean by blowing the bugle

Ye tamper not with my patience—you do not cause me to lose my patience

Urge me not with violence—do not press me to do a thing by becoming violent

Folly will show a clean pair of heels—I will run away

Thou hast hit me there—you have given an excellent reason for being allowed your own way

Shake his mane—prepare himself for action

Page 222

A choice chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas—an excellent hiding place for thieves

Thou be'st in the right on 't—thou art right.

In good time—opportunist

Turned aside—averted

Die, tyrant—It appears that the assailants knew that it was Richard

Have we traitors here—do you attack me knowing that I am the king

A felon stroke—a treacherous stroke

Bear back—retreat

Page 223

Hamstringing—disabling a horse by cutting the tendons or sinews of the leg behind the knee

Precarious—uncertain

Equerry—an officer in the establishment of a person of high rank who has the care of his horses (Wamba humourously calls himself the blue knight's equerry, as he had attended to his horse, although his attention took the form of doing injury to it)

Page 224,

Set thee on—instigated you to do

Did but avenge to thee—only punished you for

His better nature overcame it—he was good enough to suppress his anger

Knows it were needless—can expect no pity

Page 225

Atoned—expiated

Locksley—Sir Walter Scott's note is as follows "From the ballads of Robin Hood we learn that this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told According to tradition, a village of this name was the birthplace of Robin Hood, while the country in which it was situated remains undetermined There is a broadside printed about the middle of the

seventeenth century with the title of *A new ballad of Robin Hood* showing his birth, etc., calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire. But in the ballad itself, it says .

“ In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
 In merry sweet Locksley town,
 There bold Robin Hood,
 He was born and was bred,
 Bold Robin of famous renown ”

Interposing--putting between

Abatement—reduction

When the cat is away, etc —when Richard was absent from his kingdom, it was natural that all sort of lawlessness should take place

Two additional personages appeared on the scene—two more men came there

CHAPTER XLI.

Summary —The new comers were Wilfred and Gurth Wilfred was surprised to see Richard in the company of outlaws and surrounded by dead bodies , but the situation was soon explained to him The whole party then sat down to feast in the forest, which lasts so long that the outlaw chief urges the necessity of Richard's speedy departure

Page 226

Sylvan attendants--the woodsmen or outlaws attending on Richard

To demean himself towards him—to address him , to behave towards him

Saw his embarrassment--saw the difficult position in which he was placed

Urged a few steps aside—at times gone astray.

By warm English blood—being led away by passion.

My assurances can add nothing to those of our sovereign—
nothing that I can say can add any value to what my king has said

Treason hath been with us—traitors have attempted the life of
their king

Treason hath met its need—traitors have been punished
properly

Were the zest of life—enhanced the joys of life

Page 227

Men outlaws to his government—men whom his government
had declared as beneath the pale of law

As the flagon went round—when they all drank wine

To disturb its harmony—to break the peace

I would not that he dallied with time—I do not wish that he
might waste his time on idle pursuits

CHAPTER XLII.

Summary.—Cedric conducted Richard and Ivanhoe, the face of the latter being muffled up, to a chapel, where the bier of Athelstane was placed. After praying for the soul of the deceased, they were conducted to the mother of Athelstane, who thanked them for their sympathy. When they reached the room allotted to themselves, the Black Knight reminds Cedric of the boon he had promised to grant, at the same time disclosing his real rank and name. The boon, which is that Cedric should forgive his son and receive him back to favour, is granted, but Cedric insists that Rowena must spend two years in mourning before he will permit her marriage to Wilfred. Just then Athelstane himself attired in his grave clothes burst into the room. His story was that the Templar's blow had only stunned him, that the monks not wishing to lose the property that they were to receive at his death had drugged him, that he had managed to escape and made his way

straight to the castle Cedric wanted Athelstane to tell Richard that he wanted to dispute the throne with him Athelstane said that he would do no such thing , he then tendered his allegiance to Richard, at the same time foregoing any claim he was supposed to have on Rowena's hand. About this time it was discovered that Ivanhoe had disappeared, and king Richard was gone also On enquiry it was learnt that a Jew had brought a letter for Ivanhoe

Page 228.

Coningsburgh Castle—Sir Walter Scott has written a note on the Castle, to which the attention of the student is invited

External buttresses—the masses of masonry supporting or strengthening the walls from the outside

Page 229

Soul scat—soul-ransom The untimely bier of Athelstane—the bier of Athelstane, who had died prematurely.

They will want no hospitality, etc —every possible care will be taken of them

Page 230

She was the affianced bride—she was the lady to whom Athelstane was betrothed

It is granted ere named—I promise to grant you the favour before you mention it

When closing the grave, etc —while burying Athelstane, we should also bury certain wrong notions and hasty opinions that we formed.

Colouring—reddening

In that which concerns, etc —it is hardly proper that a stranger should meddle with those private affairs which affect my honour.

Page 231

No, noble Cedric, Richard of England—The point of this remark is that Richard wished to emphasise his desire to associate himself with the interests of his Saxon people of England, and not to be regarded merely as a prince and stranger from a foreign land

Man-sworn—false swearer

Niddering—See notes on page 80 of the text

To keep his word—to fulfil his promise

It has been passed to a Norman—the promise has been made to a Norman.

Two years' mourning—Here, when everything seems satisfactorily settled, a new and unexpected impediment to the course of true love is introduced, an impediment only overcome by the revival of Athelstane

His bloody cerements—his blood-stained shroud or winding sheet, the cloth wrapped round the dead body

Had raised a spectre—had caused a ghost to appear

Page 232

The spectre of his departed friend—the ghost of Athelstane

If thou art mortal—if you are a man

A departed spirit—a ghost

Set thy spirit at repose—grant peace to thy soul

Three ages—three generations

You thought amiss—you made a mistake in thinking so

Flatlings—with the flat surface of the sword, not with the edge.

An open one, by good luck—fortunately the coffin had no lid upon it for then I should have been suffocated

Whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be—who had wanted to acquire his property

Medicated—drugged

Page 233

Swathed—tied with bands

Summoned the swarm out of their live—brought the monks out of the cloister

Nook of pasty—See notes on page 95 of the text

Too totty to discharge his duty of turnkey fitly—so unsteady from the effects of liquor that he could not properly discharge the duties of a Jailor

Locked the door beside the staple - locked the door in such a way that the bolt did not go into the hole prepared for it in the door-post

Set my invention to work—made me active

Man and mother's son flying before me—every one running away to see me

To resume our brave projects of honour and liberty—to discuss our old plan of getting back our lost honour and throne

Auspicious—favourable

Of delivering any one—of saving the Saxons from thralldom

It is well I am delivered myself—it is sufficient that I am myself saved

Page 234

And my duty as a subject besides—and I also know that I am his subject, and as such I must tender him my allegiance

Whole person—entire body

After very brief conference—after holding a short conversation

CHAPTER XLIII.

Summary —This chapter gives an account of what took place at the lists at Templestowe. There crowds or people had assembled to witness the final act in the tragedy of Rebecca. At the opposite end of the lists was a stake with a pile of faggots beside it and four black slaves to attend to the binding and burning of the Jewess. When no champion appears for Rebecca, she applies for more time, and it is ordered that if no champion appears by the hour of noon her execution must take place. During the interval of waiting, Bois-Guilbert makes a final effort to induce Rebecca to run away with him, which she again refuses. At almost the twelfth hour Ivanhoe appears on an exhausted horse and himself enfeebled as champion for Rebecca. The Grand Master accepts him as her champion, and the fight begins. There was no hope that Wilfred,

enfeebled as he was, would be able to cope with the Templar ; but, to the surprise of all, the latter though only lightly touched by Wilfred's spear, fell to the ground and was found to be dead

Page 235.

Die—a small cube, used in gaming

The bloody die—the game of life and death

The whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants—all persons had come from the neighbourhood

Wake—festival Festivals were so called because they were frequently the festivals of the dedications of the parish church, on which occasions the parishioners kept awake all night

Cap-a pie—from head to foot

Page 236

The scene of her fate—the place where it was to be decided whether she would live or was to die

Were making - were being made

God-father—sponsor or supporter

To do his devoir to discharge his duty

Justly deserved the doom passed upon her—very properly been sentenced to death

Oyez -hear

Sustain—take up

Page 237

Appellant—Rebecca, who had appealed to trial by combat

Demands of thee—enquires from you

Dost yield thee, etc —plead guilty and receive the sentence passed

Lest I become guilty of mine own blood—so that it may not be said that I have brought on my own death.

Challenge such delay as his forms will permit—demand such time as the law allows

Whose opportunity is in man's extremity—who has the best opportunity of manifesting His power and goodness when men are reduced to the greatest necessity

Pagan—heathen

Impeach—accuse

Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward—until noon, until the sun has passed the meridian

Page 238

I have no portion in thee—I have nothing to do with you See notes on page 153 of the text

Keep touch and time—have not lost their usual powers of perception

Wash out with blood—punish by killing the offender

Whatever blot—When a knight did anything disgraceful, he was said to bring a blot on his coat-of-arms

Page 239

Resolute—This word is printed in Italics to indicate that the speaker emphasises it and gives it a rather different meaning from that in which it is understood by Malvoisin She is not only resolute in her denial, but also shows matchless resolution in resisting temptation

The pledge of Rebecca forfeited—Rebecca had given up her claim of a champion

Page 240.

Remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood—See page 26 of the text

Bravade—boasting

Dog of a Saxon—here *of* has the force of apposition.

I may not deny—I must grant.

Yet would—I still wish

Page 241

The fatal chair—the black chair near the pile

Fates vos devoirs, preux chevaliers (this is French) Do your duties, brave knights

Fatal signal words—the words at the utterance of which the deadly combat was to commence
Laissez aller—(French) off; let them go

Page 242

Kill not body and soul—do not consign him to eternal punishment which, according to the Roman Catholic belief, is the fate of those who die without confessing their sins and without receiving absolution

Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, etc.—The incident appears to have been suggested by the sudden death of one Mr Elphinstone, an advocate which left a vivid impression on Scott's mind, as it was the first sudden death that he ever witnessed.

A victim to the violence of his own contending passions—one who died being overwhelmed with various agonising thoughts of conflicting types that suddenly and successively arose in his mind.
Fiat voluntas tua—Thy will be done It is taken from the Lord's Prayer

CHAPTER XLIV.

Summary—Being so asked by *Ivanhoe*, the Grand Master declared the freedom and innocence of Rebecca About this time the Black Knight entered the lists with a numerous retinue, regretted that Bois Guilbert had fallen by a hand other than his own, and ordered the arrest of Malvoisin by the high constable of England He then declared himself as King Richard and directed that the Templars should at once leave the country The retreat of the Grand Master and his followers is accomplished with dignity. The marriage of Wilfred and Rowena is held with great éclat The story concludes with an account of the interview that lady Rowena grants to Rebecca Rebecca expressed her gratitude to her husband and made Rowena a present of a magnificent necklace She says that she is now about to proceed to Spain with her father and settle there peacefully under the protection of Mohammed Boabdil

Page 242

Manfully and rightfully—courageously and according to the laws of combat

Obseques—funeral ceremonies

In an unjust quarrel—having taken up a false cause

Page 243

I had doomed, etc —I had proposed to kill Bois-Guilbert with my own hands

To take on thee such a venture—to undertake such a hazardous deed

Taken this proud man for its victim—punished the braggart

He was not to be, etc —he would have been too much honoured had you killed him with your own hands

If it may be so —if it be possible for such a villain to enjoy peace in heaven

Full knightly—as a knight should die

Girth—hmit

Resist thy doom—oppose the sentence passed by thee

Constable—the highest military authority, next to the king

Page 244

Make no bootless opposition—do not resist me uselessly

To Rome—to the Pope, the final court of appeal in every case referring to the Roman Catholic faith

Tax me not—do not accuse me of

Dissolve thy Chapter—dismiss your society of clergymen

Raised the Psalm—begin to sing the Psalm

I must not at this moment dare to speak to him—Rebecca was afraid lest she should betray her feelings of love for Ivanhoe to him

Page 245

Money he will lack—as a matter of history, Richard remained only a few weeks in England after his return from Austria and spent the time in collecting as much money as he could to begin war with Philip of France

And pretext for exacting, etc.—and if it was necessary that he should find an excuse for extorting money, that excuse would be at once obtained by his referring to the transactions I had with his brother in his absence

Long life to usurping Templars—Here is evidently an omission made by the printer It should be thus read Long life to Richard, and down with the usurping Templars—destroy the Templars who seize the property of others

Lip-loyalty—loyalty shown in words as opposed to sincere loyalty

Page 246

Making head there—gaining ground there
Maugre his consent—against his wishes
Bide—await, resist

As the man may be said, etc.—The reference is to Ivanhoe himself, as he had fought Bois Guilbert, when not yet thoroughly cured

Page 247

Hazarded but my own life—put my own life alone into danger
The subordinate members of the conspiracy—the minor plotters

Their principal—the, prince John
Wardour manuscript—a fictitious manuscript on which Scott bases his narrative

For whose behoof it was undertaken—on whose account it was formed
Tushed and pshawed—said “tush” and “pshaw”, raised cries of impatience and unwillingness

Quenched every hope, etc—destroyed every hope that he had of the restoration of the Saxon dynasty

Cedric's aversion undermined—Cedric did not now regard the Normans with the same feelings of hatred as he did before

Ridding of--freeing from

Page 248

August--stately

Minster of York—one of the noblest of English Cathedrals It occupies a commanding site, and dominates the celebrated city from which it takes its name .

Precarious chance—uncertain prospect

Bridal—marriage

Parley—conversation

Ended by commanding—after all ordered

Commanding—majestic

Page 249

A deference so unusual—a respect to which we are not used

Without rebuke—without bringing down shame on me

The homage of my country—respect after the manner it is offered by the Jews

Secure of—certain to enjoy

Page 250

Contend—vie with each other

There is a gulf betwixt us—there exists much difference between your people and mine

To pass over it—to make up the gulf

Expecting the same from my visitant—in the hope that Rebecca too will unveil herself

Suffused with crimson—covered with blushes

Dwell in my remembrance—be remembered by me

Stopped short—suddenly paused

Swells—is filled with gratitude

Startle not at its contents—do not be surprised to see what it contains

The source both of our strength and weakness—the means through which we exert our power and the cause of the tyranny to which we are subjected

Page 251

Ten times multiplied—were it to be ten times as much as it is.
Would not influence, etc —would not carry half as much weight
as your mere word.

Wean you from your erring law—cause you to renounce your
wrong faith in the Jewish religion and embrace Christianity.

An involuntary tremor—a trembling in the voice of Rebecca of
which she herself was unconscious

Unhappy I will not be—She is too noble to indulge in sorrow
and resolves to be happy so that she may cheer her father

Betrayed more, etc —showed that she had a tender feeling for
Ivanhoe which she wanted to conceal

Page 252.

Choicest blessings—best benedictions.

The bark that wafts us hence—the vessel that carries us away
from England

Under weigh—on its way, moving

Glided—softly passed away.

A vision had passed before her—she had seen a spirit.

Related—described

On whose mind it made a deep impression—who was much
struck with what he heard

From the recollection union—because they remembered the
circumstances which had for a long time stood in the way of their
marriage

Distinguished himself—made himself famous.

But for—except for

The premature death—the untimely death. (Richard I died at
the age of 42 He was shot accidentally by an archer as he was
besieging the Castle of Chaluz in the course of a war with Philip,
of France, 1190)

THE END

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